THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated y Magazine
Founded Aº Dº enj. Franklin

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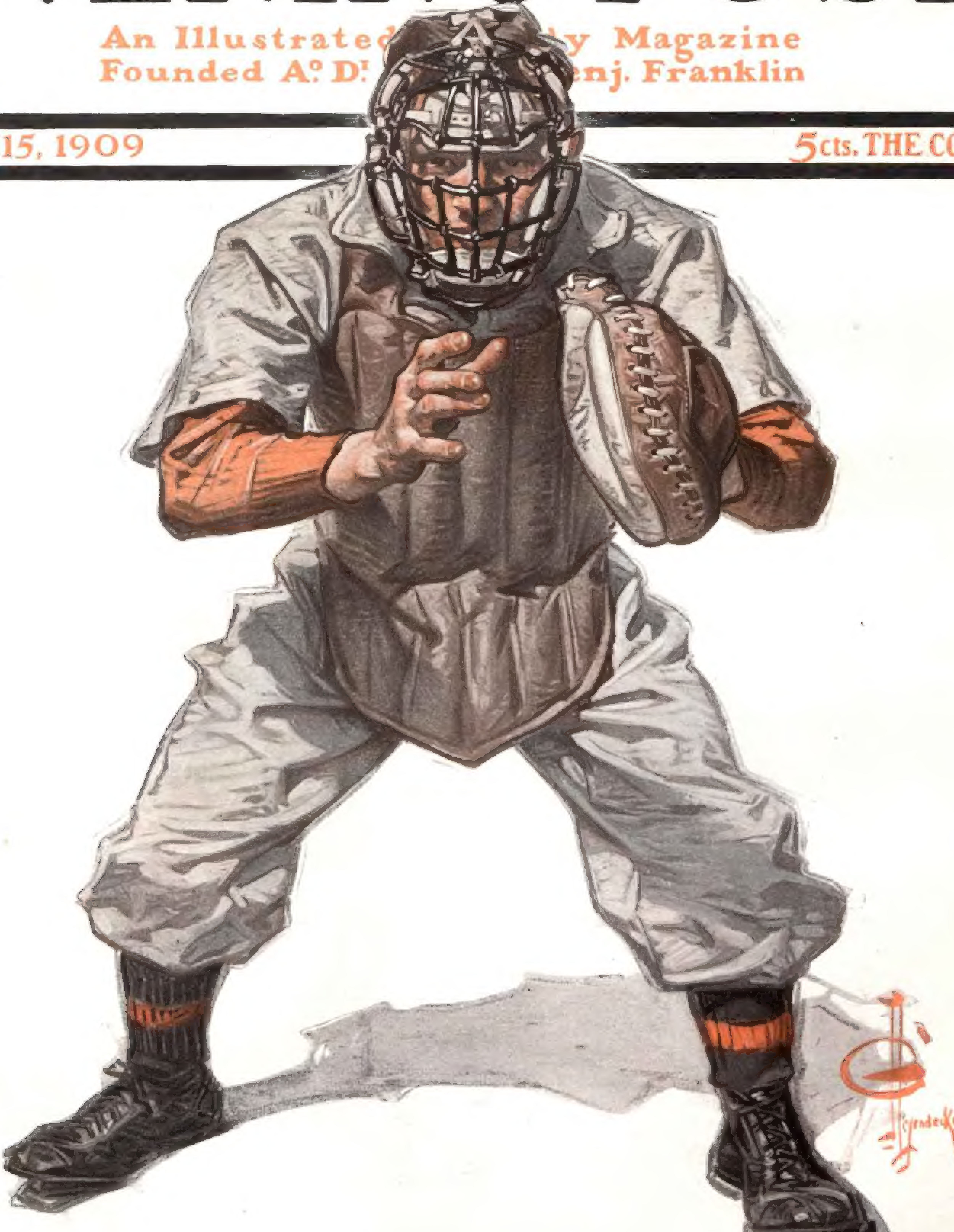

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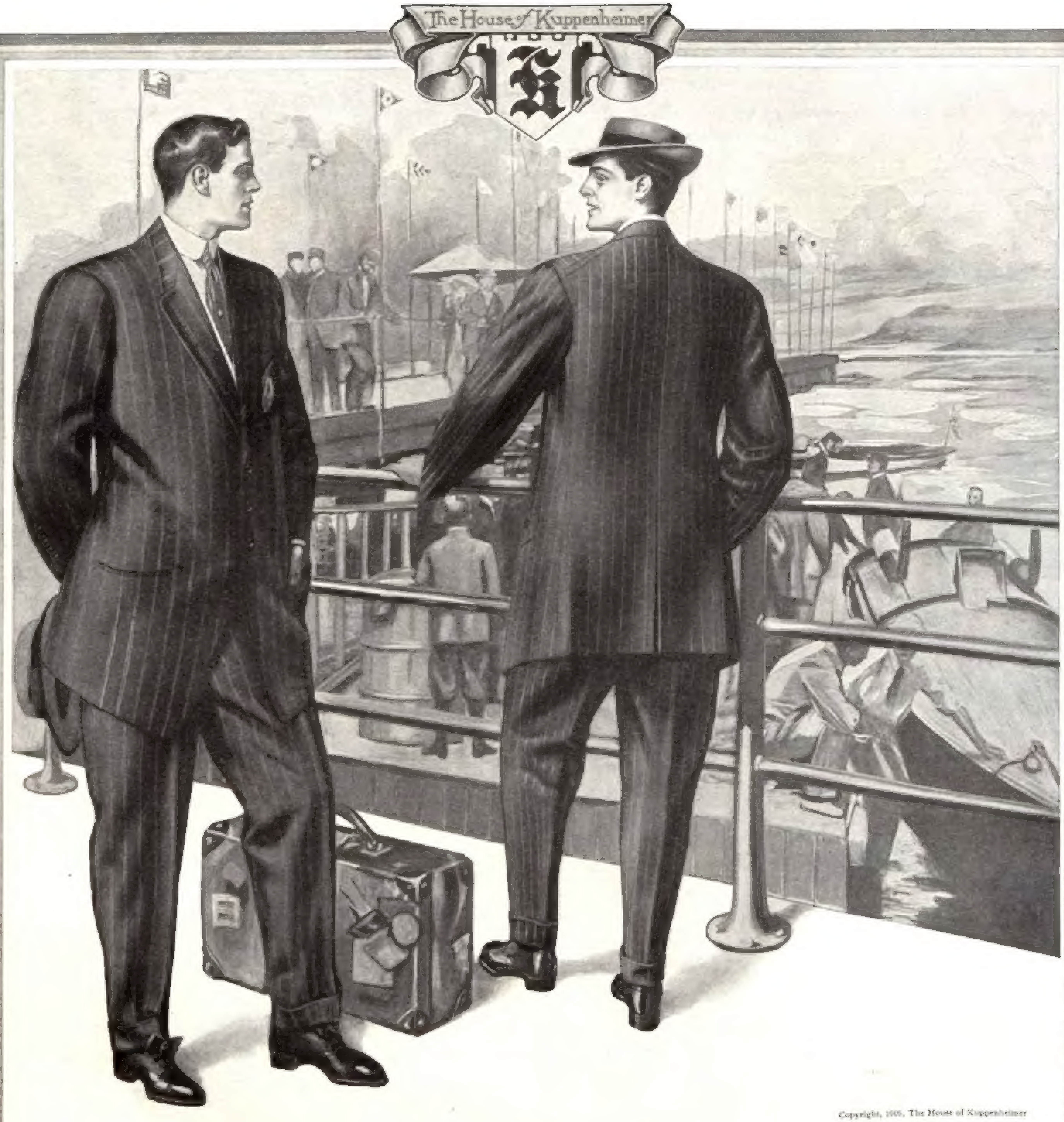

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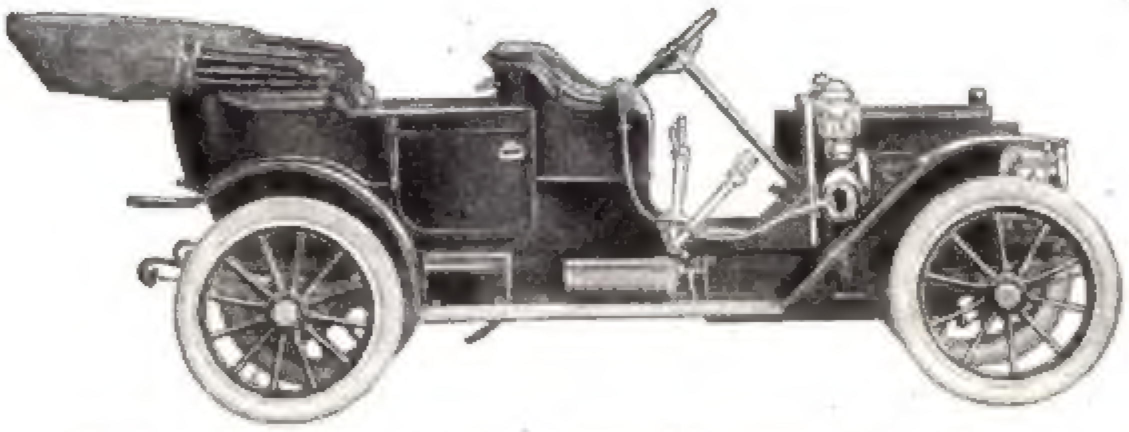
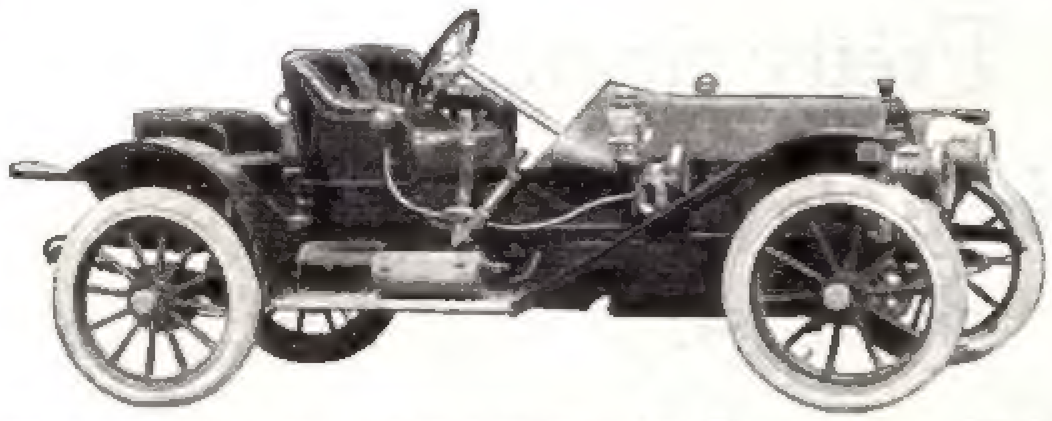


Herreshoff Touring Car, 24 H. P. $1500; with magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, and gas lamp $1650; and with top $1750. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.



The Herreshoff Runabout, 24 H. P. $1500; with magneto, gas lamps, and Prest-O-Lite tank $1650; and with top $1725. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

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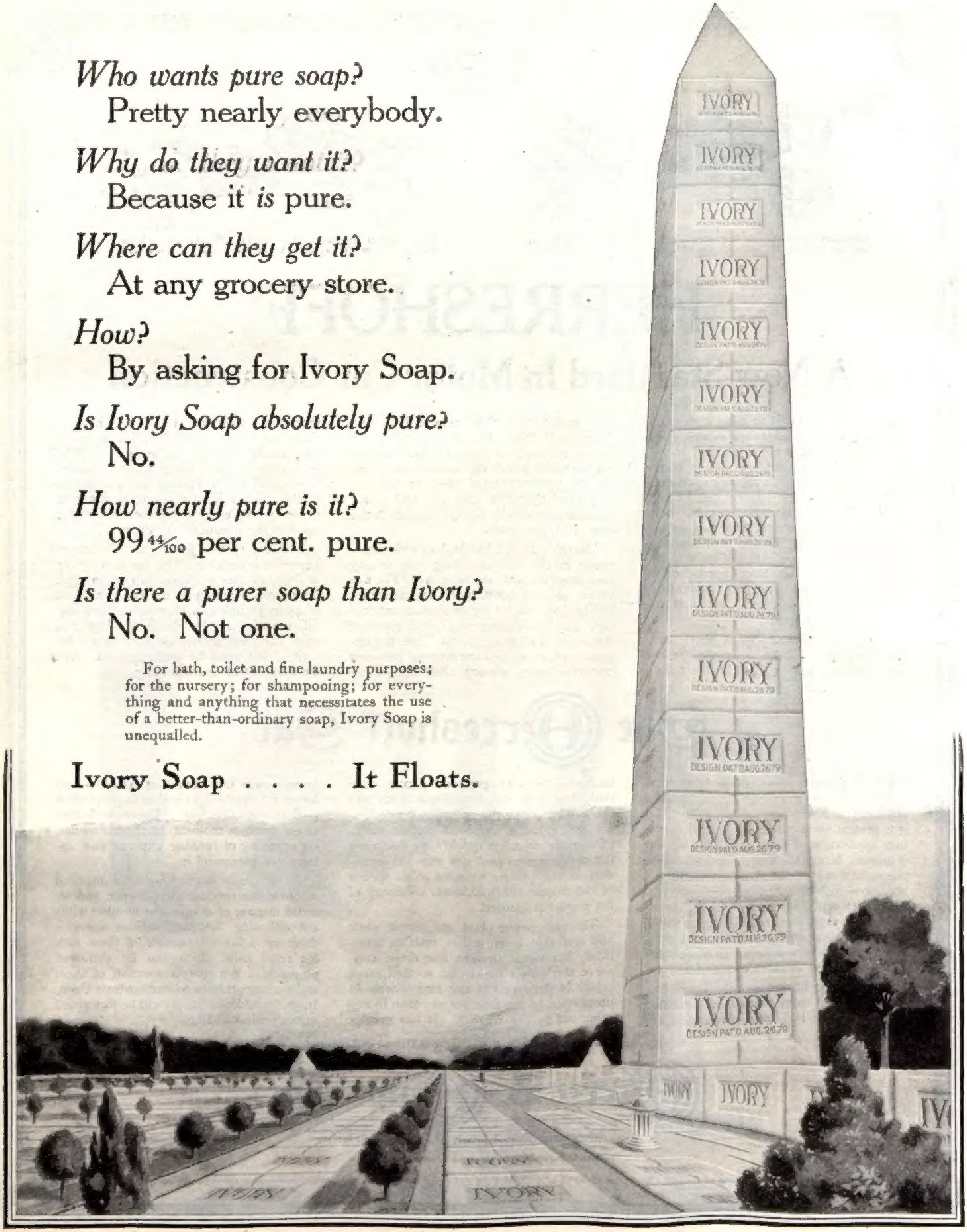

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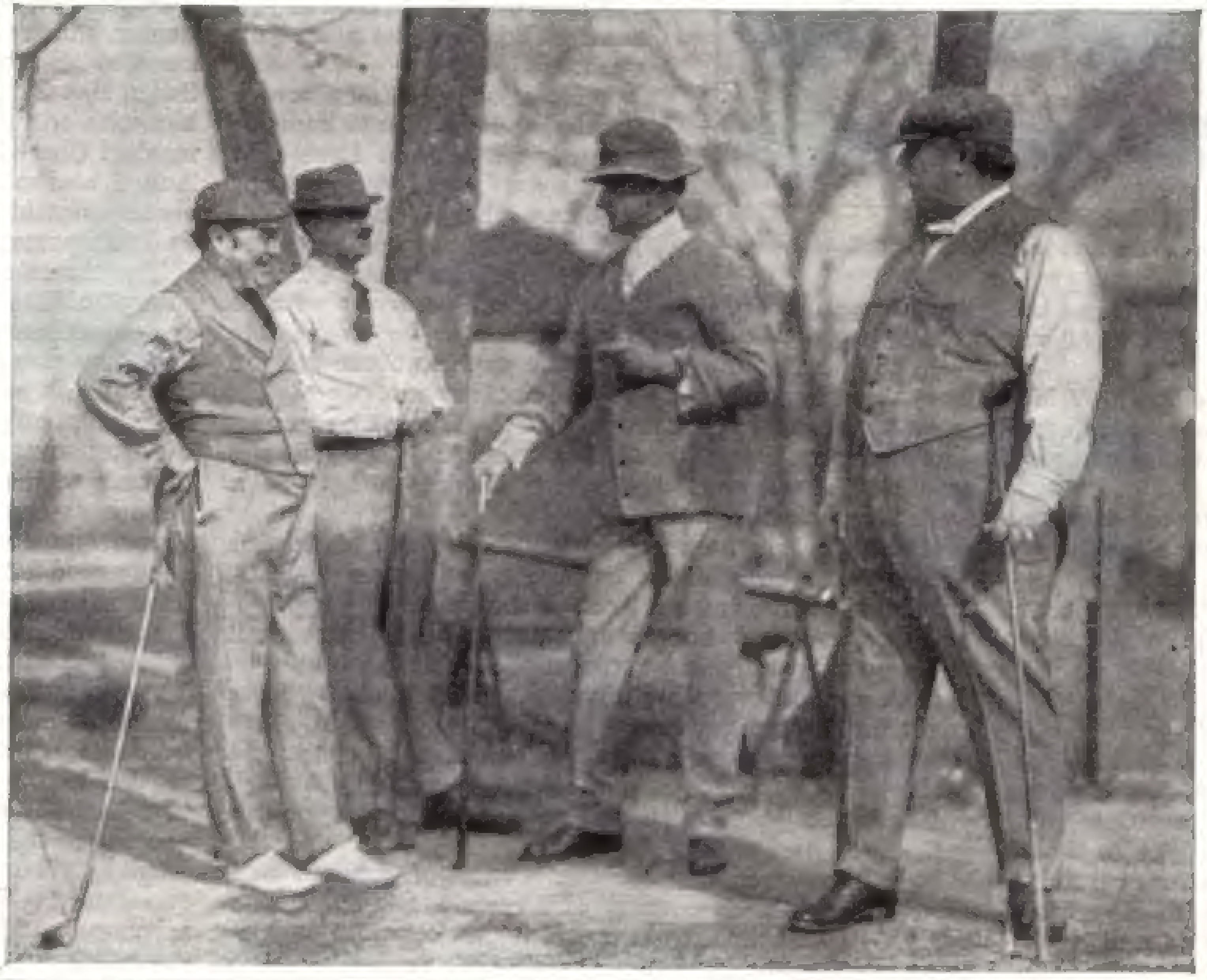
GOLF AND GOVERNMENT

By Samuel G. Blythe

WHEN you go to the White House nowadays the proper thing to do is to shout "Fore!" as you near the doorkeeper, and he will soon tell you whether you have a bad lie or an easy approach. We are all crazy about golf since the President made it the official game. Gentlemanly politicians who can barely tell the difference between a putting-green and a Scotch highball are busily learning the terminology of the game, and real ambitious office-seekers appear in red waistcoats and plaid knickerbockers, and carry pictures of Tom Morris at the fifteenth hole of St. Andrews, which they show ostentatiously with a few words beginning, "Dear old Tom!"



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Taft's First Game of Golf as President. From Left to Right, Vice-President Sherman, Captain Butt, General Edwards, President Taft

"I suppose," said one seeker after Presidential favor, "that it would be a good job for me to take a few lessons and get a chance to let Taft beat me. I have always fought shy of the game, because I have no patience and am quick-tempered. Why, if I missed an easy shot it would be just like me to pick up a stymie and beat the caddy on the head with it."

Be that as it may, golf is the game of this Administration. Horseback riding, crag-climbing, marathoning from here to there, tennis, wrestling, single-sticking, eighteen-mile strolls in the rain, and all those gladsome exercises that made the followers of T. Roosevelt wish he would contract a couple of wooden legs, have been shoved to the rear. They are going to build an addition to the skimpy little Executive offices right over the sacred tennis court, where the Tennis Cabinet took its tri-weekly beating and thereby acquired merit in the good old strenuous days. That seems to be *lèse-majesté ex post facto*, or something. Anyhow, it is to be done, and Jimmie Garfield and Lawrence O'Murray and Gifford Pinchot and all the rest are holding grand lodges of sorrow every evening in Jackson Square, and weeping bitterly because they didn't generalize a bit, instead of specializing on tennis, and learn how to swat the merry golf ball on the spot.

In the course of time there will be a Golf Cabinet. That is inevitable. As yet, there are not many real candidates, for not even the hardiest has the nerve to try to qualify before he finds out what to do with a driver. Still, the trade in clubs and bags and fixings is very heavy, and many a yearning citizen is practicing valiantly and preparing to drop casually into the White House some day and mention the fact that he pulled off a good eighty-four yesterday, and it would have been eighty if he hadn't had a bit of trouble on the thirteenth, hoping thereby to get a "Did you do an eighty-four?" from the President. "Well, well, come out with me some afternoon and we'll have a round."

Candidates in Training for the Golf Cabinet

JUST now the only real members of the Golf Cabinet are General Clarence Edwards and Captain Archie Butt, both Army officers. In the nature of things, golf cabineteers would be more likely to come from outside the service, but Edwards and Butt are easily available, are good golfers and good company, and the President has picked them for companions on the links while the candidates are in training. Butt is one of the President's military aides; *the* one, in fact, for he is clever, adaptable, genial, and, apart from that side of it, is one of the best men in the Quartermaster's department in the Army. Edwards is Taft's friend. They both came from Ohio. Edwards is skilled in many outdoor sports. He had a reputation as a golfer before there was a golfing President, and all it was necessary for him to do was to swing a few times with his driver at a tuft of grass and be ready for any kind of a contest.

Secretary Knox is a golfer, but he is in the regular Cabinet and it is unnecessary for him to qualify elsewhere. However, he is never too busy to slope out to the links, and when he and the President are playing a match it looks like a moving-van and a pony cart. Vice-President Sherman is a parental golfer—that is, he is the father of a corking player, his son Tom being one of the best amateurs in the country. What Tom would do to his father in the way of a beating, if they should play together, would be sad to relate, but the Vice-President strives manfully to live up to the reputation of his son, and occasionally lines out some good ones.

The other candidates are in the dark, as yet. They are learning the game. President Roosevelt had the utmost contempt for golf, and nobody in Washington, who had Roosevelt favor in mind, bothered with it. Thus there are many persons, hankering for various things, who are hastening to qualify. At that, it is probable it will be a long time before the real Golf Cabinet forms. The President seems in no hurry. He grabs up Edwards or Butt or Sherman or Knox, and tells the chauffeur to hustle to the links. Then they go plunging away down Number 1, and that is the last seen of them until they come in on eighteen, except such glimpses as the club house may afford, for no gallery is allowed and no scores are reported.

The President plays the same sort of a game that fifty thousand middle-aged Americans do. Sometimes he is good and sometimes he is bad, and when he is bad he is not very good, to be polite about it. He gets around under a hundred, mostly, is not much of a distance man, except occasionally, but is consistent and keeps well on the course. He is big enough to knock the ball a mile, and his form is fair, but there are certain reasons not unconnected with his personal form, not his golf form, that forbid anything but straight, short swings. At that, he is a good, average player and gets a lot of fun out of it, although, when he is playing, he is as earnest about it as a consul asking to be made a Minister, the same being the most earnest person on earth, for there never was a consul who didn't think he would be the greatest diplomatist in the world, if only given a chance.

Golf Etiquette for Washington Officials

EVERYBODY in Washington knew Mr. Taft liked to play golf, but there were not many of the hope-to-be-near boys who thought he would keep it up after he was inaugurated and in the White House. They couldn't figure how a President could go to the links two or three times a week and bang his way around in the open, having put Mr. Taft down as a much more conventional citizen than his predecessor; which he is, by the way, and that is another reason why a large variety of folks give three cheers every time they see him. So, not much attention was paid to forthcoming events, except by such far-sighted persons as Edwards.

Consequently, when, one afternoon in March, the President went out to the links with Sherman, Edwards and Butt and played fifteen holes, the hope-to-be-near boys jumped up and down in excitement and rushed off to find out how to get into the various golf clubs, and what to do after they got there. Washington, as I have before remarked, is an extremely blasé town. None of the regulars cares much what the President does, or what he affects in the way of amusement or procedure—to hear them tell it. Washington likes to pat itself on the back about this indifference to the big ones in Washington's complacent midst, but the fact is that, when the President takes up anything, Washington takes it up, too; gets after it on the keen jump, notwithstanding its cold and studied carelessness.

So, while we are positively apathetic about it all—for conversational purposes with strangers and when fooling one another—or trying to—the whole governmental outfit is as excited about golf as it would be if the President had begun playing ping-pong or ring-around-a-rosy. There will be more golf played in Washington this summer than there has ever been, and there have been some big clubs for years past, at that; just as the populace would have jumped into marbles or mumble-the-peg if those diversions had been noised about as appealing to the Presidential fancy.

This is to be a golf Administration in a golf era, so far as the official side of Washington is concerned, and to that end, in order that there may be no mistake about the governmental golf etiquette and practice, I have prepared the following rules, definitions and suggestions for the benefit of all those who desire recognition at the hands of the President or who are endeavoring to put over a few things from the

Congressional end of it, the same belonging to the well-known Legion family:

1. A single applicant for office has no standing and must always give way to a candidate with properly constituted influence.

2. No office-seeker, supporter or other member of influence should try to say anything while the President is talking.

3. No applicant for a job should make his play until those who are also out for the same job have put in their credentials and petitions and have gone back to their hotels; nor should any applicant move up to the private office until those ahead of him have had their glad hand and moved away.

4. The player who gets the job should be allowed to try to hole out his Senatorial confirmation without opposition.

5. Applicants who have won out should not try to put over anything else, for there are others following them who want something, too.

6. Applicants looking for a lost job must allow all other players who haven't lost their jobs to go ahead of them.

7. Any applicant for a four-year team may claim the right to see the President before those who want to fill out a vacancy or a temporary appointment.

8. If an applicant fails to keep his place on the White House appointment list and loses one or more of his influences he may be thrown out, on request being made by other properly-influenced applicants.

9. Characters of other applicants cut or damaged during the struggle should be apologized for, after the job has been secured.

10. Every applicant should carefully fill with testimonials and recommendations any hole in which other applicants may try to get him.

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President Taft in Official Golf Costume

Local Rules of Washington Golf

NATURALLY, in a golf Administration, the etiquette of the game to be played at the White House is of greatest consequence, and all who desire jobs or favors will do well to study the foregoing suggestions carefully. However, in addition to the etiquette, there are certain rules and definitions which should be learned and rigidly followed, if success is to be won.

It should be borne in mind that the game is played by two sides, each side playing its own way. One side consists of the President and the other of the wide, wide world. A match consisting of the President and one applicant for any desirable post is known as a "singular," because this case occurs so rarely. All other matches are called "common," because there are generally forty applicants for each place.

"Match play" is decided by getting the job.

"Medal play" is decided by getting the compliments and kind wishes, after the other applicant has secured the job.

"Colonel Bogey" is an imaginary helper, now on his way to Africa, who gave you the job you are endeavoring to have the President retain you in, against whose arbitrary appointment all who want your job are contesting.

When a job is lost: A job is lost when you do not get it. The game consists in each applicant trying to get on the pay-roll quickest, and is won by the one who lands first. If neither applicant gets the desired job, but both are given "something equally good," the game is said to be compromised.

The "teeing ground" is wherever you happen to get the President's ear.

The "putting ground" is the President's office, where you put in your heaviest licks.

A "hazard" is any opposition, lack of influence, bad record, lack of political standing (except casual Democracy), or other chicanery of the scoundrels who are seeking to deprive you of the honor and emoluments you seek. Permanent office-holding is not a hazard in the case of the Secretary of Agriculture.

The "honor" is getting the title of the job, no matter what it pays. Thus, any district or deputy attorney-general is entitled to be called "General" the rest of his life, which is the "honor."

To go "through the green" is what you will do with the salary, as the Government pays in new bills.

"Out of bounds" is when they will not take in your card to the President.

"Casual water" is always taken on the side.

A job is "in play" as soon as you have found the term of the man who has it is expiring and start out for it, and continues in play until it is obtained or somebody lifts you from the pursuit.

The President has been "moved" if he listens to your claims, but if he turns you over to his private secretary he has not been "moved."

A "stroke" is anything you do to advance your own interests.

A "penalty stroke" is when the President tells you to file your papers and come around again next year.

A player has "addressed" the President when he has taken his position in the office and said, "Mr. President." After that it is better to let the President do the addressing.

A match begins as soon as you have picked out the place you want.

When a job is behind a hazard nothing shall be done to improve the original lie you have told about your qualifications, nor shall any other lies be told, subject to the following exceptions: 1. The applicant may place his lie firmly on record if he thinks he can get away with it. 2. Any loose talk may be indulged in as far as possible from the putting green. 3. If the applicant lose the job he shall be entitled to try to find another one.

An applicant shall be dropped in the following manner: The President himself shall drop him. He shall face the applicant, stand erect and say, "Nothing doing!" in a loud, firm voice.

If the applicant, when dropped, shall touch his friends to get home he shall be entitled to whatever he gets. This shall be known as a "rub of the green."

If one applicant knocks another applicant there shall be no penalty unless the other applicant finds it out.

If an applicant gets his opponent's job he shall be given credit for a perfect game.

An applicant "out of bounds" need not be brought back.

In a "best job" match the best job is the one you can get.

It will be necessary for the crowds of patriots who desire to serve their country at a certain, stipulated sum per year to observe these rules, definitions and suggestions strictly, for Government and Golf are entwined in this Administration, interwoven, so to speak, and the game must be played according to the time-honored regulations.

And, so far as the Washington links are concerned, they are crowded with eminent personages striving earnestly to keep their eyes on the ball and to follow through. But it is a hard job, a hard job; reminding the spectators of the plaint of Mr. Justice McKenna, who said, on an occasion when Mr. Justice Harlan twitted him on a topped drive: "I know, my dear Mr. Justice, I know. I am free to confess that, while I have attained a perfect form, as the professor tells me, I cannot hit the ball."

Tipless Travel

ONE cannot but have a high admiration for that American gentleman who went to Europe for a two months' trip with his wife, son and daughter, determined that he would not give a single penny in fees. His experience was one of the most harrowing that imagination can conceive. He landed at Naples, and it was not until he started to leave for Rome that the astounding fact dawned on the servants that here was a man who did not intend to give any fees. From that time onward it was a contest between his staying power and their ingenuity—and if there is any man who can devise more petty annoyances than the Italian servant he has yet to be met. The inconveniences, indignities and insults to which that man was subjected would fill a volume. His luggage was left behind altogether, or else booked to the wrong station, he might better have asked for diamonds than for hot water, he found soiled towels on his washstand and soiled linen on his bed, his shoes were not only never polished but sometimes purposely muddied, his letters were not delivered, his packages were lost, friends who came to call upon him were told that he had gone away, in the dining-room he received the toughest meat and the coldest vegetables—in fact, all the ingenuity of servant Europe was exercised to make life a miserable round of insult and annoyance.

His wife left him at Florence; she could stand the strain no longer. At Venice his daughter followed suit. The son stood by his father until, at Lucerne, he, too, was overcome by the unending persecution and took his departure. At Geneva the harried gentleman gave an interview to the correspondent of an English newspaper on his opinion of European servants in general and Swiss servants in particular, which was promptly published, and at Bâle he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by the secretary of the Swiss Hotel Servants' Protective Association, charging him with criminal libel. After many more vicissitudes he reached Cherbourg, twenty pounds thinner than when he landed, and sailed for home firmly resolved never again to venture outside the land of the free and the home of the Pullman porter.

The American ignorance of European etiquette and susceptibilities is often responsible for situations which are sometimes amusing, and not infrequently dramatic. Some years ago an American author and poet, while traveling in southeastern Europe, was invited by some Hungarian officers to dine at the regimental mess. Now, the Hungarians have a stricter code of etiquette, perhaps, than any other people in Europe. The dinner progressed famously; the American told his best stories in his best French and German, and the mess stood ready to vote him a jolly good fellow. Toward the close of the dinner, observing that the liqueur glass of the officer next him was empty, the American leaned forward and refilled it. Instantly the officer leaped to his feet, dashed the contents of the glass into the author's face and stalked from the room. The American had scarcely more than time to wipe the wine from his face before another officer appeared, ceremoniously handed him a card and informed the astounded author that he had been instructed by his friend to demand an apology or the satisfaction of a duel. "But what on earth is this all about?" asked the bewildered American. "What on earth have I done?" "Done?" echoed a dozen officers in chorus. "You have insulted Captain —— by serving him wine *with your left hand.*" A prompt apology for the unwitting breach of Magyar etiquette was accepted, and the necessity for a recourse to the field of honor was avoided.

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Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State, Addressing the Ball

A somewhat similar incident, in which the European came off second best, occurred some two or three years ago in an Athenian hotel. An Italian nobleman, somewhat the worse for liquor, had insulted two American ladies and had been promptly knocked down by the gentleman who accompanied them. Half an hour later the Italian's seconds waited upon the American with a challenge from their battered countryman. An apology, they said, would not even be considered. It must be a combat to the death. "I have no desire to fight a duel," said the American, "but as it is the custom of your country, and as the choice of weapons is left to me, I will not refuse the demand of your principal. Tell him, therefore, that I will meet him at six tomorrow morning, and that the weapons will be shotguns—at twenty feet."

That duel was never fought.

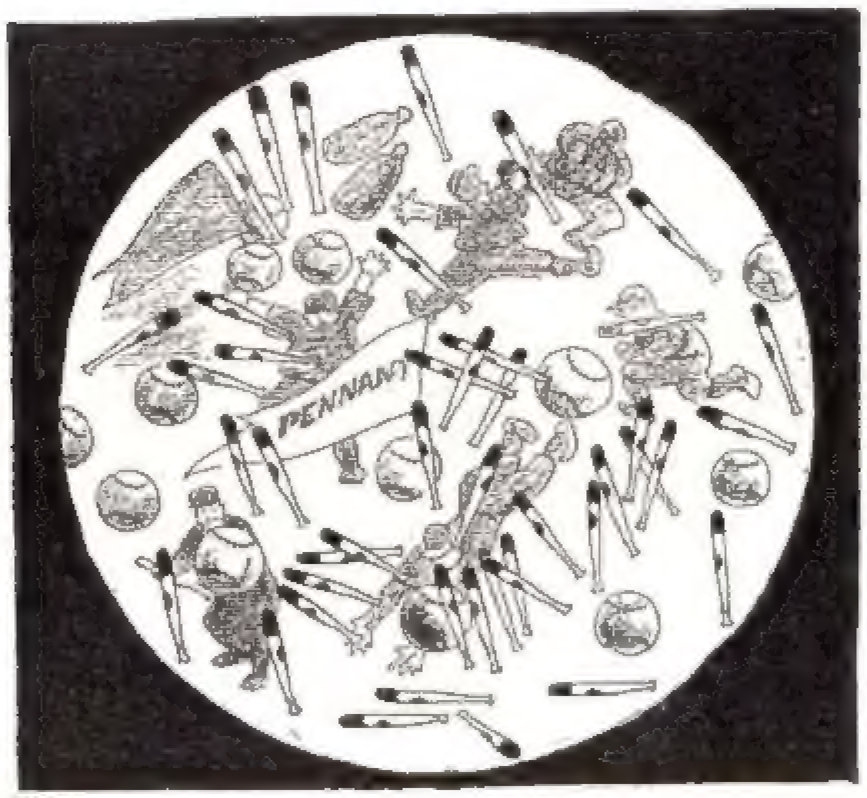
The Psychology of Baseball

A Dispassionate Analysis of Our National Pastime

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

THERE are different ways of telling when spring has come. You may, if you like, catch a burnished dove and examine it to see whether or not its iris has grown lovelier. You may guess it from the increased abundance of For Rent signs in adjacent flats. Your tailor announces it sometimes with a series of cards bearing the adjectives nobby, stylish, swell. Some depend upon the appearance of the robins which have come to nest again, whereas others rely upon the second column of the editorial page, and yet others most depend upon the appearance of the old woman who sells sassafras bark at the corner of the office building.



Drop of American Blood Magnified 1000 Diameters, Showing Prevalence of Baseball Fever Germ

A yet surer way is to examine the morning paper. When it begins to abound in half-page pictures of a badly bent gentleman, standing with one foot in the air and with one hand encased in a pillow, you may be sure that spring is either here or hereabout. The art of newspaper portraiture has advanced very swiftly of recent years, so that in eight cases out of ten a careful observer can tell the difference between the pictures of Philander C. Knox and Mike Donlin, of President Taft and Muggsy McGraw. The last-mentioned celebrity in each case is apt to have more space on the page. When these pictures of contorted gentlemen with initials on their bosoms begin to average from ten to thirty to the double-page, then you may have almost mathematical assurance that spring, and consequently baseball, is with us once more.

Of course, every healthy boy has during his youth played baseball or its equivalent, and, in order to escape the alternative of learning to play the piano, I played ball as a boy; but I am obliged to state, admit or confess that I have never in my life seen a game of professional baseball, and had always purposed never so to do; because by so doing not only would I extinguish my sole existing claim to any sort of distinction, but would remove from the field of possibility the only living American in position to write calmly and impartially regarding the singular phenomena of our national pastime.

To one unskilled—that is to say, to the only one unskilled—in the technical features of this great American sport, it is difficult to understand what baseball is about, but it may with a certain confidence be asserted that it probably is about something. Again, any one who has read Kant's Critique of Pure Reason can figure out that baseball is not the sole occupation of the American people, because a certain amount of other business seems to be transacted during the year. Business is attended to more especially during the winter months, before the days when the sport, pastime, mania, madness or hysteria has attained its full virulence.

It is now generally understood that baseball comes from mosquitoes, but science has thus far discovered no serum or other corrective instrumentality which gives any medical control over the malady. It is far more deadly than the sleeping sickness, because the latter in time will run its course, whereas the baseball germ, lying dormant during the winter, renews and increases its activity cumulatively from year to year; and, although it seems not definitely to shorten the life of the victim, produces in him eccentricities and hallucinations such as to unfit him for lucid conduct or the transaction of the ordinary business of life. Moreover, the disease is communicable and highly contagious. I believe that I owe my own immunity to my invariable practice of sleeping under a net, summer and winter.

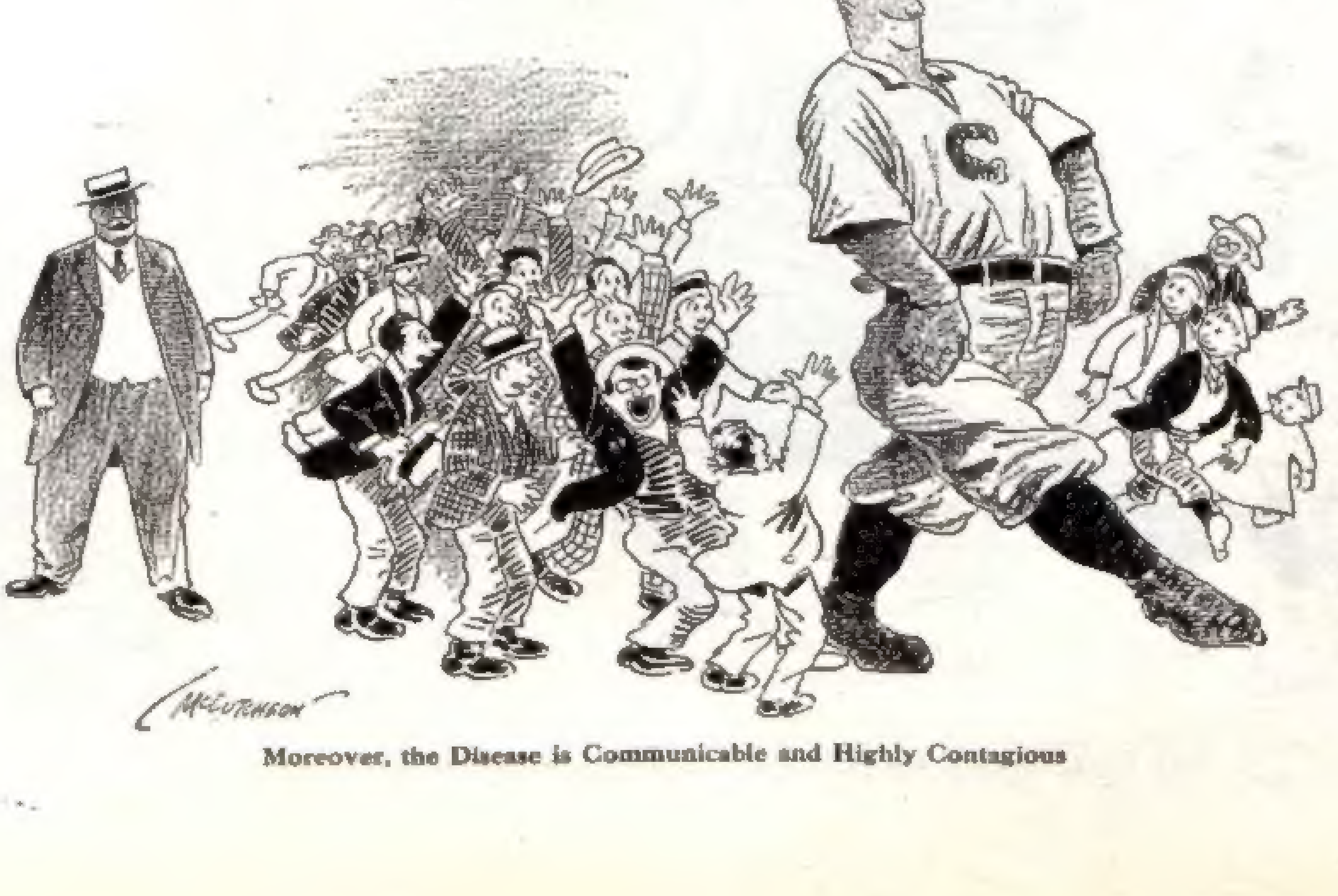
The other morning, when I stepped on the Elevated train the guard smiled at me with unusual warmth as, according to his custom, he stepped on my foot and tried to squeeze me with the gate. "Rather bad weather for dem Cubs, eh?" he remarked. "But I guess it's warmer down to de Hot Springs."

Now, I do not know who or what the Cubs are, or why they should be at the Hot Springs, but I made some knowing comment to the guard, and finished the morning journey in comfort. At the foot of the Elevated stairway downtown I paused to buy a paper of a little cripple who has a stand there. "Here y' are, sir," said he. "It's about de fight between Ban Johnson an' dat bloke Moify."

I have no just conception of the identity of Mr. Ban Johnson, and I do not know that bloke Moify at all, but naturally the remark of the small newsboy caused some curiosity as to whether the mill was pulled off in San Francisco or Carson City. Endeavoring to discover this, and having also a certain mild interest in Mr. Taft and the tariff, I lost myself in a sea of headlines about American leagues, national leagues, central governing bodies, parent association, affiliated societies, releases, failures to sign, all mixed up with knowing allusions to persons named Mathewson, Chance, McGraw, Donlin, Coveleskie, Comiskey, Tebeau and others. Repeated mention of the "pennant" disposed me to believe that Sir Thomas was coming over again, but there were items confusing to one in the natural belief that Sullivan, Donlin and Bresnahan were members of the crew. As to getting any coherent idea of the news of the day, it was impossible in that particular sheet.

At the steps of the bank building where my office is located I met the president of the bank, an alert, well-dressed gentleman, who, like all other bank presidents, does not look in the least like a bank president. He smiled brightly. "Well," said he, "I see they have signed Donovan."

"Yes," said I. "Fine! Perfectly bully about Donovan, isn't it?" But I wondered who in the world Donovan was.



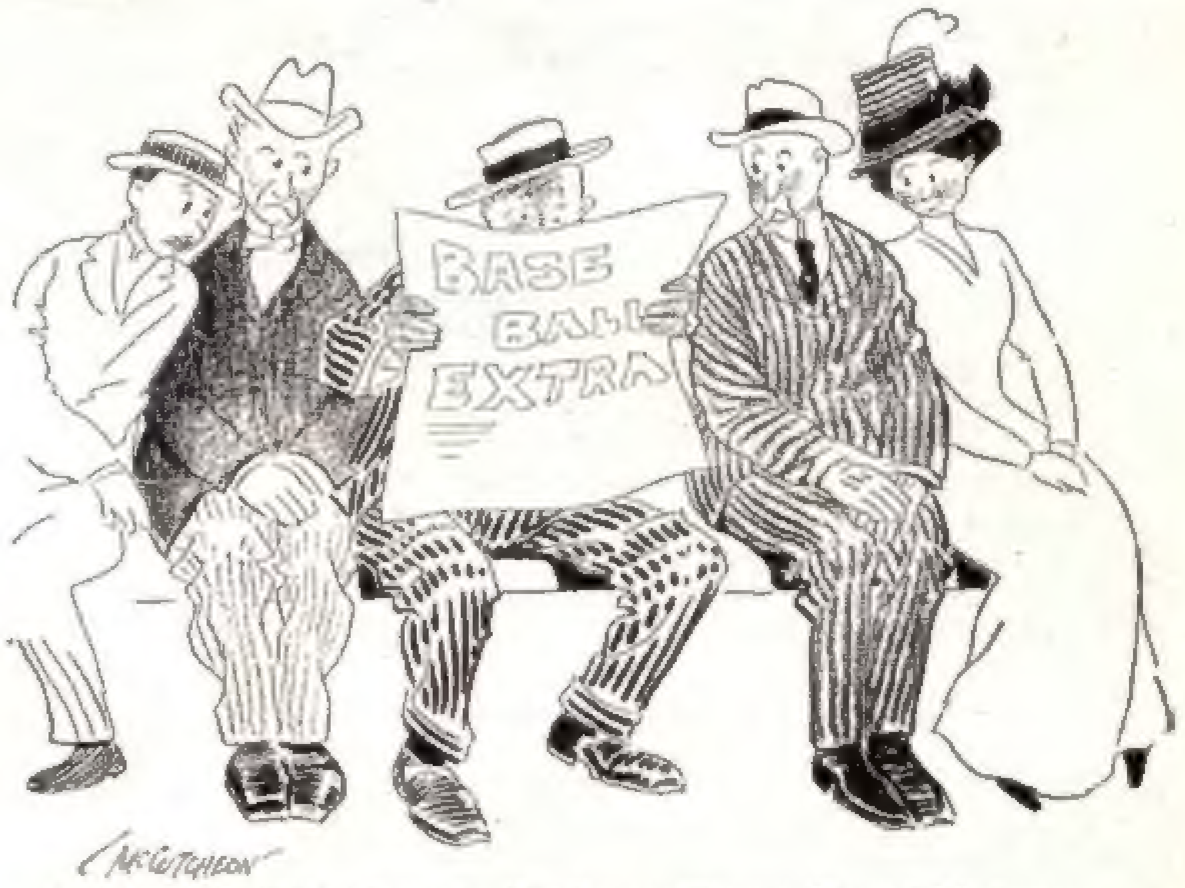
Moreover, the Disease is Communicable and Highly Contagious

In the elevator which I took there is a conductor who knows all the girls in the entire building by their first names, and has often called me by my first name. He smiled brightly this morning. "Well," said he, "I'm down for a month's salary that we take another pennant—one—two, Cubs or Sox, this year! Say, I had 'most a notion to bet another month's salary that we take 'em both. How much have you got up this year?"

Not having anything up at all, I simply looked alert, smiled brightly, and passed on to my office door. It chances that our stenographer is a studious and thoughtful young gentleman, wholly without bad habits, and, in my belief, a person of very well-balanced mind. Yet, as I entered, he also smiled brightly and remarked, "I see by the newspapers that they've nearly got that ticket-scalping outrage of last fall squared up. Serves 'em right, too!"

"It certainly does," said I with emphasis. "I am glad it has come out just the way it has." At the same time, I hadn't any idea what outrage he had in mind, and was only practically sure that it had something to do with the current purification of the New York stage.

My office neighbor is a lawyer who, although he smokes cigarettes, has a long, gray beard and a very austere facial expression, the two latter traits being of assistance in the extraction of his very comfortable fees. As I rolled back the top of my desk he dropped in now, and lit a cigarette.



All Mixed Up With Knowing Allusions to Persons Named Mathewson, Chance, McGraw, Donlin, Coveleskie, Comiskey, Tebeau and Others

"The provincial quality of these New York people," he began, "is something which marks the decay of our American civilization. Look here!" He tapped the page of the paper which he carried in his hand. "A Chicago man registers at a reputable New York hotel—or one alleged to be reputable—and as he steps up to the desk a local plug-ugly, noticing that he comes from Chicago, remarks, 'So you're from that dirty burg that robbed us out of the pennant last fall, eh? Well, I'll just soak you one for luck!' So he soaked him. I am retained of counsel in the case. Perhaps the Chicago man did make some remark; but the New York police judge fined him five hundred dollars simply because he came from Chicago — and, because, sir,—be-*cause*, sir!"—he rapped on the paper again—"we took that pennant from New York through a series of the gr-r-randest victories that were ever won over a bunch of immoral, immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant relics of a bygone age, such as made up that aggregation of ——"

"Hold on!" I said. "I don't believe I quite follow you."

"What's the reason you don't?" he demanded.

"Was there any kind of a game, any sort of an issue, an argument, that is to say, between Chicago and New York?" I inquired.

He gasped slightly, and leaned back against the door. "May it please the court, I don't quite follow *you*," he remarked with sarcasm.

I continued opening the morning's mail. A five-hundred-dollar bill dropped out of one of the envelopes. I handed it to him and he carelessly dropped it into his pocket.

"You may consider yourself retained in the case," said I to him. "The matter is something like this. From these press dispatches and art illustrations it seems there has been some sort of difficulty between persons by the name of Brush, Johnson, Murphy, or Moify, *et al.*, regarding certain copyrighted articles called Giants, Cubs, Sox, Naps, Cardinals, Browns, Phillies, Pirates, the nature and whereabouts of which are to the plaintiff unknown. It seems that some sort of a contest took place at a date not specified, and that such was the interest in the said contest that persons sat up all night in order to get a place in the line at the gate. It is stated that some brought candles and playing cards; that even ladies brought lunches and tatting, and that thus many hours were passed prior to the arrival of dawn and the opening of the gates barring out the public from the aforesaid contest."

"Yes, and the scalpers put tickets up to five dollars!"

"Ah? Then, I gather, tickets were sold at a long advance in price by scalpers who were aware of the public interest in the aforesaid contest? I observe that a professor of the University of Chicago is quoted in regard to this or a similar contest, to the effect that apes, orang-utans and other simians first invented this contest in the wilds of Borneo many centuries ago, cocoanuts being mentioned by the learned anthropologist in question. I gather also that cushions, pop-bottles, half-bricks and clubs are among the implements used in the contest as it exists today."

The lawyer nodded gravely to me. "Go on," he said; "and continue to state your case."

"But what I really want to know," I resumed, "is, where was the contest, and what was it about, and who were engaged in the said contest? Was it a political or civil issue? Now, I see mentioned here the 'teams' of New York and Chicago—indeed, I think, of other cities. Tell me, how were these teams elected by the several cities involved? Has the Constitution been amended? Was there any caucus for nomination? I ask these questions because I know you are learned in the law, and really I don't remember having seen anything about it on the little ballot, nor any reference to the matter in the editorial comment on the initiative and referendum. The matter has gone so far that I come to you for legal advice."

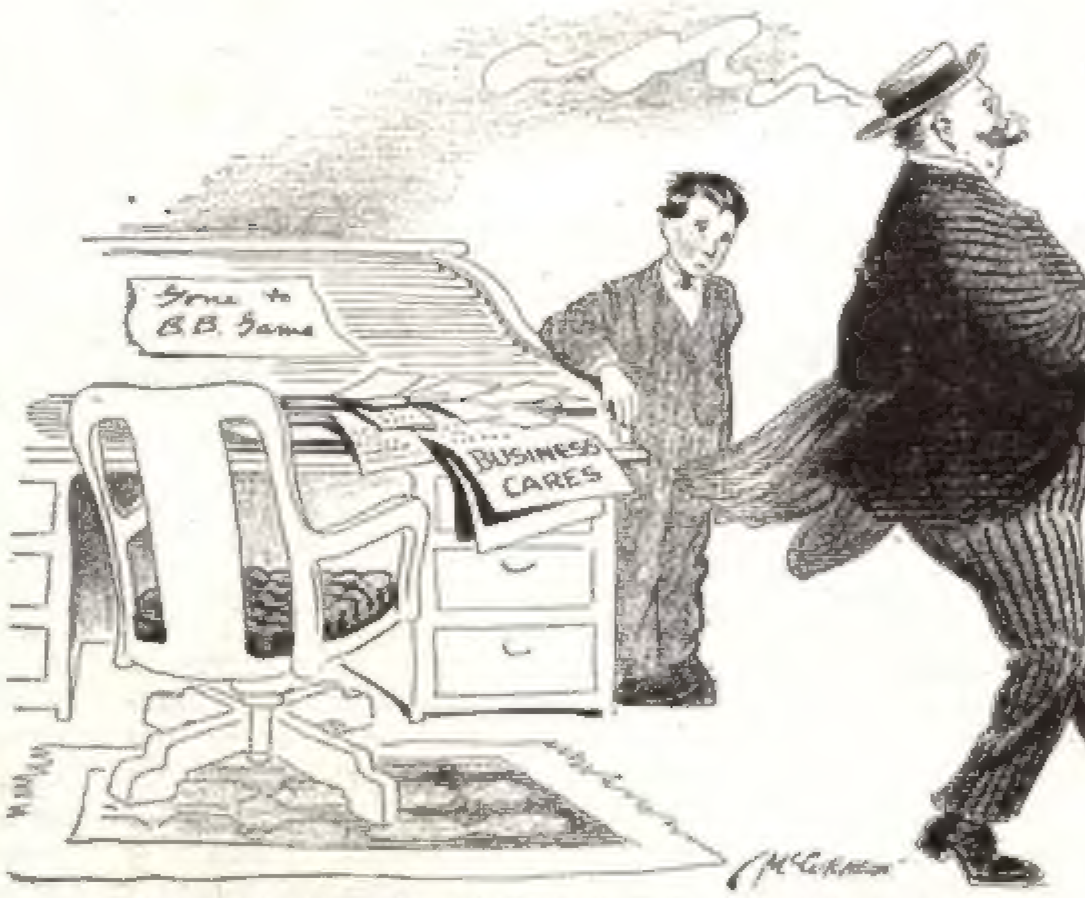
He looked at me sadly a moment, shaking his head; then handed me back the five hundred dollars. "You don't want a lawyer," said he at last. "What you need is a doctor! You might call on Doctor von Munsterburg, down at the other end of the hall."

Beyond the Aid of the Neurologists

NOW Doctor von Munsterburg is a very learned neurologist who studied in Heidelberg, Westphalia, Schleswig-Holstein and other cities, and is perhaps as replete with erudition and whiskers as most men ever get to be. He is a great believer in immediate diagnosis, and as I entered he fixed me with his eye—after I had fixed him with the five hundred. No nerve specialist is ever guilty of rebating.

"Ah!" said he. "I see you have hairt diseatse, woomatismus, unt neuritis in der subconscious pneumogastric ganglia of der sixth lumbar veartebra."

"Now that you mention it, Doctor," said I, "I believe I do feel that way; but then ——"



"Our National Pastime is the Sole Occupation of the American People at This Present Moment"

He interrupted me. "As you game in," said he, "I vos reading in der baber aboud der shamless outraitch gommitted on der Gubs in der last game of der zeries vich vos finished so small a dime ago. Unt dey gall dis a gountry of liberdy und chustice!"

"You're on from the jump, Doctor!" said I. "That's what's the trouble with me. I was directed to you as a man who can tell me what this is all about. Who are the Cubs, and when were they elected, and what do they do? Now, here is something about the Pirates, and the Phillies, and the Browns, and the Giants. Tell me, what do all those names mean? Has there been a national election which I haven't happened to see in any of the papers anywhere? What I want to get at, you see, is to learn what kind of a government we are at present running in this country. Either I've been in a trance, or there's been a revolution of some kind."

Through his whiskers he seemed slightly to pale as he slipped behind his desk and touched a button. "Sid berfectly quiet!" he said. "Do nod excide yourself. Vait a minute!" As he spoke two strong men entered and stood regarding me.

"Put him owdt!" gasped the Doctor; and they followed his instructions.

It is to be submitted that matters seemed rather hopeless at that stage; but a happy thought came to me as I remembered reading in the daily papers of the great success attained in the treatment of nervous diseases by the leaders of the Emmanuel Movement. It being obvious that something was wrong about me, I hailed a taxicab and drove as rapidly as possible to the residence of Bishop Williams, of whose success in mental healing all of late have heard. When I was admitted at the door I was ushered by a very quiet handmaiden into a very quiet room with very quiet draperies and handsomely upholstered furniture. The Bishop himself was sitting near the window, where the light fell strongly upon his handsome, clear-cut features. As he rose his hand still retained the pink newspaper which he had been perusing.

"I am glad to see you, my dear brother," said he, as he took my hand in his large white one. "The weather is fine, is it not? It is a fine day—a fine day! The sun is shining brightly, my brother—br-r-rightly! The world is cheerful—ver-y cheerful! Do you not see that the day is bright and cheerful?—You also are bright—ver-y bright and cheerful!"

"One more guess for yours, my dear Bishop," I ventured. "On the contrary, I am not bright or cheerful at all. I have something on my mind."

"Sit down here, brother!" He gently pushed me back into a large, easy chair. "Let your head rest back easily, so! Now place yourself perfectly at ease. Do not think of the trouble which you thought you brought here with you. It does not exist. Let it roll away from your mind—r-r-roll away! So, you are better! The world is bright and cheerful! In fact, I should not be surprised if we took the first five games of the season straight. With Three-fingered Brown and this man Overall, what chance has a dub like Mathewson got against us? Tell me that! Let all your trouble roll away—r-r-roll away! You have no trouble ——"

"But I have got trouble!" I insisted. "I don't know who Three-fingered Brown is, and I never heard of Overall or Mathewson. I don't know whether Mr. McGraw is in the Senate or the House, nor whether Donlin has been appointed Governor, Railroad Commissioner, Secretary of Labor and Commerce, or competitor of Elihu Root for State boss. The trouble with me is, Bishop, that I don't know what anybody is talking about. To be frank with you, I think I am losing my mind."

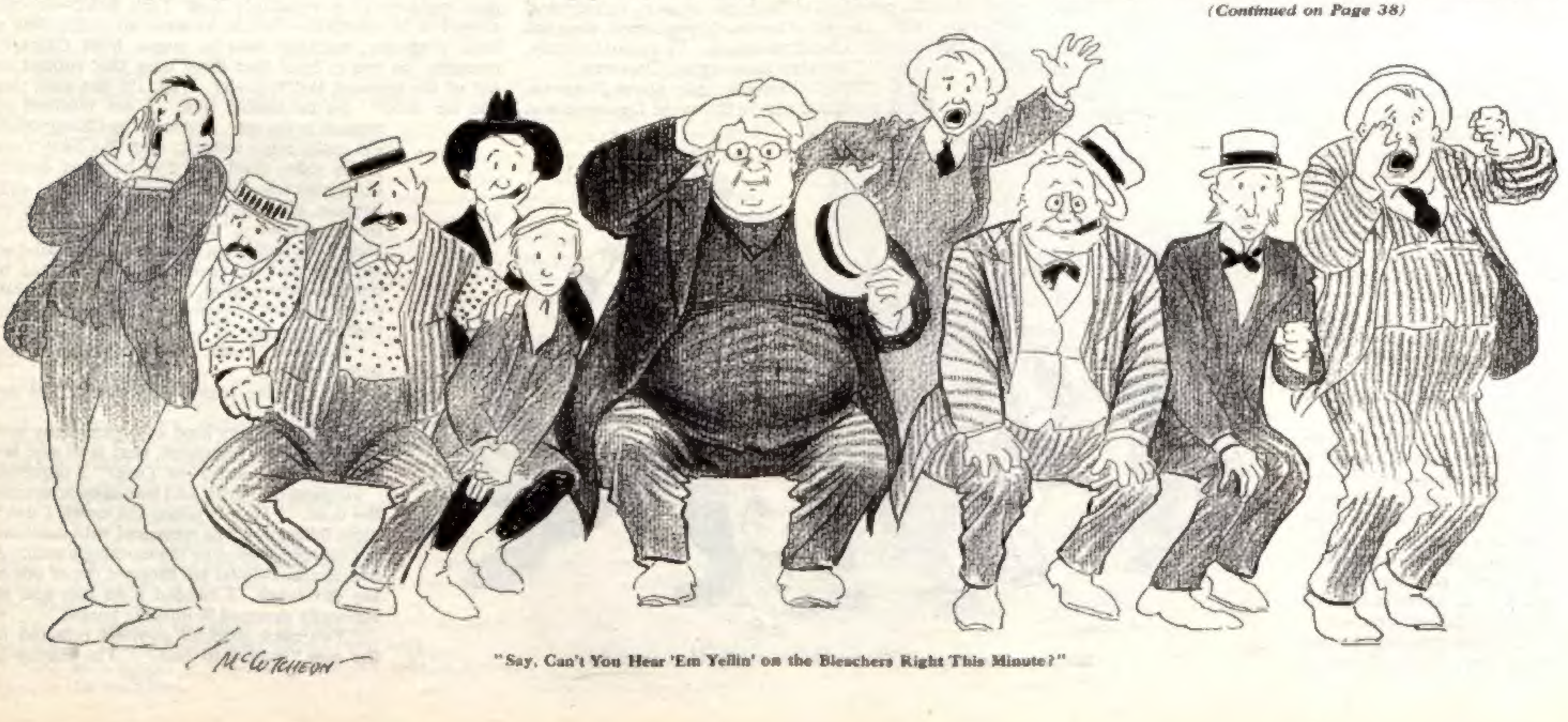
In the dim light I could see a sudden consternation cross his face. He murmured something about a contradiction of terms, and hastened across the deep-piled carpet, possibly to receive another patient. I gathered that I was not expected to linger.

No Help From the Official Guide

THE day being now pretty well broken up I concluded to go on home. A copy of the standard Baseball Guide, which I purchased at a sporting-goods store, proved of no assistance, and the letter-press surrounding the pictures of the large, bent gentlemen with pillows on their hands was composed in a language wholly unknown to myself. True, I learned that a two-bagger biff on the sphere might resemble in sound a hired man eating cabbage; that there were things known as keystones somewhere in the accessories of the game, and that mitts and sticks also were used. A biff, a swat, a bing and other terms seemed to indicate a blow with some implement or weapon; but I could not discern how a "vampire" really could be interested in a contest of this nature, and references to "bleachers" were Greek or Romanesque to me. In this state of mind I was relieved to find at my home a neighbor who had just dropped in for a little call. Formerly a university professor, Mr. Judson recently had gone into the book-publishing business, and naturally I accredited him not only with wisdom but with shrewdness, and held him therefore likely to be of assistance. After I had in part stated my case he looked at me pityingly.

"Have you forgotten your classical readings?" he demanded. "Do you not remember the contests of the

(Continued on Page 38)



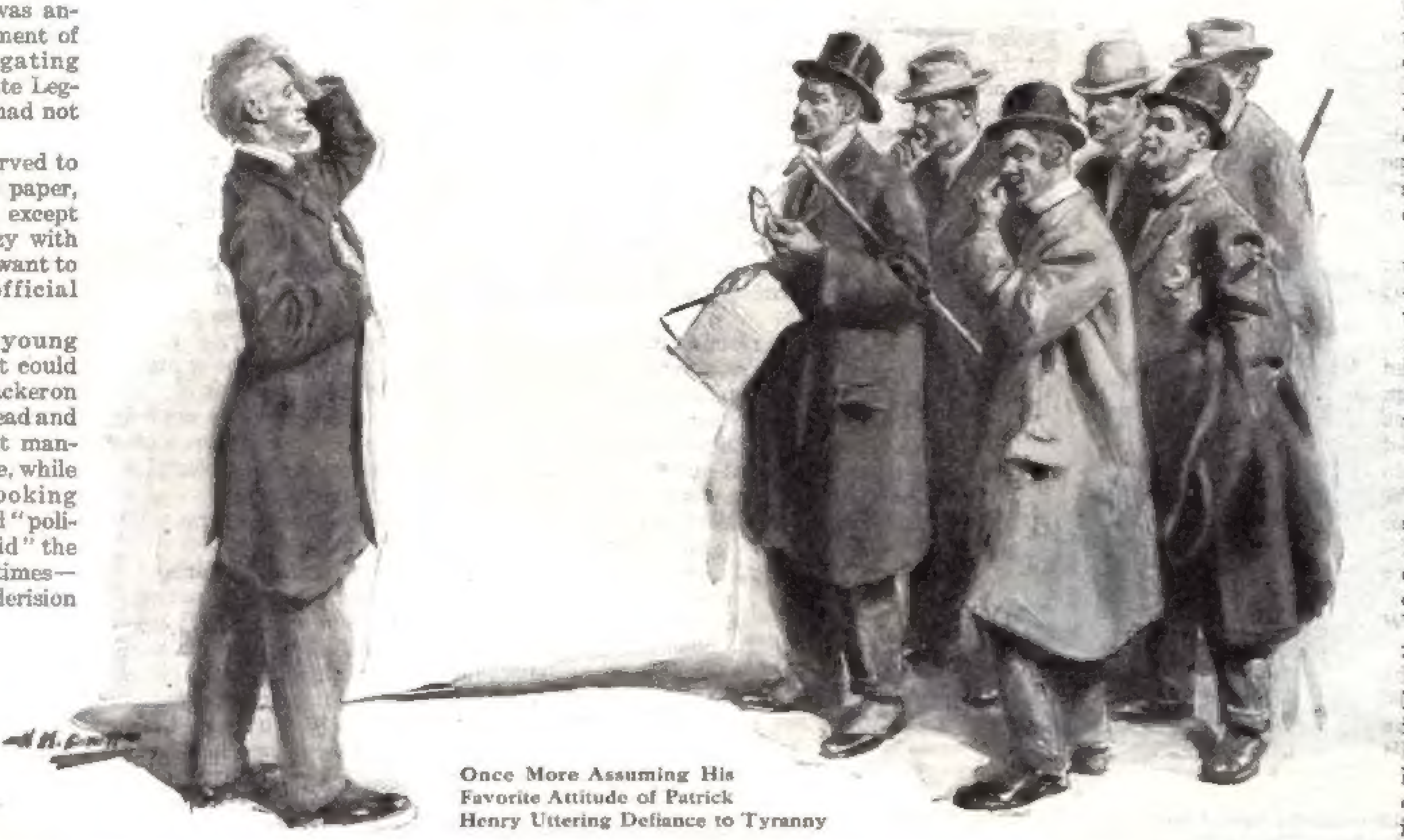
"Say, Can't You Hear 'Em Yellin' on the Bleachers Right This Minute?"

THE NOMINATION

Wherein Flagg, of the Courier, Displays Great Statesmanship

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT



Once More Assuming His Favorite Attitude of Patrick Henry Uttering Defiance to Tyranny

JOHNSON stood up in all his raw-boned height to examine, side by side and with great glee, the Courier and the Blade. Across the head of the Courier was announced the appointment of a municipal investigating committee by the State Legislature. The Blade had not a word of it.

"Lanning," he observed to the proprietor of the paper, "if any of the staff, except Flagg here, goes crazy with the heat tonight, you want to be ready with an official blanket pardon."

Lanning, a brisk young fellow with a jaw that could come shut like a nut-cracker on occasion, nodded his head and offered his triumphant managing editor a cigarette, while Flagg, the boyish-looking but vastly-experienced "politics" reporter—he "did" the City Hall between times—merely grunted in derision as he sat on the window-sill, trying to shut the guard-ring of his watch.

"Looks good, don't it?" agreed Lanning. "After two years of being the under-dog the Courier is at last able to put across a scoop or two on its own account."

Johnson frowned and shook his head, pointing to an important paragraph on the first page of the Blade.

"They have this suicide story on us," he observed. "The administration is still keeping municipal affairs, even the morgue, bottled up on us."

The door opened and Ringling, built like a bulldog and with much the disposition of one, came in with a little strip of the thin tissue-paper upon which Associated Press dispatches are delivered.

"The grandest little Lexow that ever happened," he declared, passing the "flimsy" to Johnson. "Gurton asked me to hand you this. They are already calling the thing the Danvers Investigating Committee, and Danvers, as chairman, is practically empowered to conduct the investigation in his own way, hire his own attorneys, and have full power of subpœna."

Flagg looked up so suddenly that he dropped the guard-ring.

"Wire Danvers you want to pick out the attorney for him," he suggested.

"Why?" demanded Johnson.

"So we can appoint Strutter," replied Flagg, capturing the guard-ring and trying to close it with his teeth.

"Sometimes I suspect Flagg of thinking!" charged Ringling, and stalked out.

"Suppose I telephone Strutter to come over here," suggested Johnson.

"Good idea," said Lanning. "We can promise almost anything in Danvers' name, I think. We practically made him State Senator, and by our exposing the paving steal made his investigating bill possible. Looks to me as if this was our year, at last."

Johnson nodded his head emphatically and telephoned Attorney Strutter that he was wanted on immediate business at the office of the paper. In fifteen minutes Strutter came in, tall, gaunt, and with a perpetual air of being about to make a most important speech.

"Have you seen the latest edition of the Courier, Mr. Strutter?" asked Johnson.

Mr. Daniel Webster Strutter put his right hand in the bosom of his coat, and with his left smoothed back his wavy, gray hair.

"I have," said he ponderously, and with all the effect of having made a declaration of undying wisdom.

"Danvers, in a private telegram, has just assured me that the first investigation will be in this city," Johnson resumed. "I think I can nominate the attorney for that investigation. Would you like to have the post?"

Mr. Strutter took a contemplative turn up and down the room.

"It would depend," he declared, "upon the emoluments they would be empowered to offer."

"It depends upon nothing of the sort," retorted Johnson. "You will, of course, be properly paid, but what is more to the point, you will be brought beautifully before the public eye this fall; then we'll elect you mayor."

"In that case I should certainly decline," declared Mr. Strutter with vast virtue, "as I do not care for politics. Three times I have declined to have my name put up for nomination."

Flagg, now pottering with the nib of his fountain pen, stopped in his absorbing occupation to snort, and with a peculiar smile Lanning looked at him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," answered Flagg; "except that I happened to be present twice when Mr. Strutter was offered that nomination, and each time I forced him to decline it. By the third time he was in the habit."

Mr. Strutter looked annoyed, even pained, but he did not deny Flagg's statement.

"You see, Mr. Strutter," went on Flagg, popping his pen into his pocket and suddenly waking up to tenseness, "every time the nomination was offered you, Packard, the boss of your party, intended to put you up for a barbecue. Packard has been selling out to Boss Galway for more years than we can count, his part of the game being to put up a slate that could not possibly be elected. This time, however, Galway is going to become ex-boss of his party, and Packard is going to become ex-boss of your party. Now is your time to jump in and win."

Mr. Strutter blinked as he considered this new idea.

"I shall think it over," said he pompously.

Johnson sighed when Mr. Strutter had left.

"It's a pity he's such a pin-head," he observed.

"He's the only material we have," insisted Lanning. "It has become a desperate matter with us. We must have a mayor of our own in order to get the news out of this town!"

II

THE Danvers Investigating Committee began its rude probing, and it at once became the sensation of the city. It appointed Daniel Webster Strutter its prosecutor, and immediately subpœnaed the entire Galway crowd. With Danvers as a friend of the Courier, the whole proceeding was distinctly the Courier's own private inquisition, wherein the entire political ring, which had for so long withheld department news from the Courier, was put properly upon the grill and toasted to a neat brown on both sides.

The chiefest transgression of the administration had been the paving steal, the facts concerning which had been ferreted out and published by the Courier. Galway and five members of the city council of Galway's party, and even Packard with a few henchmen, had actually been upon the secret pay-roll of the construction company for handsome salaries, besides dividing the enormous graft of one dollar and five cents, paid in advance, for every square yard of paving put down.

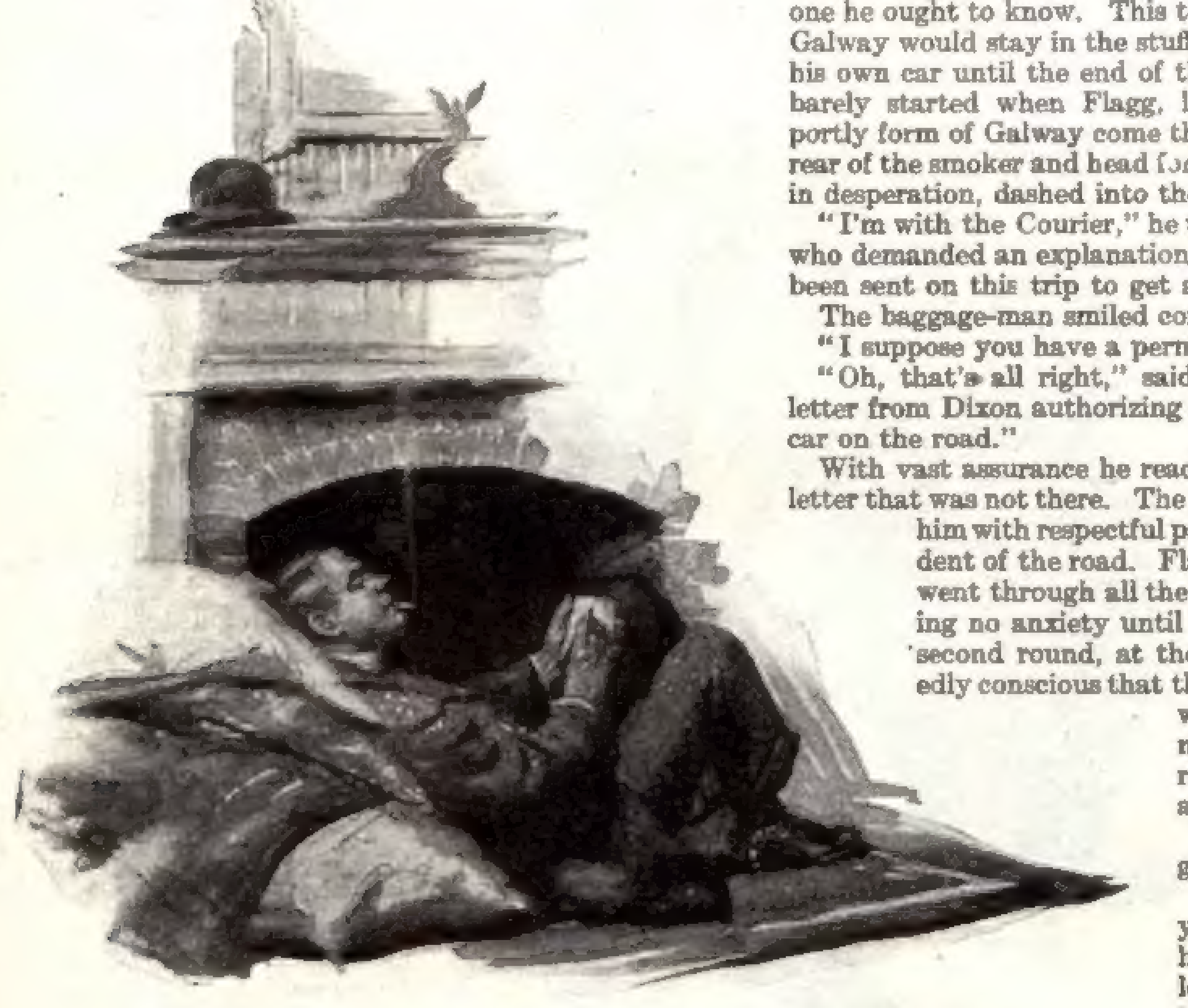
It was a soul-inspiring thing to see Daniel Webster Strutter conduct the inquiry into this rich mine of municipal scandal. With lustful joy he put each man in turn upon the inquisitorial spit, and slowly turned him before the shriveling heat of the inquisitorial flames. Who so perfect in his virtue, so noble in his honor, so flawless in his morality; who so conscious that here he had the chance of a lifetime as Daniel Webster Strutter! With his right hand in the bosom of his Prince Albert coat, and his left hand alternating between impressive gestures to High Heaven and smoothing back his waving, gray locks, he not only flayed alive the wicked, irredeemable and utterly lost-to-grace members of the grafting administration, but presented himself in the lurid light of publicity as the one serene soul of integrity in all this Sodom of iniquity. He was firm and implacable, was Daniel Webster Strutter, he was shrewd and keen, he was good and holy; and every evening he consulted with Flagg, quite privately and secretly, about the next day's inquisition! Flagg was not known in the proceedings except as an industrious reporter, with penetration enough to foresee coming revelations a day ahead of the Blade; but it was Flagg's brains which made the cleverness of the Danvers Investigation's proceedings, and it was the Courier's flaming columns which gave the public the glory of Daniel Webster Strutter.

Day by day Dan Packard grew more uneasy. He foresaw that once more, obeying popular clamor this time, he should be compelled to offer Strutter the nomination for mayor. Always before, Packard had been willing, but now he was afraid; for just so sure as Strutter should accept the nomination for mayor, just that sure was Strutter of being elected, and with him the entire anti-administration ticket; in which case the legitimate business of a large number of handy and diligent politicians would be gone for a period of not less than two years. When a man has fed at the public trough for a decade or so, he comes, quite naturally and justifiably, to look upon the public trough as having been made expressly for his use and benefit; and the manipulation of that trough becomes as sober and as thoughtful and as serious a business as the selling of dry-goods or real estate.

III

FLAGG, loafing in the Y. & Z. depot to wait for a visiting celebrity, saw Dan Packard, with only such luggage as could be carried in a small handbag, board a northbound train. Five minutes afterward the celebrity came, and Flagg forgot all about Packard in the fascinating game of beating the reporters of other papers to the inestimable boon of a bare score of words privately spoken. Half an hour later, on his way back to the office with his interview, he saw Galway, carrying a small handbag, step on a car headed toward the G. & R. depot, and immediately Packard's departure occurred to him. The Y. & Z. and the G. & R. railroads both had their southern terminals here and ran divergently north, crossing each other, however, in the State capital!

Mechanically Flagg felt in his pockets and calculated the distance to the office. Galway's train would leave in fifteen minutes. It was a ten-minute ride to the depot and a five-minute ride to the office of the Courier, and Flagg hadn't a dollar in his possession. The first thought was to figure where, in that neighborhood, he could borrow money. Alas, this section had been worked too recently, and before he could borrow in this neighborhood again he would have to make a paying-off tour! He felt the precious seconds slipping away from him with almost an actual physical sensation, much as if it had been his clothes dropping off piece by piece. At this juncture an apparition approaching in the middle of that block caused a grin of simon-pure, first-water mischief to irradiate Flagg's youthful countenance. The apparition was no less a person than one Cassamine, a trim and precise gentleman, with most careful whiskers, a neatly-fitting brown frock suit, and a very impressive lavender tie.



Flagg Could See, Through the Eye of Imagination, Big, Beefy Galway Pondering This in Sluggish Dismay

Mr. Cassamine was a gentleman who had reached that age where he thought business success entitled him to social recognition, and he was after it; moreover, he was the proprietor of the Blade, the paper which supported and even aided and abetted the entire Galway crowd, and it was this fact, coupled with what he was about to do, which gave rise to Flagg's delighted grin. Flagg wasted no thought upon the matter of approach. He was an expert borrower and knew precisely how to get results from different sorts of people. Cassamine was coming toward him as rapidly as dignity would permit, but Flagg met him half-way with a rush.

"Just the man I wanted to see, Mr. Cassamine!" said Flagg breathlessly. "Let me have twenty dollars!"

Had he said this slowly Cassamine might have considered, but by the mere force of Flagg's momentum he hastily produced his pocketbook and extracted two ten-dollar bills. By the time he had drawn them forth habitual hesitation and precaution began to work upon him, and Flagg saw it in his eye. Moreover, there was that halting motion of the hand.

"Thank you," said Flagg, grabbing the money from Cassamine's fingers. "I'll send this over to you," and then he jumped on a G. & R. depot car. He was still chuckling when, in the next block, young Beers, a Courier cub, took the same car, and the sight of Beers instantly reminded Flagg of a forgotten duty. From his pocket he pulled the notes of his recent interview, and grabbed the astonished Beers as he was about to enter the car door.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Assignment," replied Beers with some loftiness.

"I suppose it's a murder mystery," commented Flagg with his usual grin. "Of course, it's important or they wouldn't send you on the job. Here! you take these notes and hump right back to the office with them!"

"Afraid I can't do it," said Beers. "This assignment ——"

"You get off," ordered Flagg, "and take these notes to the office. They can send a boy on the assignment."

Beers was so hypnotized that he overlooked the deadly insult. The car came to a stop. Flagg pushed the notes into Beers' hand and pushed him off. As the bell clanged for the car to start, Beers recovered his poise enough to shrill:

"Where shall I tell Johnson you're going?"

"It's nobody's business," yelled Flagg. "Tell him I've got a hen on."

When Flagg arrived at the depot he bought a ticket without a moment's hesitation. He knew positively, without any further reasoning or thought, that Packard and Galway, unable in this parlous period to have a conference at home, were about to meet in the State capital, and he boarded the forward coach with confidence, his mind occupied now merely with how he should keep Galway from seeing him on the three-hour trip.

"If I only had my green whiskers along!" he told himself with a grin, as he hurried through the day-coach smoker to the front platform. He knew Galway's habits perfectly. He would ride in the parlor-car smoker, but either before the train started or shortly after he would walk through the day coaches to see if they contained any one he ought to know. This tour of inspection once over, Galway would stay in the stuffy smoking-compartment of his own car until the end of the journey. The train had barely started when Flagg, looking anxiously, saw the portly form of Galway come through the day coach in the rear of the smoker and head for the front platform. Flagg, in desperation, dashed into the baggage-car.

"I'm with the Courier," he told the blue-overalled man who demanded an explanation by a mere glare, "and I've been sent on this trip to get a baggage-smashing story."

The baggage-man smiled cordially.

"I suppose you have a permit," he suggested.

"Oh, that's all right," said Flagg easily. "I have a letter from Dixon authorizing me to ride in any baggage-car on the road."

With vast assurance he reached into his pocket for the letter that was not there. The two men in the car watched him with respectful patience, for Dixon was president of the road. Flagg, with easy nonchalance, went through all the pockets of his coat, betraying no anxiety until he was forced to begin his second round, at the same time being distressedly conscious that the faces of the baggage-men were growing more and more stern. To his intense relief the door opened and a brakeman came in with:

"Hello, Flagg, where you going?"

"Mighty glad to see you," said Flagg, shaking hands with him. "Had a letter from Dixon permitting me to ride in a baggage-car this trip, and I can't find it."

"That's all right. Make yourself at home. Here, Granger, shake hands with Flagg; Smith, Flagg."

So it was all settled, and during the balance of the trip Flagg made a perfunctory show of getting his "baggage-smashing" story. By the time the first fifteen miles had been traversed he was old-time chums with Granger and Smith, and at the first stop he got the station baggage-man to take charge of a franked telegram for Danvers. When they arrived at the journey's end he looked out of the baggage door long enough to see the broad back of Galway getting into a cab; then he jumped out and took a car to Danvers' apartments, where he had wired Danvers to meet him.

"Galway and Packard have come up on different trains to have a conference," he hastily explained to Danvers, "and I'm willing to pick a lock or climb a transom or burgle a safe to know what they're up to. As a matter of fact, I must know all about it, and you must help me."

"I don't quite like this," said Danvers, pondering the matter. Long experience in legislation had made him take matters slowly; moreover, he was a large and ponderous body. "It smacks too much of ward politics."

"It does?" flared back Flagg. "Seems to me, Danvers, ward politics should be remembered by you with some gratitude. That's where you got into the game, and the Courier helped you. It has helped you clear up the ladder."

"I know," admitted Danvers, "and I have helped the Courier. I've furnished you several exclusive stories, and I let you have your own way in the investigation. I did things down there that I would not have done for any one else."

"You are not through yet," insisted Flagg. "You still have a lot of backscratching to do for the Courier, and the Courier has still to make you a United States Senator."

"It listens good," confessed Danvers, preening himself a trifle. "What is it you want?"

"In the first place, you will tell me where I can find these chaps."

"Galway always stops at the Grand Union Hotel, but as this is evidently a secret mission he will doubtless go somewhere else, where he is not so well known. His second choice should be the Rennel, and I practically own the proprietor of that house. What else do you happen to want?"

"Well," replied Flagg with a trifle of hesitation, "if they're going to hold a conference they will hold it in their own room. Galway is probably with him now. I want to get into the next room, and if there is a keyhole or a crack in a connecting door I want to overhear every word."

"You'll be asking me to forge a note next," protested Danvers. "Come over here and let us telephone," and calling up the Hotel Rennel, he asked for the proprietor.

"You know Dan Packard?" he asked. "Yes, I know he isn't likely to be registered there, but you know him when you see him. A little weazened-up cuss with a face like a fox, and a half-chewed cigar in his mouth, and a tall derby hat slammed down to his ears on the back of his head. . . . I thought so. . . . You know Galway, don't you? . . . Now you just hold on, Charley; I want to know all about it, in strict confidence."

Danvers put his hand over the receiver for a moment and turned to Flagg.

"We'll get it!" he jubilantly half-whispered. "He wants us to wait until he goes back into his private office." A little later his face brightened and he listened intently. "All right, Charley, just wait a minute," and he turned to Flagg. "They are both there. Galway just came in as we telephoned. Packard is down at the bar, and Galway has gone down to join him."

"It's a cinch they won't talk business until they get to their room," commented Flagg with relief. "We've still time."

Danvers turned again to the 'phone.

"Now, Charley," said he earnestly, "I want a room next to these people for a friend of mine, and want it fixed up in a hurry, so that everything said by Galway and Packard can be heard. This is of vital importance, or I would not ask it. . . . No, I tell you it is of importance enough to outweigh all scruples of any sort. The thing is bound up with my whole future career, and you know precisely what I would do and have done for you in an emergency."

He listened for a while longer, and then he drew a long breath of relief.

"All right, Charley," he said, and hung up the receiver. "Rennel will have their room shifted on some pretext or other," he told Flagg, with careful attention to detail; "he will give them a better apartment and put you into the adjoining one. The partition of the fireplace between these two rooms was knocked out in putting in the gas-logs, and a slatted asbestos partition replaces it. By getting down close you can hear everything. I can't go with you, but you won't have to register. Slip into the elevator nearest the entrance, and tell the boy to take you up to number three-o-two. The elevator boy will have the key, and hand it to the first one who asks for it. You will have to run the risk of meeting Galway and Packard in the lobby, in the elevator or in the hall, but once inside of the room you are safe."

"Thanks," said Flagg with a deep, deep sigh. "Danvers, the Courier won't forget this. By the way, you haven't a pair of green whiskers with you, have you?"

IV

FLAGG had scarcely more than made himself comfortable on the floor before the fireplace, with pillows from the bed and cushions from the couch, when the door of three hundred and three opened and he recognized the heavy voice of Galway.

"We got to get through with this in a hurry," rumbled the voice. "I have to get back tonight. You'd better go over to Chicago and telegraph a few people so they will think you've been there; and don't come back for a couple of days."

Flagg could hear the leaders of the two opposing parties light a couple of the strong cigars that Galway always carried.

"What time does your train leave?" asked Packard.

"In about an hour," replied Galway. "Packard, we're in a jam this year, if we ever were. The Courier has almost put us out of business, and they'll mace us to a pulp this fall. The Blade is willing to support us in any way it can, but Cassamine is scared stiff. We'll have to put up the strongest slate we ever had, and you'll have to put up the weakest."

"That will be going some," Packard chuckled. "I've about been through my list of jellyfish; but I have your candidate for mayor doped out."

"I had thought some of putting Goode on the ticket," ventured Galway.

"Goode!" snorted Packard. "You're a fool! You might run him any other year, but not this year. He owns stock in the Traction Company, in the Telephone Company and in the Gas Company, and no man with an interest in any public service corporation can get elected on any ticket this fall."

Flagg could see, through the eye of imagination, big, beefy Galway pondering this in sluggish dismay, his double chin pushed out by his collar in a roll of solid fat, and the sinister scar running down from his left eyelid a livid, smooth streak, edged by a mass of little wrinkles of perplexity.

"Your man is Rotterby," resumed Packard.

"Rotterby! You can't get him," replied Galway.

Flagg himself was a trifle surprised.

"Yes, you can," insisted Packard. "Under ordinary occasions you could not. Rotterby, though, is one of those hidebound mutts that make politics possible. He belongs to your party because his father did, and his grandfather and his great-grandfather, and if his son voted any other way he'd disown him. In regular years you couldn't get him to run for office; nor you couldn't get him to speak to you on the street. You go to him, though, and tell him that the party is in danger, and he'll come right to the front. Watch him. He's all for the party. Of course, he'll tell you that if he's to come to the front you'll have to step down and out."

"That's a cinch," rumbled Galway.

"You'll have to keep your word at first," went on Packard, "but, like all the rest of these crazy-honest dubs, he's dead easy, and inside of six months you can have control again without him knowing it, so long as you don't seem to appear in it yourself."

"Sounds like good talk," admitted Galway. "He'd make a swell candidate, if he'll only run."

"He'll run all right if you let him think he's going to purify politics," said Packard confidently. "His record and the fact that he is throwing you out will give you a chance to win again, and we'll make up your whole slate out of an entirely new bunch. We did that ten years ago, you know. That was the year we put through the waterworks deal. We never did clean up so well as we did in those two years."

There was another long pause.

"We'll call that settled," said Galway finally. "I suppose you know there's a flaw in Rotterby's record?"

"Yes!" admitted Packard; "but I don't think there's a man in town but you and Cassamine and me that knows about it. You mean that Collinswood affair."

"Sure," said Galway. "But nobody's going to get on to that, and we want to forget it ourselves. He was a younger man then, and it's a cinch he didn't know he was in wrong; he only played the sucker."

"We'll have to take a chance on that," decided Packard. "There's no man with an absolutely clear record."

"Strutter comes across clean, and if you fellows put up Strutter, Rotterby will have the fight of his life."

"No Strutter for me," declared Packard hastily. "After all the advertising the Courier gave him through this investigating committee he's too strong for us. We have to watch out. The grand jury indictments may finish us all."

Galway chuckled. "That committee was shy on one thing," he declared. "It didn't have the power to indict. I'm not saying anything about it, but I have that little game fixed up. There will be only three men indicted: Riley, Powers and Krug. Powers has already gone out of reach, Riley is going, and Krug has set his price to stay and take the gaff. The longer stretch they give him at the penitentiary the better pleased he'll be, for the better salary he'll get. When he gets out he intends to live like a king."

"When did you fix that up?" asked Packard.

"Last week," answered Galway, "but it was only last night that I made the final deal with Krug. He's the only man I could pick out for the part, and I know that he'll stick. But how are you going to keep Strutter from accepting the nomination?"

"I don't know," replied Packard, in a perplexed tone. "Public sentiment's going to make us offer it to him, but if I thought he'd accept I'd let public sentiment go to the devil. I don't dare nominate him on any ticket or he'd be elected. What I'd like to do is to make sure he'd refuse. Then we can offer it to him on a silver platter, lit up with lights, and megaphone the whole town to come and see us do it; then we could turn around and put up Tom Ball!"

Even Galway, notorious for his utter absence of humor, laughed aloud.

"Tom Ball!" he chuckled. "The joke of every political meeting he ever attended."

"They kid him off his feet," admitted Packard, "but he still thinks he can make a great speech. If I can only get him on the ticket I'll send him out to make his own campaign; and Rotterby, with your whole slate, will walk right through on the laugh."

Point by point and man by man they went over the coming campaign, and Flagg, flat upon the floor and not daring to move lest they hear the rustle of it, took as few notes as possible, confining himself to mere names, upon one sheet of paper. For nearly an hour the two "opposing" bosses planned and figured, but never a word more was spoken about "that Collinswood affair." Flagg, stiff as two yards of rheumatism and aching like the toothache in every muscle and bone, almost cursed them for that oversight.

V

FLAGG was thirty minutes late the next morning when he walked jauntily into Johnson's office.

"Welcome to our city," said Johnson dryly. "Hope you enjoyed your little outing, Flagg, but the next time you ought to stop for expense money. Remember, the Courier is generous enough to give its steady employees two weeks' advance salary when they start on their vacations."

Flagg burst out laughing.

"Oh, I got the expense money all right," said he. "I borrowed twenty dollars from Cassamine, and the Courier may pay that bill. Say, I'd like to itemize that and send it with the remittance. He'd be tickled to death if he knew how I spent that twenty."

"And now," observed Johnson with resignation, "I suppose we hear another new and ingenious explanation of a bun. Well, lie ahead."

"It was certainly some spree!" admitted Flagg. "Wait until I spin you the yarn, Captain. I took a sudden notion on my way back to the office yesterday for a little journey up among the honorable lawmakers of our gee-lorious State. I followed one Galway, if you must know the horrid truth, and was an ear-witness to a lovely conversation between the boss and Dan Packard. Just a little whim of mine to tag along; that's all."

Johnson drew a slip of paper and wrote under that date:

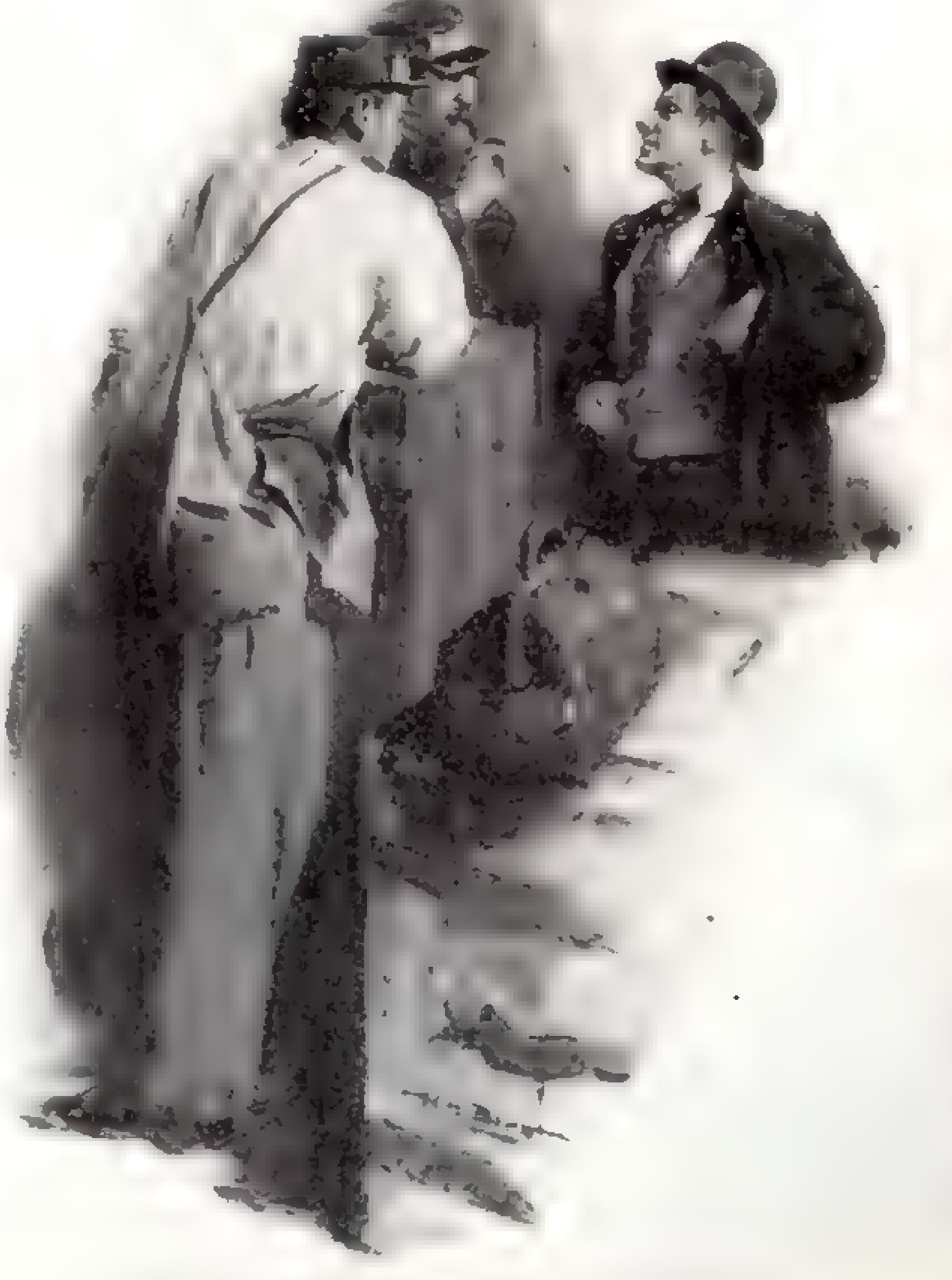
Expense, Flagg, trip to State capital on special assignment—twenty dollars. O. K. JOHNSON.

"I suppose you have about ten dollars of that left in your pocket," he observed, as he passed the slip of paper over to Flagg; "but you could—and would—easily pad the expense account up to twenty dollars, so I might just as well O. K. the full bill. But be sure and pay Cassamine. Now let's have the gory details."

Before Flagg was two minutes along in his narrative Johnson had twice lit his already burning pipe, and before two minutes longer he got up and called Lanning in. It was a smiling and sparkling-eyed trio which gloated over that recital.

"It looks to me as if there were fireworks ahead," observed Lanning. "The first thing to do is to call Strutter in and post him."

"I question that," said Johnson. "Strutter is the most perfect example of a human squash that I have ever seen. It wouldn't be safe to trust him with this whole story."



With Vast Assurance He Reached Into His Pocket for the Letter That Was Not There

"I should say not," agreed Flagg. "If you will take my tip, you will hand the stately Daniel Webster Strutter one small idea at a time. He's like a negro waiter—two orders give him a headache, and three, spinal curvature of the intellect."

"Sad, but ah, too true!" agreed Johnson. "We'll begin by just telling him that he must refuse the nomination."

"But what about Collinswood?" demanded Flagg. "What did Judge Rotterby do in that town, wherever it may be, that would make a pleasant bit of scandal?"

"Go there and find out," suggested Lanning, as the most obvious answer to that problem.

"It's only a week until the Galway primaries, and whatever Rotterby did in Collinswood we ought to know in the beginning," mused Johnson. "Guess you'd better go right away, Flagg."

"There's plenty of time," said Flagg easily. "We have another scoop to begin with. Galway's slate is all made up, and we can beat the Blade by a day on the nomination of Rotterby."

"We don't want to use that far enough ahead to make them change their slate," warned Lanning.

Johnson suddenly burst out laughing.

"I can imagine the Galway crowd running around in circles to find out who leaked," he explained.

"They'll wonder still more when we spring that top line: 'What about that Collinswood affair?'" laughed Flagg. "We don't really need to know anything more than just that. They won't dare ask us what we mean by it."

"Nevertheless, I'll feel safer with Sherlock Holmes Flagg on the job," said Johnson dryly; "so get busy with a railroad guide."

That was an uncomfortable morning in the office of the Courier. To begin with Flagg found Collinswood to the left of him, Collinswood to the right of him, Collinswood on every hand, from Maine to California and from the Gulf to the Lakes. There was an appalling list of little towns by that name, and the farther along Flagg got in the list the more discouraged he became with the prospect of living on jerk-water trains and visiting two Collinswoods a day! Obviously, it would never do to wire or write to these towns asking for information about Judge Rotterby, for the query would be bound to filter out and give Galway the alarm; and, under the circumstances, there was nothing the Courier so much desired as to see Rotterby nominated against Strutter.

No layman can understand what being on the administration side means to a newspaper in an inland city. It means that the police department, the courts, the hospitals, the city hall, the public service corporations, and even large commercial concerns whose interests are necessarily bound up with special municipal favors, will bottle up their news for the benefit of the papers which support the administration. In a word, to be an administration paper means news, and news is life. To be an opposition paper means no news, and no news is sure death.

The Courier had been the opposition paper for a score of years, and now for the first time it saw daylight; hence its rabid eagerness to attack the administration, to overthrow it, to become the administration paper itself. Hence, also, Johnson's distress as the morning wore on toward the hour of the first edition and he could not get hold of Strutter. It came close to press time, and Johnson called Lanning into consultation.

There were times when Lanning was a joy and a solace beyond compare to Johnson; times when the set of his jaw and the snap of his eye made his overly-fastidious clothing and his overly-fastidious manner seem like a foolish and utterly futile attempt at disguise. This was one of those times.

"Print it anyway, and post Strutter afterward," Lanning curtly decided. "This is not Strutter's campaign. It's ours."

So the first edition of the Courier that morning carried the confident headline:

STRUTTER WILL POSITIVELY REFUSE
A NOMINATION

They had no difficulty in finding Strutter after that. Ten minutes after the Courier's first edition was on the street Johnson's bell rang with a hypnotic violence communicated through three telephone operators, and he grinned as a wailing voice at the other end of the line demanded:

"What do you mean by this morning's announcement? Do you want to ruin my political career? This is Mr. Strutter!"

"Good-morning, Mr. Strutter," said Johnson suavely. "What is the matter with our announcement this morning?"

(Continued on Page 28)

The Business Side of the Circus

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

The Crowd Moving to the Ticket-Wagon

WHEN you pass your half-dollar into the big red ticket-wagon of the "World's Greatest Shows," you help to oil the machinery of a remarkable business institution. Instead of being the most haphazard of enterprises the circus is, in reality, the most systematic and certain of all aggregations that amuse the public. The United States Steel Corporation does not figure its earning capacity or reduce the risk of trade down to a finer point than this nomadic city of tents that rises with the dawn and flits away into the night. From owner to canvasman, all down the spangled circus array, every living thing, man and beast, fits into a commercial scheme that is a marvel of economic and productive organization. Even the peanuts and pink lemonade are capitalized.

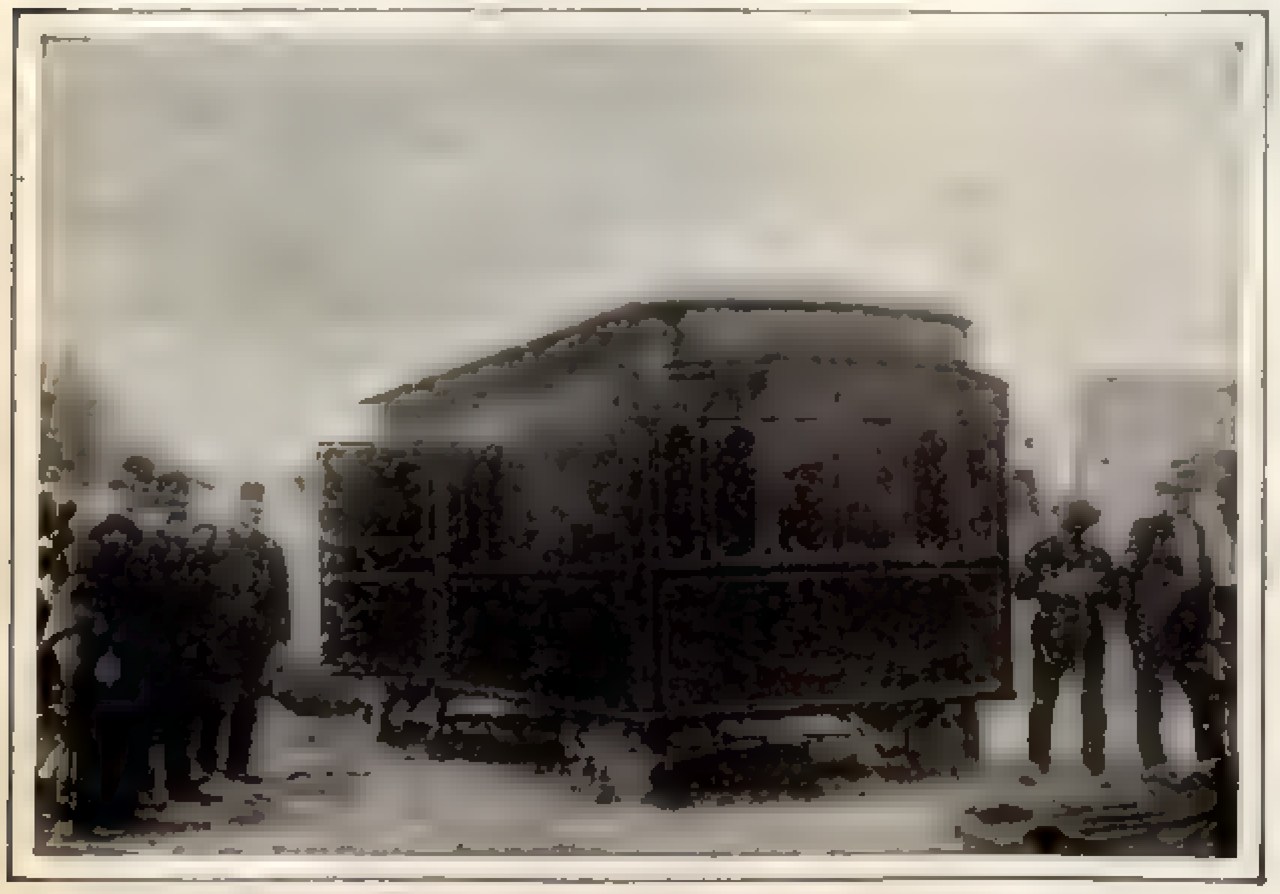
Just as it took years to bring the steel industry to its present development, so has it required decades to make the circus such a definite investment that the owners can sit down at a desk in winter quarters in January and figure out approximately what their season's profits will be. "Yankee" Robinson, W. C. Coup, Adam Forepaugh and P. T. Barnum, the pioneer showmen, could not do this: first, because they did not belong to the present era of business science; second, for the reason that they operated in the midst of a fierce and costly competition.

Today five brothers who, less than a quarter century ago, owned one elephant, drove the stakes for their small, single-tent show and furnished all the music themselves, own and control the "big show" business in the United States. This sums up the achievement of the Ringlings, who have not only practically eliminated opposition by absorbing the Barnum and Bailey and the Sells-Forepaugh shows, thus giving the circus a place in an age of combination, but who have likewise developed the business side of the circus to a stage never reached before.

How Five Brothers Manage Their Show

WHEN these five brothers set out to organize a circus they said: "We must have business organization first." So they divided the business into departments. One brother took the financial end, another became equestrian director and ran the performances, the third became general organizer and operated the advertising cars, the fourth looked after transportation and routing, while the fifth handled the publicity. Originally each man was the whole department; now each employs hundreds of men. Together they form a compact working machine.

The circus differs in many ways from any other large business enterprise. Here is a project employing nearly a thousand people, that represents an investment of approximately $3,000,000, and the daily expenses of which average $7500. The whole plant must be put up and torn down every day. The wear and tear on it, therefore, is greater than in almost any other business. The working season, too, is limited to less than seven months, yet the yield must measure up to the return on capital that works all the year. Hence the importance of economy and utility in every branch.


The Ticket-Wagon is Almost Bullet-Proof and Burglar-Proof

Take any department and you see at once how the circus business has been reduced to a science. In the old days when the showmen got together to lay out their route they took down a big map. One said: "We did a good business last year at Pleasureville. Let's go there." "Good," said his partner. "There's Hendersonville, too, forty miles away. We turned them away there." So they routed these towns, slipping in several small intermediate places. They did not stop to consider that, while Pleasureville and Hendersonville may have been "big" last year, trade or crop conditions this year may have changed the prosperity of the communities. Besides, the little towns between might eat up the profits made in the bigger ones. There was no organized way of finding the lay of the circus land.

Now when a route is laid out for the season, the modern showmen bring to their aid facts that give them a knowledge of local conditions and, at the same time, serve to remove, so far as possible, the element of loss in business. Early in January the tentative route is blocked out at winter quarters. This is done under the direction of the railroad department. First the list of towns "showed" last year is checked up, as it is sometimes considered inadvisable to visit a town twice in succession.

Meanwhile the country through which the circus is to pass has been scoured for information. This includes reports of all crops, statistics of tonnage hauled by the railroads, figures on factory and mine work with output and number of people employed, bank clearings, resources and failures, building operations, volume of business in stores, lists of local half-holidays; in brief, every detail that can give some hint of the financial state of the community. If the town is on a body of water that is likely to overflow its banks the flood seasons are considered. It is important to know when the cotton and wheat and corn are harvested. Actual harvest seasons are always avoided, for even a circus can't compete with the call of the farmer's pocketbook. The weather, which is the circus man's greatest foe (his idea of Paradise is a waterproof rubber "show-lot"), is carefully reckoned with. By means of an elaborate set of weather reports and maps it is possible to strike an average of rainy days in any locality, and the circus always fixes its route so as to avoid the wet belt.

If, after the route is settled and the season is on, a bank or crop failure should occur in a town on the list, that town is immediately canceled and a new town substituted. This, in turn, often causes the rearranging of a whole month's traveling, which, however, is considered preferable to possible loss. From long experience the showman knows what the spending capacity of most towns is. Thus he is able to apply every known antidote to loss and offset conditions that in the old days played havoc with circus receipts.

Closely linked with the routing is the transportation feature, which has been reduced to an equally exact science. When you consider that a big circus today travels 25,000 miles every season and spends $100,000 for transportation, that its trains of five sections, comprising 85 cars in all, average 190 runs—that is, trips from town to town—you get some idea of the work entailed in hauling the show. The circus has a superintendent of transportation like a railroad. He is always a man who has been raised in the show business, who knows every junction from Seattle to Tampa, and who is able to carry in his head not only the route, but every possible connection that the trains have to make. Often in making a jump of twenty-five miles it is necessary to travel over three or four roads. A mile saved in circus transportation frequently means many dollars earned.

Likewise, promptness in making schedules is worth money. No better illustration of this can be found than in a Southern town where there are many negroes. The negro has little control over his money when it jingles in his pocket. If he arrives at the show ground and finds that the tents are not up he is very liable to go away and spend his coin for fried fish. Then, when the show is ready for business he is unable to get in. The circus loses what he might have spent on the ground.

The keynote of railroading a circus is simply this: minimum distance combined with maximum population. Yet why does a big circus perform at a small crossroads village? Because, through the development of excursions as an aid to circuses, the place of exhibition is sometimes merely an incident in furnishing spectators. As soon as the route is ready the Excursion Department, whose headquarters are in Chicago, gets busy. It gets in touch with the traffic officials of every railroad that touches the show town. If the town is on a river the steamboat lines are used, and the trolley, which has linked the country with the town so generally, has been a big factor in increasing circus audiences. Even stage lines in the West are impressed. Railroads and other kinds of transportation lines find it good business to run circus excursions. The circus does most of the billing. In a city like Indianapolis, which fifteen railroads enter, this is a big item. Usually the circus excursion runs are for short distances; although down in Arizona they are for several hundred miles and the fare alone is $15.

The Bank on Wheels

THE circus, unlike any other traveler, journeys at its own risk. It simply rents the track and hires the engines. If there is a wreck the circus must restore the track and engines. The railroad pays no damage for loss. Because of this the circus gets a very low transportation rate.

The long hauls are all in the West. The longest is from Cheyenne to Ogden, six hundred miles. These hauls are always made on Sunday. The shortest haul is from New York to Brooklyn. This is made on the hoof.

The circus, contrary to the general idea, conducts its business by contract. Every mile it travels and every scrap it consumes is secured by formal signed agreement, and there is never any misunderstanding about price. The farmer who permits his barn to be plastered up with gayly-colored lithographs, showing the hippopotamus with his mouth wide open, gets a contract by the terms of which he receives six passes for his family; the local caterer, who furnishes fifty gallons of ice cream for the performers, has a pass; so with the feed and ice men, the owner of the lot, the railroads, and the official who issues the license to show. Every contract is in duplicate and some are in triplicate. Practically every contract contains the clause: "Bills payable in silver coin at the ticket-wagon."

When you reach the ticket-wagon you touch the aorta of the show, because through it flows the very financial life-blood of the institution. Every dollar of receipt gravitates to it; every dollar of disbursement goes out of it. It is at once a portable safe, business office and bank.

No big business has so picturesque a counting-room. It is almost bullet-proof and burglar-proof. At one end are the ticket windows and at the other is a completely-equipped office. On the walls are racks with files and pigeonholes. Attached to one wall is a desk for the bookkeeper. Below the desk is a steel safe. The equipment includes an adding machine and a typewriter. The door is of steel, with a combination, and bolts that work up and down like an office vault. At first glance you would think that this part of the ticket-wagon was the auditor's room of a department store.

During the sales of tickets the sellers literally wallow in money. At flood-tide, which is just before performances, three windows are used. The silver coin is dumped into wooden drawers and the currency is dropped into waste baskets. As the sale slackens one man steps back and begins to count the money. The silver is rolled and the currency wrapped in packages. By three o'clock, when the sale is over, the "count-up" is also ended. The adding machine makes it easy

By this time a line of people has formed at the side of the ticket-wagon. They are the local tradespeople and others who have supplied the show in some way Promptly at three o'clock a side window in the wagon is opened; the merchants present their bills and contracts, which have been O. K'd by an agent of the show, and the payment is made in silver coin, as specified in the contracts. By paying all its bills in specie the circus is relieved of the burden of carrying a big load of coin. As soon as the tradespeople are paid, the treasurer counts out the railroad bill for the night before and takes it down to the local freight office. The surplus from the afternoon receipts is then put into the safe. The same program of receiving and counting is followed for the night sale, with the difference that there are no disbursements and all the night receipts go into the safe. These receipts include the money taken in at the side-show, the sale of refreshments, reserved and grandstand seats, and seats for the concert.

The financial system of the circus is so perfectly organized that at 9:15 o'clock every night the treasurer is able to present to the owners of the show a complete statement of the day's business. This shows total receipts and disbursements. The balancing up of cash is as accurate as that of a bank.

Meanwhile the safe in the ticket-wagon is full of money. The wagon is hauled to the train with a man on guard inside. He remains there until the wagon is opened at the next "lot" on the following day. The problem now is to get rid of the money, for an equal amount will be rolling in soon. When the circus is set up in the morning the treasurer takes the receipts down to the local bank in a buggy specially constructed for this. He deposits the cash and gets exchange in return. This exchange he sends to one of the show's banks of deposit, which are located in Chicago, St. Louis and Baraboo, Wisconsin. This performance is repeated every circus day.

Fortunes in Peanuts and Pink Lemonade

EVERY bill paid and every contract handled is indexed and posted before the ticket-wagon is closed. Each day's vouchers are carefully entered and then bundled together with the name of the town and the date of the performance on the outside.

Thus at the close of the business day (which in a circus is late at night) every outstanding claim, save salaries which are paid once a week, has been paid. The circus is one of the really few large business enterprises that does not ask credit and which conducts its affairs on a strictly cash basis *with actual cash*.

The men in the ticket-wagon handle millions every year. The average daily receipts of a circus from all sources are $10,000. Sometimes it is more and sometimes less. When you figure that the season has approximately two hundred working days you see what an item the receipts make. The proportion that the various departments contribute is interesting. The general admission, the so-called "hard" tickets, provide one-half; the side-show furnishes ten per cent, while the remainder comes from refreshments and other sales already described.

In connection with the financial end are the passes. The average man believes that the circus scatters them with lavish hand. The truth of the matter is that, while passes are often given in payment for lithograph and bill space, the show is very sparing in the general distribution. The big shows, for instance, regard every pass as worth fifty cents, and as so much legal tender. If a thousand show up in the count they are charged off as an expenditure of $500.

The lowly peanut, "red-hot and five-a-bag," and the much-abused and much-used pink lemonade, "ice-cold and five-a-glass," furnish two of the most profitable by-products of the circus. The total receipts in a big show during a single season from these and other kinds of refreshments aggregate $80,000, or about $400 a day.

Lemonade leads the receipts by contributing one-half; peanuts come next with twenty-five per cent, while the remainder is about equally divided among popcorn, ice-cream cones and candy.

Various places have curious circus food distinctions. In Boston, for example, the circus sells more peanuts than in any other place. Philadelphia ranks next as a peanut consumer Atlanta, Georgia, which is in the peanut zone, has the record for popcorn, largely due to a highly-developed Afro-American taste for it.

The same systematic business detail that marks every other branch of the circus is seen in the record of the sale of refreshments. The "butchers" who vend their wares up and down the ranks of blue seats have cards bearing their name. When a vender takes out a tray of lemonade he is charged up on the card with $1; if it is a tray of peanuts the charge is $3; if it is candy the sum is $2.50. He must return that amount for every empty tray. The settling up occurs immediately after the night performance begins, which enables the superintendent of commissary to get his money and report to the ticket-wagon in time to be included in the report which goes to the owners at 9:15 o'clock. The venders get a commission on their sales.

Interior View of Ticket-Wagon, Showing Business Office

The Motto of the Circus Man

ASK a big showman which house is more profitable, Madison Square Garden in New York, packed, or a full tent at Watertown, South Dakota. He will at once say: "Watertown, South Dakota." When you ask him why, he says: "Refreshments and side swell the receipts." There is no side-show when the circus is in New York, and the average New York circusgoer (who often goes in evening clothes) does not have the same thirst for pink lemonade or the same hunger for peanuts as his country cousin. Besides, Madison Square Garden, crowded to its capacity, will not hold more than 10,000 people, while the "big top," as the main show-tent is called, holds 12,000.

Constant utility of time and energy is developed on all sides in the circus. The waiters in the dining tents remove their aprons after meals and act as ushers in the reserved-seat sections, or march as Roman generals in the grand opening pageant. A horny-handed laborer who drives stakes in the early dawn appears in gorgeous raiment as an Oriental potentate in the free street-parade.

Nor is this economy confined to the human side. It extends to the beasts. Outside the cook-tent you see rows of metal basins. These are for the refuse and scraps from the kitchen, which are fed to the animals. Nothing is thrown away. A bear and a coyote, for example, can eat anything but pig iron, so they get the worst leavings. Of course the circus is required to buy hundreds of pounds of rough meat every day for feed, but there is a saving in this item by the use of the waste from cooking. In corn season the husks of the corn are fed to the elephants, which regard them as a great luxury. The polar bear, however, must have his rye bread soaked in fish oil, while the tender appetite of the rhinoceros requires such morsels as bananas and apples. The motto everywhere is, "Waste nothing," and there are eagle-eyed watchers all around to see that it is carried out.

In the old days of the circus every show had its train of touts and hangers-on, who stole rides on the cars and got free meals at the cook-tent. Now each employee of the show gets a ticket every morning. On this ticket is a coupon for each meal and one for his night's lodging on the train. He must give up a coupon before getting into the mess-tent or aboard the cars. In this way the circus knows just how many people it feeds and how many persons it hauls every day.

The idea that the average circus hand's money comes easy and goes easy is disproved in the organization of the modern big show. Part of the financial equipment is a savings-bank, which is accessible to every employee. By means of it many are enabled to have a "stake" at the close of the season when their usual idle period begins. The plan of operation is very simple.

The employees—that is, the men who work with the tents, wagons, stock, cars and animals—receive pay-checks which are distributed on Saturday afternoon. These checks may be cashed in for money at the ticket-wagon between half-past five and half-past six on Saturday or before noon any morning except Saturday. If the employee does not want to cash in his check he can leave it on deposit to his credit. He gets a receipt for it. As an incentive to saving, a small interest rate is paid to the depositors, thus giving the bank the trimmings of a regular financial institution.

There are men with the circus who have not cashed in a single pay-check during the season. Last season more than $40,000 was deposited with the savings-bank. Nearly sixty per cent of the employees had accounts in the bank at one time or another. This speaks well for the thrift of the men.

The Traveling Shop

AMONG the performers, or "kinkers," as the circus men call them, there is great thrift. Many of these people are foreigners who have been brought up to know the value of saving. Every Saturday, when they are paid (they get their salaries in currency), the veteran clown, an old Frenchman who is a sort of postmaster, goes among them collecting the sums they want to send home in postal-orders. Many of these orders eventually find their way to French or German postal-banks.

The circus owners have found that by encouraging the saving habit among their employees they get a higher and steadier efficiency of service and a finer loyalty.

The encouragement of thrift is not confined to the money end. Another feature that makes for economy is the store-wagon. It is as big as the ticket-wagon, and is fitted out with shelves and counter like a department store. On the shelves are overalls, shoes, underwear, hosiery, suspenders, notions, cigars, pipes, tobacco, handkerchiefs, jumpers — in fact, supplies for all the ordinary needs of the worker.

At this store-wagon the men may buy on cash or credit. A complete set of books is kept. The average number of accounts is four hundred. The average daily sales aggregate one hundred dollars. The men must settle their bills once a week. If they

Clowns at the Ticket-Wagon

do not the amount of their bill is taken out of their next pay-check. No man is allowed to run up an account beyond the amount of his pay-check. Thus there are no bad debts on the circus store's books.

Now the value of the store to the circus is simply this: without a store on the lot, a canvasman, for example, would have to go down town to get a shirt. This not only takes time, but the chances are that the man would stop at a saloon for a drink. One drink might lead to other drinks. The man might get noisy and be arrested. The circus would then lose a trained employee. By having the store at hand the employee walks a hundred yards, gets what he wants and has lost practically no time from his work.

The same principle is true of the circus lunch-wagon. Between shifts of loading and unloading, especially in cold or rainy weather, the men often went off to all-night places for coffee and sandwiches. This took them away from the grounds and the circus lost working-time. Now the circus runs a lunch-wagon, where the men can get hot coffee and sandwiches any hour of the day or night at absolute cost. This is the only branch of the circus that does not show a profit. But there is a saving to the management in the time and service of employees.

A business like the circus, which uses public and private highways, crosses bridges, traverses railroad and trolley lines, and has daily negotiations with local and State officials, is constantly open to legal attack. In addition, the laws of various States with reference to licenses and to the age at which minors can work are constantly changing. This causes many legal complications. When you associate this with the fact that the show travels through more than a dozen different States in the course of a season you see that a lawyer is a useful person to have around. The result is that a completely organized legal department is part of the circus organization.

The Itinerant Law Office

THE lawyer travels with the show. Every day brings him some new problem to settle. It may be an alleged trespass on corporate or public property, an injury to a street or sewer, a break in a culvert, or damage to fences. In many localities there is a feeling that because the circus is itinerant and must move on to the next town the management is disposed to compromise suits or claims rather than run the risk of having its property tied up by litigation or attachment. But this is not so. The circus always fights a case in which it thinks it has rights. In such cases the staff lawyer with the show hires a local attorney to look after its interests when the circus leaves the town. If the case is big enough or important enough he comes back for the trial.

No end of the circus legal department is so active as that which has to do with damage suits. Here is the real human interest end of show litigation. On one occasion when the show was at Muskegon, Michigan, a farmer's horse dropped dead during the parade. He at once sued the circus for one hundred dollars damages, alleging that his horse died from fright after seeing an elephant.

In a small Kansas town a violent rainstorm broke over the show. A country girl was there with her best frock. She sat on a top seat and got soaked. She wore, among other things, a big hat with many red poppies on it. The red from the wet flowers trickled down on her dress. She sued the circus for fifty dollars, claiming that the management was responsible for the ruin of her favorite costume.

A man in Iowa alleged that he had been hit on the head by a pole, and sued for two thousand dollars, stating that he had lost his memory from the blow. When the case came to trial the circus lawyer put him on the stand and asked him to tell the story of the accident. Forgetful of the charge that he had made he glibly gave a minute account. Another man down in Arkansas, who hurt his knee coming down the rows of seats, sued for ten thousand dollars on the ground that curvature of the spine had resulted.

In the old days the circuses had regular gambling outfits that were part and parcel of the show organization. The show lent its aid to the fleecing of all suckers. Now the big circus carries its "house" detective. He coöperates with the local authorities. He is usually a man of long experience in handling crooks and, like many metropolitan detectives, knows scores of them by sight. He mingles in the crowd inside and outside the tents. Sometimes he takes trips on the excursions that are run into the show towns. These circus trains are favorite working-grounds for bunco and other artists. When he catches a pickpocket or short-change man he turns him over at once to the local authorities.

Getting Wild Beasts at Short Notice

ANOTHER useful staff official is the staff doctor. He is not so busy as you would think, considering the hazardous nature of the circus feats and the fact that hundreds of men are daily engaged in an occupation more or less dangerous. The percentage of casualties is trivial. The doctor goes through the coaches every morning after the circus is detrained to see if any of the men have remained behind for illness. His headquarters are in a wagon fitted out as an emergency hospital.

At this point the question naturally arises, when and how does the circus renew itself? Wild animals die and people want new acts.

The same system that is employed in the operation of the show is evident in replenishing it, for this is a very important feature of the business side.

In what are known as the five great wild-animal ports the circus has agents whose business it is to keep a sharp lookout on the animal market. There is a market for wild beasts, just as there is for horses and cattle. This is due not only to the needs of the circuses, but to the demands of public zoos and parks.

The five animal ports are: Buenos Ayres, which is the clearing house for all South American animals; Hamburg, where the African beasts come in; Marseilles, which is the haven for many tramp steamers that carry animals from various lands; Liverpool, which always has an assorted lot of animals, and Singapore, where the Asiatic specimens are brought in.

A big circus books orders ahead for animals in these ports just as a department store would book orders in advance for cloth or shoes. Last fall, for example, one circus put in an order at Hamburg for a double-horned rhinoceros, and it was delivered just before the opening of the show's season in Madison Square Garden in March. At the same time they put in a reserve stock of two giraffes because they had the opportunity to get them, and giraffes are scarce and hard to secure. Sometimes the lion market becomes glutted and the price of the king of the jungle goes down. In cases of emergency, such as a fire or wreck, the circus managers can cable their agents at the five ports for a whole new menagerie and it can be shipped on the next steamers.

Understudies for Animal Performers

THE same is true of the campaign for human exhibits. The circus has an agent at Paris who watches Europe for new and startling acts. If he should hear of a sensational juggler in Brittany he goes there, sees the act, finds out the terms and reports to America. Or it may be a wonderful performing horse in Germany, a thrilling trapeze artist in Vienna or a marvelous balancing act in Spain will attract him. A list of these acts is kept, and when one of the owners of the show makes his regular trip to Europe in the summer he looks them over and engages them.

Getting Ready

So complete is the business organization that there are never any gaps in the show. No department is more carefully conserved than the equestrian. A big circus carries four hundred baggage horses alone. In order to provide against emergencies like railway wrecks, which are always destructive to horses, the show keeps seventy-five of them, all dapple grays, in a stable in Chicago. This is a central point and generally accessible to towns where the circus shows. The value of this precaution was demonstrated last year when one section of the circus train was wrecked in Kansas. One hundred baggage horses were killed It was imperative to have other horses at once. Within four hours after the wreck a special stock train, with four cars of baggage horses, had started from Chicago to meet the show at the second town ahead.

With the trained ring horses, as they are called, there is the same sort of precaution. Every act has one or two extra animals that act as understudies. If a trick horse is hurt, is ill or gets killed there is another to take his place at once.

Every baggage team with the show has a certain amount of work to do. It may be two, three or four loads a day. The weight of these loads is carefully figured out and a regular tonnage assigned to the team.

This leads to the interesting matter of preparedness for rain, which is the bane of the circus. To expose costly trappings to the elements would be ruinous; yet the circus must show, rain or shine. The result is that every employee, from the highest-priced imported trapeze performer down to the humble stake-driver, has a suit, uniform or attire of some kind that is especially adapted for rainy days. Even the horses have protection on such occasions.

Although there are many more business ends of a big show, such as, for example, the organization that operates the three advertising cars, I shall give just one more instance of efficient conduct. This is the work of what is known as "the twenty-four-hour man." There are three of these, and one manages to stay just twenty-four hours ahead of each town played. Another waits until the arrival of the first section of the train in the morning and pilots the flying squadron, as it is called, to the lot.

The Advance Man and His Job

WHEN the "twenty-four-hour man" gets to the town his first task is to see that there are ample railroad facilities for side-tracking the trains and unloading. Often, in small towns, the empty cars have to be shunted down twenty miles to a siding to enable the other loaded sections to come in. Next comes the lot, which causes more trouble than anything else. It does everything but shrink. Frequently the agent finds the lot submerged with water from rains, or knee-deep in mud, or overgrown with corn or wheat that belongs to some irate man. Many times a corn and wheat crop had been cut ahead of harvest and the owner paid a high market price for his immature crops.

The "twenty-four-hour man" must see that the water-plug at the grounds is ready; that there are no weak bridges or low trolley wires along the parade route; he must confer with the chief of police about the route; he must O. K. contracts for food and he must personally order feed for the stock. This includes eight tons of hay, three hundred bushels of oats, a ton of bran and four tons of straw. He must also buy a dozen wagonloads of shavings. One mournful fact about the modern circus is that shavings have superseded sawdust, thus robbing the ring of one of its oldest and most picturesque features. The circus men say that it is much superior to sawdust, for it lasts longer, looks better and resists the rain. The circus man's best friend, however, is straw; for no matter how wet the ground, it always affords a sure footing for both man and beast.

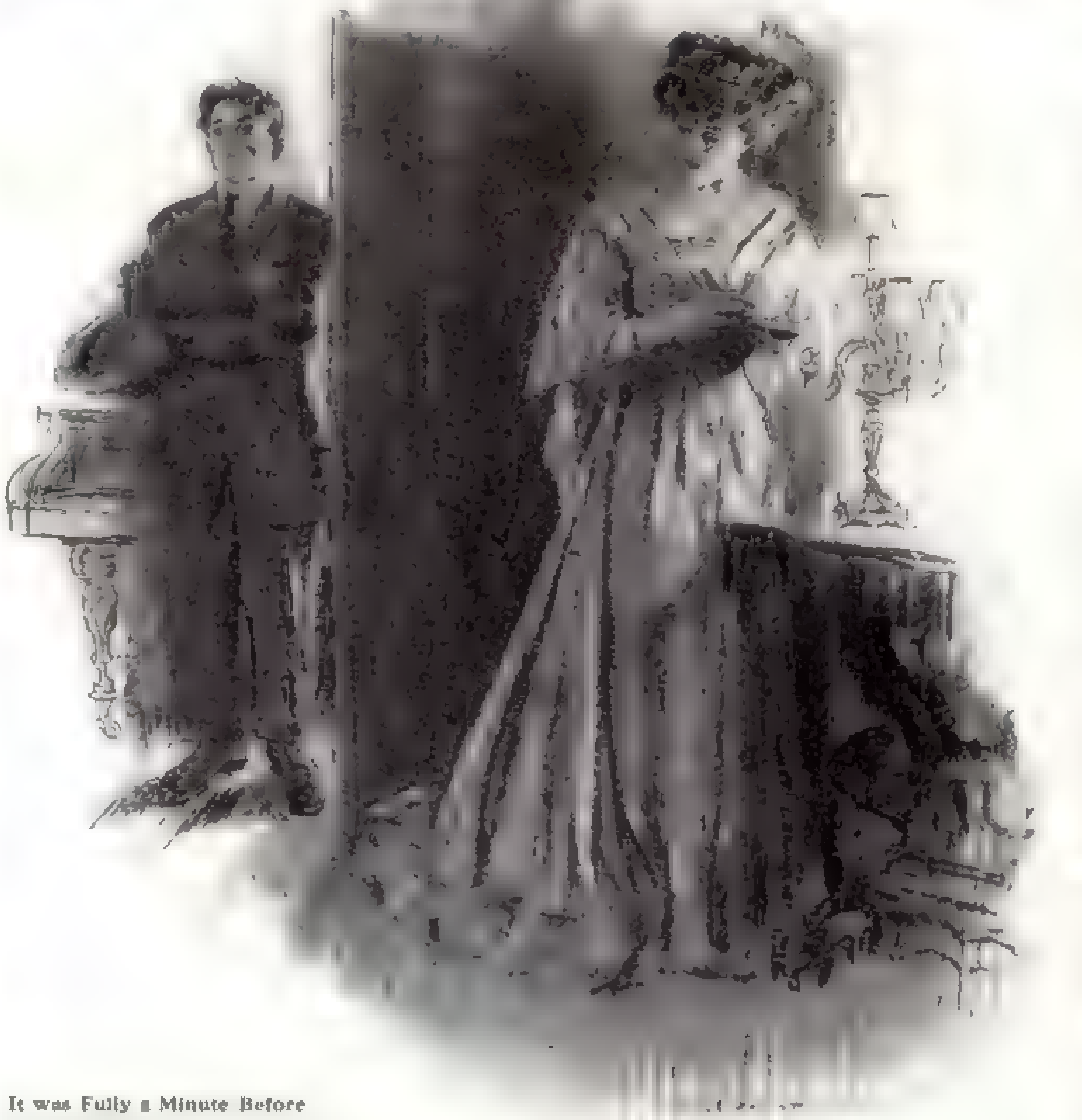
I asked one of the Ringlings why they maintained a private partnership instead of a stock company, and he said: "No business in the world is so personal in its conduct as the circus. If it had many stockholders and sudden death befell the managers, and difficulty was experienced in getting new operators, business would dwindle and the stock depreciate. The loss would, therefore, fall on the people who had invested their money. We believe that the showman should take all the risk."

THE GENEVIEVE EPIDEMIC

A Love Affair and A Locket

By Eleanor Gates

ILLUSTRATED BY
LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK



It was Fully a Minute Before She Straightened and Turned

I

"I'M HOMELY," said Sue, smiling and pulling the gray pony down to a walk; "I'm the homeliest girl to be found at the Brampton Country Club. Why, even plain young married women ask me to their houses on protracted visits."

As he reined his own horse, Philip Rawson turned upon her a look of reproof. "Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "The first time a fellow meets you, maybe he only *does* remember your hair or your eyes. You've got awfully attractive eyes, Sue. But the *second* time he sees how nice you are. And the third time he's sure to look forward to meeting you again. But by the fourth or fifth time! Well, by gad! by the fourth or fifth time there's no half-way about it—he thinks you're a dandy!"

Sue laughed teasingly. "You've grown up with those ideas," she declared. "Do you remember that once—you were twelve, Phil—you gave Len Hammond the nosebleed because he called me 'cotton-top'?"

"Your hair is stunning," said Phil defensively. "And *no* girl could look better than you do on a horse."

"But imagine riding a horse to a dance," said Sue.

"Who wants to go to dances?" demanded Phil. "The idea of wasting hours getting togged for a confounded silly affair and then more hours attending it—when there's all outdoors to enjoy!"

"Don't scold," said Sue. "It's been ages since I've 'wasted hours' at a dance. And yesterday I wore out two horses."

Phil suddenly brightened. "Let's go to Wheaton Hill some afternoon," he suggested. "And up to Hadbury another day. I want to see the polo-field. Brampton's going to play Hadbury soon. And there's a new litter of collies at the St. Ives kennels. We'll canter over and see 'em."

"How I've missed you these two years!" said Sue. "I've ridden a lot, of course. But my tennis has suffered. And not a single fish have I caught. The other men—even Bob and Courtney and Len, too—all wait on me when I ride with them or fish. I hate that: I hate being treated like a drawing-room ornament. Now, you, Phil ——"

"Can be pretty nearly as rude and selfish as a brother," broke in Phil.

"You're more like a—a chum," said Sue. "And so I'm awfully glad to get you back, not a *bit* spoiled, and not—married."

Phil stared. "Married!" he repeated "*Me?*"

"Hillcrest needs a mistress, Phil."

"Suppose I were to pull a long face and say: 'Sue, Arbor Lodge needs a master'?" He drew off his cap and stuffed it into the front of his shirt, shook his head vigorously, so that the morning wind could catch at his hair, and rolled his sleeves up to his elbow, showing two stout arms as brown as the pony under him.

"I'm so homely," said Sue, "that I'm marriage-proof."

"Sue"—very earnestly—"I didn't see a single girl on the other side that I could fall in love with. I guess it'll have to be an American that takes my mother's place."

Sue waved her whip. "Down with foreign alliances!"

"Oh, there wasn't anything patriotic about it," said Phil. "I just didn't see the girl."

"You're calloused," asserted Sue. "You've played polo so long that you've got a basswood ball for a heart. Here you are, twenty-six, handsome ——"

"Loyalty, thy name is Sue Townsend!"

"And wholesome and good and awfully popular; and rich, too, with such a place, such woods and streams!"

"And such a blarney of a little friend," added Phil.

"It's not blarney," Sue declared. "No; I leave all that for Larry. Phil, where *did* you pick him up?"

Phil gave a quick glance round at the red-cheeked, red-haired groom riding at the prescribed distance behind. "He was born in Dublin," said he, grinning, "and I got him in Hongkong. He hasn't been twenty feet away from me since. The fellows call him my 'shadow'."

"But, of course, you're sure to meet your fate some day," went on Sue. "And your kind, when they *do* fall in love, get fearfully hard hit."

"Huh!"

Sue nodded wisely. "I don't believe you'll even survive what's in store for you this very week," she declared.

"No? What is it?"

"She's coming to The Lilacs today to stay a month—Mrs. Vander Laan knew her mother. Last year she visited me. She's tall and slender, and has the most beautiful eyes, and hair, and nose, and mouth, and complexion ——"

"Hold! Hold!" cried Phil, in mock alarm.

"She's perfect, in fact. Let's take this dapply road."

"Haven't time—the fellows expect me at practice. Go on about the goddess."

"She *is* a goddess. And everybody worships at her shrine. You've heard of faces that haunt?"

"Creditors?" suggested Phil.

"I met her first at Miss Pendleton's. She ruled the school, she was so beautiful. No man's *ever* seen her without capitulating."

"Number one," announced Phil, pointing at his chest. "What's her name?"

"Genevieve."

"I never cared for it." He looked at his watch. "If I get to the field in time I'll have to turn now. Want to come along?"

"I'm afraid I can't." Sue wheeled the gray. "Grandmamma hasn't been well lately. I shall stay with her today. Let's race home."

Galloping level, the gray and the brown made back along the shaded road, with the wind tugging harder than ever at Phil's hair, and blowing out wisps against Sue's pink cheeks. At the wide, stone gate of Arbor Lodge they drew rein.

"See you tomorrow?" he asked.

"Telephone me," said Sue. "Meanwhile, you *may* meet Genevieve. And I warn you ——"

"Rubbish!" said Phil.

II

THE polo enthusiasts of the Brampton Country Club were in despair; in particular, three members of the team reserved for the Hadbury game were pulling their hair wildly. But the fourth member was apparently indifferent to the awfulness of the situation—a situation of which he was himself the cause. And the reason for his indifference was not far to seek. The majority of the club knew it quite as well as if he had put up blue-and-white enameled signs beside the advertisements of automobile tires on every fence in that part of the country, and on the signs one line: *The Brampton's Captain is* —— But wait.

In their anxiety, the trio who were to go against Hadbury called in solemn conclave upon Sue Townsend. Not that Sue was in any way implicated—Sue had never been concerned in an affair of this particular sort. The three players wished to state the case to her and ask her immediate aid.

"We sha'n't keep you a minute," began Leonard Hammond, when Sue greeted her visitors in the library at Arbor Lodge—"I see you're going out. But"—his tone was mournful—"it's something horribly serious." (Mr. Hammond had constituted himself the first spokesman because, playing Number One in the team, he realized his Captain's value.)

Sue was very smart in a linen habit, and she gave the three glum faces an encouraging and hospitable smile. "Oh, it won't matter in the least if you keep me a few minutes," she declared, shaking hands warmly. "Do sit down." She indicated the library couch. "You see, I'm only going for a ride, and Phil hasn't come yet." She took a plump chair which was in front of the couch and leaned back to recover breath after her tripping rush down the stairs.

"Phil!" repeated the three in chorus, and dropped rather precipitately upon the couch. Then: "We are just in time!"—this from Mr. Hammond

Sue leaned forward suddenly. Her eyes were dark-blue and heavy-lashed, and now they looked her solicitude. "Is something—wrong with Phil?" she asked.

Mr. Courtney Graves, Second Forward of the team, almost stared at her. "Wrong?" he repeated. "Haven't you heard?"

"No." She looked from one to another, the color going from her cheeks. "Bob! What is it?"

Mr. Robert St. Ives, Half-back, began: "It's a mess, Sue, hanged if it isn't!—a confounded mess. Phil was to play against the Hadbury team, you know, and reserved us for the game."

"Yes." With one hand Sue smoothed a round gold locket that hung between the lapels of her coat.

"Now," continued Mr. St. Ives, biting each word short to give it full significance—"Now, all at once, he's dropped off in his practice, says he doesn't want to go to Hadbury, wants *me* to be captain—rot! And he spends his time in his car, while his ponies hammer their legs to pieces in their boxes. We got *that* much from Larry."

Sue leaned back once more, relieved and smiling. "Why has Phil changed?" she inquired in mild surprise.

"Because he wants to stay at Brampton," answered Mr. St. Ives forcibly, "and motor when he can, or hang out on the club veranda when she won't motor. That's why"

"She?" said Sue, under her breath. "Who?"

Mr. Courtney Graves stood up and pointed, first to the fireplace, then to a writing-desk, last of all to a panel between two bookcases. Above the fireplace, on the carved mantel, was the full-length portrait of a beautiful girl—a dark, imperious, queenly girl in ball dress. On the writing-desk, in delicate frames of hand-wrought silver, were two other photographs of the same girl. One of these showed her in a trailing carriage-coat, with furs; the other was a lake scene, and she was seated in a drifting boat, with a ruffled parasol shading her lovely face. In the panel between the bookcase was a fourth picture of the selfsame subject—an etching done with great skill and effectiveness. The dark girl, gowned in clinging white, was shown against a massed background. A flowered hat rested upon her poised head; one hand was outstretched to feed a fawn.

"He has it!" announced Mr. Graves portentously; "he's another added to the epidemic. Sue, Phil Rawson's in love with Genevieve Unger." Whereupon he sank between his companions.

Sue did not speak, but sat regarding them from the depths of her chair.

"It's a particularly bad case," said Mr. Hammond, "and we fear the worst."

"The worst?" questioned Sue in a low voice.

"You know Miss Unger. Is she going to let Hillcrest slip through her fingers? Hang these visiting girls, anyhow! They always create trouble."

Sue put up a gloved hand quickly. "Please don't criticise Genevieve to me, Len," she said. "She's my friend."

"Just the same, you know what she'll do," persisted Mr. Hammond. "She'll keep Phil dangling as long as she can—perhaps one month, perhaps two—then she'll haughtily accept him. Meanwhile, what'll he be good for? Polo? And the Hadbury game comes off in just ten days. We'll lose it without him." He nursed a knee disconsolately.

"We thought," began Mr. Graves, taking up the matter where Mr. Hammond had left off, "that you might be able to shorten the period of agony—the dangling period. I mean. If Miss Unger imagined there was the least danger that she'd lose him, why, she'd grab him."

"Yes, she would," declared Mr. St. Ives. "Her visit at The Lilacs is up pretty soon. Where'll she go next?"

"Here," said Sue quietly—"if any one is speaking unkindly of her."

"That's lucky for *her*," went on Mr. Graves. "Your hospitality isn't to be sneezed at by a girl who likes to spend all of her income on her duds."

Sue rose. "Really," she said, "I can't listen any longer. Genevieve is the handsomest girl in the State of New York. She's a darling to boot. And you, gentlemen"—this with studied candor—"would have *less* to say if each and every one of you had not been given your—your ——"

"Mitten?" suggested Mr. St. Ives politely.

"—Last year," concluded Sue. "I'm sorry I've listened to a single unkind thing about her. I insist that you talk of something else while you remain."

"We'd better go, then," said Mr. Hammond, his face eloquent of woe. "We came to talk about just that, you see. There isn't a dashier player, or a stronger hitter, or a better shot at goal in Westchester County. Of course, there's Tommy Watts. He could sub. But none of us wants Tommy, he's so wild with that whippy stick of his. Oh, why—*why* ——"

"I haven't seen Phil for nearly two weeks," said Sue. "Grahdmamma has been quite ill."

"How is Mrs. Townsend?" inquired Mr. St. Ives. "Pardon our forgetting to ask. We're so confounded worried ——"

"Phil's happiness must come before polo," went on Sue very decidedly. "Surely you didn't think that I would conspire against him."

"Oh, nothing of the sort!" cried Mr. Graves. "Our hope wasn't that you would butt in—that is, interfere unpleasantly—and break things up. On the contrary, we wanted you to—er—well, to sort of stampede Genevieve so that she'd say 'Yes' at once, or maybe elope. Oh, if Phil *only* had an old cat of a mother who would oppose the match!"

Sue looked down at her boots. Then, after a moment's thought: "If you like Phil, and think so badly of Genevieve," she argued, "why should you wish to see them marry? I refuse to be the cat."

"The Hadbury game!" cried Mr. Hammond. "Sue, we want to win that game!"

"Well," she said, "if Phil really loves Genevieve, and if Genevieve loves Phil, I'll try my best to—to—but I make you no promises. I shall think only of their happiness, of course."

The three filed to the door. There they turned. "Point out to Genevieve," suggested Mr. St. Ives, "that Hillcrest is an ideal place for entertaining."

"And mention," added Mr. Graves, "that Phil's income is in the first flight—oh, don't omit that."

"But, above all things, cut down the dangling"—this from Mr. Hammond. They shook hands with her impressively and filed out into the hall.

Sue returned to the plump chair and sat down. Directly before her was the writing-desk with its pair of silver-bordered photographs. She studied the pictures earnestly for a while. And when she turned from them it was to go to a mirror and look at her own reflection—long and keenly and with honest eyes. There were her horseback freckles, dotting her nose as the stars dot the sky, and her square, little, undimpled chin, and her sunburned cheeks, roughened by all the winds of spring. "Ah!" she said at last, "she is *so* beautiful. *I* love her for her beauty, too. I don't blame *any*body for loving her." Then she left the mirror and went back to the chair before the couch.

Many another person had contrasted the two. And not a few of the Country Club members openly asserted—and with wrath—that Genevieve Unger's desire for Sue Townsend's society lay in the fact that Sue, with her wisp of a figure and her irregular little face, served as a contrast to the other girl's stateliness and radiant beauty. But there were other striking contrasts between the girls, apart from the one of looks. As one club wag put it, a mere comparison of their footwear accounts for the year presented the essential difference between them. During the season, Sue wore out two pairs of riding-boots, tan; one pair of riding-boots, black; one pair of boots for climbing; three pairs of stout shoes for morning wear; six pairs of sandals suitable for use in the surf; ten pairs of tennis shoes, and two pairs of slippers; while Genevieve's list for the same length of time included six pairs of boudoir slippers; six pairs of carriage shoes—to match as many gowns; one pair of high-heeled shoes unsuitable for street wear; and twenty-two pairs of slippers in velvet, satin and kid.

But to Sue, ready for her ride forty minutes ahead of the appointed time, only one contrast appeared. And when Mr. Rawson was announced she sprang from her chair, bade the servant tell him that she would be down in one moment, and fled up the stairs to her dressing-room, where she dabbed a bit of powder upon the offending nose, fluffed out her hair at either temple, and donned a white chiffon veil.

But Phil barely glanced at her as she came out to her horse. His eyes, blue like her own, had a far-away expression in them, and he answered her greeting absent-mindedly. When he had put her up and mounted his own pony he rode away beside her at a walk, his look fixed ahead of him eagerly but unseeing; his lips parted in a faint smile. Behind them, at the prescribed distance, followed the red-cheeked, red-haired groom.

Sue said nothing, letting her companion have all his thoughts for himself. Every now and then she gave him a quick, inquiring glance.

When he broke silence at last he spoke musingly—almost as if to himself. "What a day to be at the dentist's," he said. "I hope he won't hurt her."

"Dentist's?" inquired Sue. "Who's gone?"

"Why—Miss Unger." He colored self-consciously.

"Oh, has she?" went on Sue, surprised. "Are you sure? I thought this was the date for that lawn fête at the Fanshaws'—Greenwich, you know—for the benefit of something or other. Genevieve telephoned me she'd promised to go and sell fudge."

"But she went to town instead"—this with finality.

At this point, Sue thought of Messrs. Hammond, Graves and St. Ives, and of the oncoming contest at Hadbury. "Did you play this morning?" she asked. "I suppose the team is getting splendidly drilled."

"I suppose so," he answered vaguely. He was looking far ahead once more.

"I think I'll ask Genevieve to drive to Hadbury with me the day of the game," resumed Sue.

He turned toward her, then, undisguised pleasure brightening his face: "How you always think of doing nice things for others!" he said. "Go, Sue. It'll be a corking match."

"I wouldn't miss it for anything. And, of course, I'd take Genevieve. One can't help doing nice things for *her*. Isn't she beautiful, Phil!" She said it earnestly.

"So beautiful that most of the girls aren't especially kind to her," Phil answered. "Just this morning Elizabeth Carlton had to throw out something—a nasty hint, you understand. It was about Valentine, that English chap who's been at the club so much lately."

"I really don't know him," returned Sue. "But I've heard ——"

"Yes, and I'll wager it's all true," went on Phil hotly. "He isn't the sort of a man you'd like to see her marry."

"Phil, you've fallen a victim, too," said Sue gently.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I told you you would."

After that the conversation was still of Genevieve, until the gates of Arbor Lodge were passed again—of Genevieve, the queenly; Genevieve, the faultless; and (with a little embarrassment on Phil's part) of Genevieve, the trampler of hearts.

"You'll be at practice tomorrow morning, won't you?" asked Sue, from the terrace steps. "Let me know when you can ride again. I hate going out alone."

Phil headed his horse toward home. "Oh, yes, I'll play in the morning," he answered; "but I'll take a car out in the afternoon, probably. Good-by, Sue." And with Larry following hard on his tracks he galloped away.

Sue drove over to The Lilacs immediately after breakfast, the day of the Hadbury game—to find Genevieve still in a soft dressing-gown of cobwebby lace and pink ribbons, lazily sipping her chocolate. She held up a satin cheek to be kissed.

"I'm on time, you see," laughed Sue. "But don't hurry. I've got the Lenox wagon and the bay ponies, and we'll go a-zipping. How did the lawn fête turn out?"

Genevieve did not look up, but broke her toast with tapering fingers. "I didn't go," she said carelessly, after a moment of silence.

"Oh!" Sue's tone was one of relief. "So you went to town, after all—Phil said you had. We hoped the dentist didn't hurt you."

A shade of annoyance crossed the face of the other girl. Then, "He didn't, thank you," she said shortly, and got up to make ready for the drive.

The two arrived at Hadbury in plenty of time. It was a perfect morning—the sun warm, the air soft and still, the sky cloudless—and the scene at the polo-field was a gay one. On one side of the rectangle rose the "ladies' stand," a grassy slope occupied by little groups of people who had come on foot; on the other side, at a discreet distance, was a line of vehicles. Sue guided her scampering ponies midway of the line, between two other teams. Phil came over to them for a moment. Others gathered, too, until there was a man for every spoke of the nigh front wheel, and dark-eyed Genevieve held a little court.

There were no callers at the off wheel, and Sue had all her attention for the lines. So she protested to Phil against his having sent the red-haired, red-cheeked Shadow to stand at her horses' heads. "I don't need him," she said, "and it makes the ponies cross to be held."

"Larry came of his own accord," whispered Phil. "He's an obliging lad, and he likes you."

At that, Sue brightened and observed the red-haired lad pleasantly. But Larry did not see her kindly glance. Standing straight, with heel to heel and a hand at either bit, his gaze was fixed in open, undisguised wonderment upon the beautiful Miss Unger.

Soon the match began—and went superbly. To quote Mr. Hammond, it was "the greatest ever since the Persians played polo, by Jove!" Upon the vivid green of the field went the teams, playing a hard-galloping, hard-hitting game, in which Phil particularly distinguished himself. He rode the brown pony, and his sleeves were rolled up, his head was bare despite the heavy sticks that described circles about him, his hair flew in the wind like a young Indian's. Now his orders rang out sharp and clear—"Take the ball!" or "Back-hander there!" or "Ride the man and leave the ball!" And his mount sped up and down; his square-headed stick did skillful work.

"It's an education to watch him," declared Sue enthusiastically, as a rousing bravo from a group of onlooking men went up, for Phil had just dashed in, changed places with Number Three and made a brilliant stroke.

Genevieve did not answer. She was talking to a tall man with a face the approximate shade of Larry's. "May I present Mr. Valentine?" she asked presently, with some affectation—"late of the English Army, you know."

Sue bowed.

"Churmed," observed Mr. Valentine, in what was to Sue an entirely new British mode of pronunciation.

At the end of the first period Phil came over to the wagon a second time and chatted with Genevieve, who was looking particularly handsome in a mauve linen and a tailored hat—so handsome that Sue, dressed in less striking colors, seemed white and tired in comparison. Again a group was gathered at Genevieve's side of the wagon, but Sue, more quiet than was her wont, had no smiles for them. She looked away between the paper goal-posts that, painted in wide cream-and-blue bands, loomed up near by like giant sticks of candy.

"This afternoon he'll motor"—it was Mr. St. Ives who was talking; he was standing beside Phil. "*Tomorrow* afternoon he'll motor. The next afternoon he'll go out in his car." Then he made a wry face and reached over the back of the seat to seize Sue's fingers and squeeze them gratefully under a pretext of shaking hands.

"Will you go this afternoon, Miss Unger?" asked Phil. "My ten minutes are nearly up, aren't they, Sue?"

"Sue's only got her locket," said Miss Unger with a lazy smile.

"Well, what's the time by your locket, Sue?" demanded Mr. St. Ives, and reached for it.

Sue slipped the locket inside her shirtwaist.

"Say yes, Miss Unger," urged Phil.

"I'm fearfully sorry—I really can't go this afternoon." Genevieve gave a quick glance past Phil to the man behind him—Valentine. "I have an engagement."

At that, Phil fell back, his face suddenly grave, lifted a hand in a gay salute and strode away.

But throughout the remainder of the game he played harder than ever, and with such coolness, resource and accuracy that there was frequent hand-clapping from the line of vehicles, and even Hadbury parasols were waved from the ladies' stand; while to one side, where the extra ponies waited, groom leaned to groom, commenting excitedly. But when the match was done, with the Brampton team the victors, he disappeared, and Sue did not see him again. She got away as soon as she could manage it, and turned the bays homeward at top speed.

"Don't you think Mr. Valentine handsome?" asked Genevieve, as they rolled along. "Soldierly, I think."

"Bob doesn't believe the man has ever been in the army," said Sue. "And he says Mr. Valentine owes every one in Brampton."

Genevieve opened her eyes. "Why, Sue!" she exclaimed. "I've never heard you repeat things against any one before. Mr. Valentine has plenty of money. And shopkeepers always gossip to curry favor with servants.

"And Bob says he gambles," persisted Sue. "I like you too well to see him claim any of your attention."

"Don't all men gamble?" demanded Genevieve.

"Not professionally—that's common."

Genevieve put up her pretty chin. "It's hardly any commoner than gossip," she answered. "However, I've noticed that if a man is distinguished he gets a lot of criticism. But"—with a shrug—"one never minds the criticism of kids."

Sue said nothing.

She left Genevieve at The Lilacs and went home. But she had only arrived when she was summoned to the telephone. As she took the receiver she could hear sobbing. Then, "Sue!" wailed a voice—Genevieve's; "l-look in the wagon, Sue. I—I lost my p-purse this morning." She began to sob again.

Sue gave a prompt order. "Dear Genevieve," she answered back, "don't worry. The purse is sure to turn up." A few minutes later she was in the carriage-house, dressed for riding. And when she learned that no purse had been found, telephoned Genevieve again before mounting the gray to ride to The Lilacs.

Genevieve was gone to Hadbury when Sue arrived, Phil having urged that an advertisement be placed at once in the Star, together with the offer of a suitable reward

"Then Phil came, after all," said Sue. She was walking to and fro in the old-fashioned drawing-room.

"I called him," answered Mrs. Vander Laan, who was a little old lady with an enthusiastic liking for young people. "When he got here he telephoned to have the field searched; then started. The reward is to be one hundred dollars."

"That much?" asked the girl. "The purse must have contained a good deal."

"Exactly seven hundred," said Mrs. Vander Laan; "all of her month's allowance. Wasn't she foolish to be carrying so much about with her! But the sweet child was so pretty as she wept."

"Seven hundred!" exclaimed Sue. "Has she any idea where she lost it?"

"She thinks it was when she was just starting for home. She remembers having the purse when she was still at the polo-field. She says you drove so rapidly ——"

"I did," admitted Sue, conscience-stricken. "Oh, I sha'n't let her lose it, Mrs. Vander Laan. It was my fault. Why didn't she deposit it in a bank that day she went into town?"

Mrs. Vander Laan was embroidering. Now she suddenly stopped and looked up at Sue. "But she hasn't been to town," she declared.

"Not to the dentist's?" asked Sue, "—the day of the Fanshaw garden fête?"

"No, dear. She went driving with Mr. Valentine."

"Oh." Sue began to walk the floor again.

She was still walking when Genevieve and Phil came in. "Genevieve, I'm *so* sorry," she cried, giving her hand to the other girl. "Tell me something to do."

Genevieve met her sympathy ungraciously. "Oh, don't bother," she said with a little irritation. "I'd rather not have such a fuss made about it." Then, to Mrs. Vander Laan: "May we have tea, *mütterchen!* Sue, take Mr. Rawson home with you and jolly him up with some tennis."

But Phil did not look like a candidate for "jollying up." He turned to Sue. "To think that Miss Unger carried the money all around New York that afternoon in a hand-bag that anybody might have grabbed," he said, "and then lost it at the polo match."

Mrs. Vander Laan had stopped to look up again. Sue was close by, suddenly pink with embarrassment for Genevieve, who was rattling the cups and saucers at the tea-table.

"All around New York?" repeated Mrs. Vander Laan. "Why do you say that, Mr. Rawson? Genevieve hasn't been to New York."

Genevieve whirled toward them now, anger flaming in her cheeks. "Oh, please, *please* let the matter of the money drop!" she exclaimed. "If I'd staked it at bridge and lost it you'd have all thought it a good joke."

"Indeed *not*," replied the little old lady, suddenly sitting up. "I think gambling ——"

But what she thought was left unsaid. For at that moment the drawing-room door was opened by a maid and Mr. Aubrey Valentine was announced.

Phil went home in the wake of Sue's pony. Once she glanced round at him as she galloped. His lips were set, his feet were braced, his cap was pulled far down. He circled his machine into the driveway leading up to Arbor Lodge with preciseness.

They were out in the wicker chairs at the tennis-court before he spoke. Then he faced her squarely and blurted out one sentence: "Sue, she lied to me."

"Now, Phil," began Sue, "didn't you ask her something you had no right to ask? You met her two weeks ago—just two weeks. Since then you've claimed her time pretty steadily, haven't you? She didn't want to go out with you that day; she wanted to do something else."

"She lied to me," repeated Phil.

"She may have fibbed. Most women do that. You cornered her, probably."

"It wasn't necessary to lie."

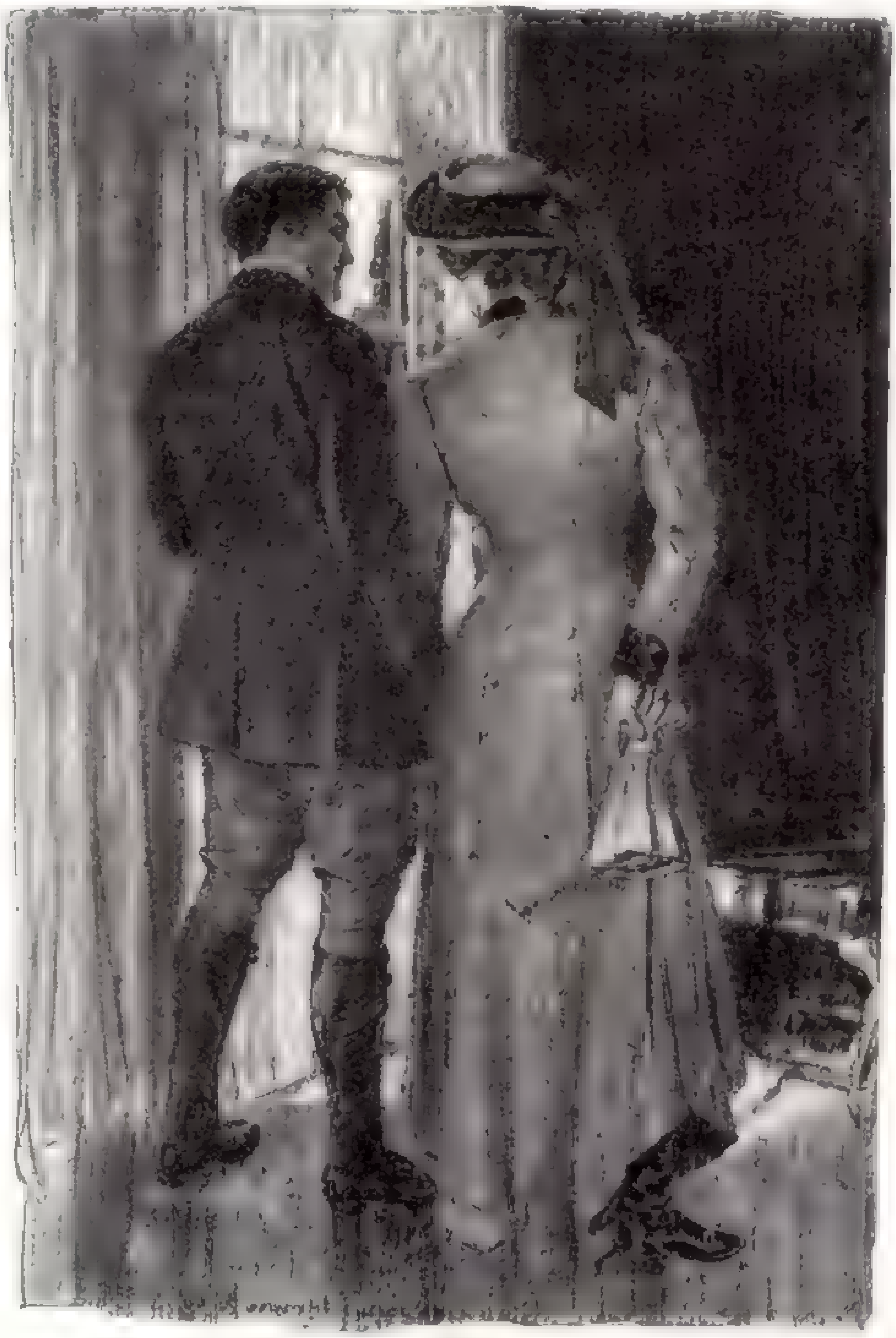
"She thought it was."

"Where *did* she go?" His eyes narrowed.

Sue shook her head, smiling. "Have you any right to know, Phil? Now, think."

"No. But you remember Elizabeth Carlton's nasty hint? I spoke of it. Is it possible ——" He turned away impatiently.

"Listen, Phil," she begged. "I'll ask Genevieve about it, and then tell you what she says. She'll explain it all satisfactorily, I'm sure. The dear girl is so worried today, Phil. She's likely to say almost anything. Seven hundred is a lot to lose."



"You Stole It?" He Said: "You—Fifteen Hands and Every Inch a Lady?"

"Oh, never mind asking her," said Phil. "I suppose you're right." He chose a racquet and played until early twilight. Then, bareheaded and smiling once more, he went chugging away down the drive.

Larry met him as he turned in at the gate of his own estate. The man was not in his wonted livery, but was outward bound along the drive, dressed in a Sixth Avenue copy of Phil's newest Fifth Avenue lounge suit—a copy that had exaggerated scallops cut out of cuffs and pocket-flaps. "I've got news, sir," he announced, holding up a hand.

"News? about what, Larry? Jump in." The car came to a stop under the arc-light at the gate.

"Jim come home from Hadbury at six, sir," began Larry, his red face blowzier than usual and his eyes wide with excitement; "and he says to me, 'Larry, the Princess' (that's what we call Miss Unger, sir)—'the Princess lost seven hunderd-dollar bills at the Hadbury polo-grounds today.' I kicked my heels clean into the air, sir, I was that happy ——"

"Why, Larry!"

"I found 'em, sir." Now his face was fairly purple with joy.

"You found them!" repeated his master. "Well, that is luck!"

"Here, sir." Larry produced a slender purse of brown seal from the inside pocket of his coat. "You was gone before I could tell you."

"Are you sure it's Miss Unger's?" asked Phil.

"I haven't looked into it, sir."

Seated, heads together, they opened the purse. "Two, four, six, seven," counted Phil, lifting the crisp bills when he had flattened them out. "Sure enough! Well, Larry, you light the lamps, and we'll make The Lilacs two-forty. I'll wait at the side gate; and don't you say anything about my being there. I couldn't go in. Just ask for Miss Unger and hand her the purse."

"Me, sir?" asked Larry. "*Me* take it to the Princess?"

"Yes. We won't let her stay worried a second longer than we can help. Here—put the purse into your pocket again. Miss Unger has offered a reward, Larry, but I'll give you the hundred myself. I'd rather. Are we ready? Good!" The car went forward at a bound.

"Bless you, sir, I don't want no reward," the man answered. "Why, it's reward enough just to have her talk to me, sir, for ten minutes, maybe, and thank me, and—and smile. Many's the time I've looked at her, sir, like I'd look at a beautiful star, and I've said to myself, 'I'd like to have a missis like her.'"

"Oh, you would." The car came to a stop at Mrs. Vander Laan's side gate.

"Yes, sir—you'll excuse me, sir," added Larry quickly. The gravity and thoughtfulness in the other's tone seemed very like reproof. Then the groom sprang down from his seat and was off toward the house at a run.

He was breathless when he reached the servants' entrance. But while he waited he recovered his breath instead of imparting his good news to the maid who welcomed him. Also (that same maid remarked upon it afterward), he twirled his hat constantly, refused to sit down, and kept wetting his lips as if he were nervous. Then—he was in the old-fashioned, dimly-lighted drawing-room, his hat revolving steadily and his tongue cloven to the roof of his mouth.

She came presently, sweeping through a door at the farther end of the long, high room. She was in pink—a cloudy pink that set off her loveliness marvelously. And as she advanced toward him Larry forgot to do anything but look.

"You wish to see me?" she asked.

"Y-yes, Miss. You lost a purse this mornin'."

"Yes."

"I found it, Miss."

She gave a cry of delight. "You found it! Oh, I'm so glad!"

Larry hung his hat between his knees, despite the fact that these were trembling. Then he held out a coat-lapel with one hand and reached into an inner pocket with the

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MONEY AT INTEREST

Eating Your Cake Now or Waiting Till It's Iced

By JOHN MAPPELBECK

DECORATION BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

ONE rainy day, back in the Dark Ages, a curious scholar took the death records of a single town and drew some conclusions from them as to how many persons had died per thousand, what were their average ages, and so forth. These conclusions were interesting. Other scholars went into what presently became known as "political arithmetic," and out of the latter grew our modern statistics, which are often dry, yet lubricate the world today, and shape its course and give its measure.

Uncle Sam has hundreds of enumerators at Washington counting the items of our own national wealth. They take factories, crops, railroad mileage, wages, foreign trade and thousands of other items, and by the aid of machinery turn them into aggregates, percentages and curves, so that people may see them in the mass and gauge progress.

With all this counting and tabulating, however, there is one item of international wealth strangely neglected all over the world. That item is interest on money saved or invested.

When Uncle Sam's statistical young men are told to portray the American hen they magnify her, reckon up her billions of dozens of eggs, plot her by States, work out her enormous activities in *per capita* averages, so that the truth will be impressive and bowl people over.

Yet hardly any country seems to use the same method to make interest on money impressive in the mass. Even the banker, who deals in interest as a commodity, speaks of it in the smallest way.

"Three per cent paid on deposits," he announces.

What does that convey? Why, the mental picture of you leaving a dollar with him a whole year, receiving for its use the trifling sum of three cents. This is about as impressive as showing one brick to give an idea of a house. It is so far from being attractive that not everybody considers it worth while to save money and take up the banker's proposition. Yet it is the customary manner of speaking of interest.

English Extravagance in Luxuries

A HEN scurries across the road. We know she wants to get on the other side. Also, that she laid in 1899 one billion two hundred and ninety-three million six hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and thirty-three dozen eggs, which is seventeen dozen per capita. But when the local brewery declares a six-per-cent dividend it conveys no such picture, because we have hardly any statistics that mass interest on money.

London shops interested Oliver Wendell Holmes. He readily understood that kept by Mr. Quaritch, where a first folio Shakespeare could be purchased for about four thousand dollars. But a shop wholly given up to dressing-cases, with one specimen in the window priced at two hundred and seventy guineas, rather puzzled the Doctor. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars for a dressing-case! It seemed high. Who would buy it? He also enjoyed hothouse peaches at a luncheon, and their delicate flavor was evidently not spoiled for him by the knowledge that they cost ten shillings apiece.

Well-to-do English people go in for these comforts to such an extent that ofttimes a Yankee, traveling abroad with the belief that America is dangerously wealthy and is being enervated by luxury, will come home to look upon the St. Regis as a humble dollar-a-day hotel over between the railroad tracks in a junction town. Ask him how he thinks the English keep it up and he will probably reply, "That's aristocracy for you—noblemen's incomes from their estates." But today when a nobleman dies in England some of his estate must usually be sold to meet death taxes. Not every noble with an estate can afford to keep it up.

No, the Englishman's luxuries are paid for largely out of interest on his invested capital at home and abroad. Last year London invested in foreign securities alone a round billion dollars. At three per cent this would yield thirty millions yearly. By income statistics British foreign investments yielded more than two hundred million dollars in 1907, and there are always millions sterling in London waiting fresh foreign investment. The whole British Empire is built upon foreign dividends, and the fleets and the thin red line are only incidental.

John Bull and His Dividends

ADD to this John Bull's income from home railways. Not long ago an extra night train was run on a British railroad without adequate notice, so that it carried only ten passengers. In the United States we should draw from such an incident some caustic conclusions as to how carelessly the poor traveling public is served. But in England the newspapers were quite wrought up in pity for the poor stockholders in that road and this wicked waste of their money. That is the British way of looking at things, and it is justified by the fact that two-per-cent dividends on the whole investment in British railways would yield one hundred and thirty million dollars yearly. Tack on two-per-cent dividends for all the joint-stock companies engaged in trading and manufacturing. That would give two hundred millions more. Without taking into account mortgages, notes, land or other investments John Bull has roughly this dividend income:

Foreign securities	$250,000,000
British railways	130,000,000
Joint-stock companies	200,000,000
	$580,000,000

With ten million families in the United Kingdom, and counting one in ten a stockholder, this gives an average family yield of nearly six hundred dollars yearly, interest and dividends, on top of which John Bull has all his time and energy to earn more income by direct enterprise.

That is interest shown in the mass.

With ourselves, it is estimated that Wall Street alone pays out five hundred million dollars yearly in dividends and interest on railway and industrial stocks and bonds. One hundred and sixty-eight cities pay nearly seventy millions on their debts, State debts at three per cent yield eight millions more, and there are county, town and village bonds. At three per cent simple interest our savings-banks pay out one hundred and fifteen millions yearly. The compound alone, at six months, amounts to one and three-quarter millions. One-half of one per cent on checking deposits with commercial banks and trust companies would yield fifty millions, and these institutions earn besides one hundred and seventy millions in dividends for stockholders. Two-per-cent dividends on our fifteen billions of manufacturing capital would yield three hundred millions more.

Now, when the banker offers you three cents for the use of a dollar one year, he is stating the smallest unit in a mighty big proposition. He really tries to tell you that there are about one hundred million dollars, more or less, to be handed over every month to somebody as dividends and interest. This dividend crop is equal to our corn crop, but with the difference that one involves work and risk, while the dividend crop is clear, easy money. For every man, woman and child in the country there is fifteen dollars a year to be paid as rental for money to build public works, improve land, raise crops, make goods and transport them. The yield on United States Government debt alone amounts to a dollar and a half yearly for each family. Any man, woman or child who saves part of the cake, instead of eating it all, becomes a partner in this vast interest-earning mechanism. At the low rates of yield we have employed here safety of capital is certain. The dollar any man has worked for, and then put out to work for him, might go on earning interest forever, or as long as the world's affairs depend on some persons saving part of their cake, which will undoubtedly be forever and a day.

One of the commonest beliefs concerning return on savings is that the rich man's dollar has advantages over a poor man's. But in some respects the reverse is true.

The Nimble Dollar of the Poor Man

JOHN JONES, a merchant, received five hundred dollars in a small inheritance, while at the same time Richard Smith, his clerk, had saved one hundred dollars from wages. Jones put his five hundred dollars into his business, depositing it at a commercial bank on checking account. Smith put his hundred in a savings-bank that pays four and a half per cent interest, compounded twice a year. At the end of fifteen years the clerk's one hundred dollars had doubled through interest accumulations alone. The merchant's five hundred, on the contrary, had earned during fifteen years only about fifty dollars in interest. For his bank paid only two per cent on daily balances, and his average balance had been about one hundred and fifty dollars, the rest being employed in his own business. The clerk's interest, left intact, had grown upon itself, sending up a tiny new sprout every six months. But the merchant's interest had vanished altogether. There remained only a series of red credits in his bank book. He had eaten his cake without even knowing when.

A poor man's dollar can not only grow faster when properly invested, but has every advantage of safety, too.

"Why be satisfied with savings-bank interest?" urges the scheming promoter. "Our gold mine will pay you a hundred per cent, and we offer shares at fifty cents. Look at the great fortunes. They have all been built by taking chances on new enterprises. How would the world go on if somebody did not take a chance and reap big profits?"

Many a thrifty worker has drawn money from the savings-bank on an argument like that, whereas the one

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GOOSIE

By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VIII

IN THE evening, after a day full of worry, Charles-Norton's letter came to Dolly. It read:

Dear Dolly:

Inclosed is four hundred and eighty dollars. It's for you. I'm going away. I simply can't stand it, that's all. I think I still love you, Dolly, but I can't stand the life. I can't, that's all. I must have, I must have—well, I can't stand that clipping business any longer.

Please don't grieve. Some day you'll meet a man who is real fond of you and who will make you happy—one that hasn't any wings. There are lots of them.

Yours always (in thought),
CHARLES-NORTON.

P S Please don't feel too bad about this. C-N.

At the reading of this tactful epistle Dolly, of course, immediately burst out into hysterics. These shall remain undescribed here. There is something mysterious about hysteria which paralyzes the pen. Not the least mysterious thing about it is the fact that the word, pronounced in an assembly of men and women, will simultaneously call up haggard lines on the faces of the men and cooing sniggles in the throats of the ladies.

Anyway, poor little Dolly had it bad all that night, and all the next day, and all the next night. By the morning of the second day it had passed to a lamentable wandering to and fro within the cagelike apartment, with disordered garments and unkempt hair through which eyes shone with a glint of madness. By the afternoon of the same day it was taking some interest in its reflection as it passed the several mirrors in its ceaseless pacing. The reflection reminded of Ophelia. Finally, when in the evening it caught itself nibbling crackers and cheese in the upset kitchen it realized that it needed new stimulus. It telegraphed for Dolly's Boston aunt.

The calculation proved correct. When, twelve hours later, the Boston aunt pressed the button at the landing, she found herself almost immediately tackled around the neck, while a shriek pierced her right ear. This was followed by a palpitant hugging from the folds of which emerged vague, bubbling sounds. The aunt bore the demonstration with stoicism and with a certain reservation of self. She was very much unlike Dolly—tall and spare, with bushy brows, beneath the deep arcade of which glowed two limpid gray eyes. These eyes, during Dolly's little performance, remained somehow outside of the enveloping flutter. They peered over Dolly's shoulder in an alert examination of the disorder evident within the flat, and in their serene depths a slight will-o'-the-wisp seemed discreetly dancing. When, finally, Dolly's outburst had moderated the old lady spoke. "Where is the bathroom?" she said.

Dolly dropped her convulsive hold and drew back a step. "The bathroom!" she exclaimed, her eyes very big; "you want to know where the bathroom is?"

"Yes, the bath," repeated Auntie, as though astonished at the astonishment.

Dolly showed her. A calmness had come over her, a calmness of indignation. Auntie gave the bottom of the tub a hurried cleaning, adjusted the faucet to a tepid flow, dropped in the stopper, and sat down on the edge of the porcelain as the water rose within. "I'm going to give you a bath," she announced to Dolly, who stood there petrified with hurt amazement.

And when the tub was full she rose lightly to her feet and began to take off Dolly's soiled kimono. Dolly, in a daze, felt the garment slip from her, and then slid into the warm, green pool which closed softly about her neck. "You lie there a while," said Auntie; "I'll come back and give you a shampoo."

And Dolly remained alone in the steaming room. Little by little, to the persistent caress of the warm water, she felt her body relax; she shut her eyes; from beneath the closed lids tears exuded softly; they came freely, without a pang. After a while these also ceased. From the bedroom came the sound of a bed being rolled, a flapping of sheets, a whirring of blinds. Auntie returned. "Now," she said alacriously.

Dolly's head was being rubbed; a snow-white, bubbly mountain was rising upon it, a mountain like an island—that is to say, like that confection known as a floating island; she could feel on her scalp the wise, soothing fingers of her aunt; her eyes, shut at first merely to keep out the soap, remained closed in semi-ecstasy.

"Now, out you go!" suddenly boomed a voice as a patter of water descended upon her head; and Dolly stepped out into the vigorous embrace of a Turkish towel. It was passing over her body with a firm, rotary motion as of machinery; she swayed within it like a palm in a tempest. It slid up into her hair and finally twisted itself about it in a turban. A fresh nightdress descended about her. "To bed, now," said the voice.

The room was gray and cool within the lowered blinds; passively, Dolly slipped in between the fresh, white sheets; her head sank into the crackling pillow. A little sob rose in her throat. "Oh, Auntie," she said, "O-o-o!"

"Not a word now!" the capable lady immediately broke in; "I know all about it. You can tell it to me when you wake up. Go to sleep now."

It was a pleasant sort of violence; as a harness of flowers the obedience of Dolly's childhood slipped again about her. She shut her eyes, then like a puppy-dog snuggling to its mother turned and dug her round little nose into the pillow. A snifflet of a sigh sounded—and as it sounded became the first, long breath of sleep.

The Boston aunt stood some time by the bed, tall and straight like a grenadier on watch. Suddenly she stooped down and placed a kiss upon the curve of cheek emerging from the folds of the pillow. Immediately she was erect again. "Poor, darned little girl!" she said.

She paused again, out in the dining-room, her eyes far away. "*He* tried that once on me," she said reminiscently. A gleam of humor lit up her gray eyes. "I fixed him," she said decidedly. And then, with some tenderness: "Poor, great big things," she said; "what chance have they against us?"

Upon which she went into the kitchen, where lay a pile of viscous dishes, eloquent of the home's demoralization.

When Dolly emerged from her room some twenty-four hours later her face was pale and her little nose was red, and she seemed a bit dazed. "Hello, Dolly!" said the Boston aunt, looking up and giving the sofa-cushion she was arranging a final thump. "Hello, Dolly! Come into the kitchen and have some breakfast."

Upon the gas stove she toasted bread and poached two eggs which she laid before Dolly like two triumphant suns glowing through a fragrant haze of coffee. Dolly successfully suppressed the joyous acclaim which instinctively rose from her whole being at the sight; but she ate. Rather mincingly, of course; but still, on the whole, efficiently. At times she closed her eyes, and then from beneath the lowered lids a few tears came gliding. "Now," said the aunt after the last crumb of toast had disappeared, "let's go into the other room and hear about it."

She led the way into that little room which was fairly encumbered with coziness. She took one of the rocking-chairs; Dolly sank into the other. By keeping the same rhythm there was space for both to swing at the same time. Dolly swayed back and forth three times, and then burst into tears. "He has left me, Auntie! Goosie is gone! Ooh-ooh!"

The aunt's chair ceased rocking with an abruptness that made their knees bump. Dolly's chair stopped; she looked at her in astonishment. Aunt Hester was sitting up very straight. "Do you mean to say," she began, and then paused as though unable to believe the evidence—"Do you mean to say," she went on, "do you mean to say, Dolly, that you made me come down all the way from Boston just because Charles-Norton is gone?"

"Why, yes," answered Dolly, petrified. "Why, yes. Isn't that enough? Isn't it *enough?* My life is ruined! Ruined! Oo-oo-oooh!"—and her eyes, ablaze for an instant, became veiled by a filmy cascade.

"Pooh!" said Aunt Hester decidedly: "pooh! Charles-Norton is gone; well, he'll come back."

"He's not coming back," wailed Dolly indignantly; "he's *not!* He has dee-s-s-er-ted me!"

"Deserted!" jeered Aunt Hester. "Charles-Norton! A fine chance Charles-Norton has to desert you, Dolly! First of all, he couldn't make himself want to, no matter how much he tried. And if he did want to, he couldn't. You wouldn't let him, Dolly."

"Wouldn't let him? Oh! Do you think, Auntie, that I am so low, so base, so devoid of pride as to keep a man who ——"

"Toot-toot," said Aunt Hester; "toot-toot—you can't help it. Have you ever read that fellow Darwin, Dolly?"

"Darwin?" said Dolly, rather astonished at the turn taken by the conversation; "Darwin—did he write When Knighthood Was in Flower?"

Aunt Hester opened her mouth like a fish suddenly whisked out of water. She closed it again. By the time she spoke she had suppressed something. "No, no, Dolly," she said. "Darwin, the—well, it doesn't matter. We've been reading him lately, anyway, at the Cooking Club. That chap knows things, Dolly. He didn't tell me anything I didn't know ahead myself; but he explained lots of things I had found out. You should read him."

"I'll read him, Auntie," said Dolly with dolorous voice. "I suppose I'll have to read now, or paint china, or do something like that, now that Charles—that Charles—that Charles ——"

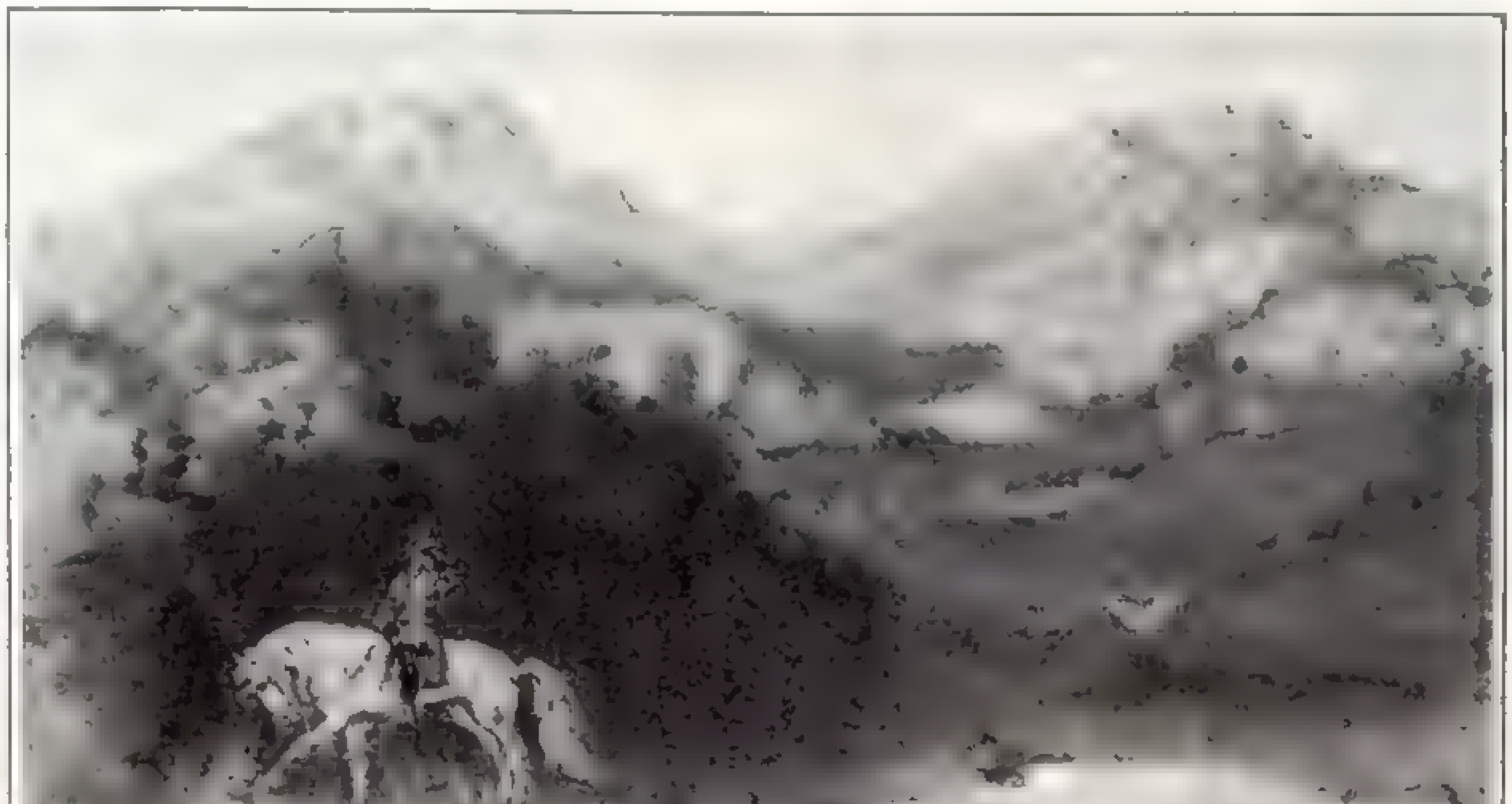
"Oh, Charles, Charles, Charles," echoed Aunt Hester, but in much different tone, "you'll get your Charles back. Charles-Norton! He has as much chance to escape you as the earth has of stopping whirling around. You baby! Why, you've got all Nature on your side, plotting and scheming for you. *Your* dice are loaded; he can't win!"

"Auntie, what are you talking about? Here I am, un—unhappy, and needing, needing, needing friendship, and you sit and talk—I don't know what."

"For what is Charles-Norton?" continued the Boston lady, as though she had not heard Dolly. "What is Charles-Norton? A man. Hence, a clung-to."

"A clung-to?" exclaimed Dolly, a dreadful suspicion beginning to add itself to her greater trouble.

"Just so—a clung-to; and the direct heir of hundreds and hundreds and thousands and thousands of clung-tos.



For since the beginning of the world, Dolly, it's only the clung-tos that survived, or rather that had babies that survived ——

"Auntie!" admonished Dolly.

"Certainly," went on Aunt Hester, seemingly misinterpreting Dolly's interruption. "They alone had babies that survived. The babies of the others—well, they starved, or fell into the fire, or were massacred in the wars. So that now there are no others. There are only descendants of clung-tos, and hence clung-tos. Charles-Norton, Dolly, is a clung-to!"

"But, Auntie," protested Dolly, "he isn't any horrid such thing. And he's gone, he's gone—and I certainly won't force him to ——"

"And you, Dolly," pursued Aunt Hester, unruffled, as though a professor addressing a group of freshmen "And you, Dolly, what are you? A woman. Hence, a cling-to."

"A cling-to!" screamed Dolly.

"Certainly. A cling-to. The end of a line of thousands and thousands of cling-tos. For, of the women since the beginning of the world, which survived? The cling-tos. They alone were able to live, and to have baby-girls who survived—if cling-tos. The others, and the babies of the others, they starved; that's all, Dolly, they starved. No mastodon steak for them, Dolly; no nice wing-bone of ichthyosaurus—they starved. So that there are now no others—or mighty few. You, Dolly, being alive and well and a woman, are inevitably a cling-to."

"Auntie! Auntie!" murmured Dolly, puzzled and horrified.

"To recapitulate," Aunt Hester swept on—"To recapitulate: Charles-Norton is a clung-to; you are a cling-to. Neither of you can help himself or herself. For it is the very essence of the being of the one to hold, of the other to be held."

"How horrible!" said Dolly with a shudder.

"In other words, my dear," went on the aunt—"in other words, you are dreadfully in love with each other and can't keep apart!"

"Love!" moaned Dolly.

"Love," the aunt repeated firmly.

Dolly rocked for a time; tears again were dropping fast from the end of her eyelashes. "But he doesn't love me," she wailed at length, "and he isn't a—a—that horrid Chinesy word you call him, and he is gone, gone!"

"Oh, my dear, of course," said Aunt Hester; "of course, things are not quite as simple as I have been describing them. A woman has to use some sense about it these days. This clinging business has become more complicated with civilization. You may have erred in the details. Now, tell me what has happened—all that has happened."

And Dolly, in a rush of words, told the lamentable story of her domestic woe, of her struggle with the wings of Charles-Norton.

Aunt Hester was silent for a time, then she nodded her head affirmatively. "Yes, that's it, my dear," she said. "It is as I suspected. You have been clinging with your eyes shut. And in these perilous times it is necessary to cling with eyes open. You ——"

But Dolly had risen to her feet, vibrant. "Do you mean to say," she began, and her voice was very low and tense—"Do you mean to say that I should be subjected to living with a man—with a man (her voice rose), with a man, Auntie, who has *wings?*"

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Aunt Hester hastily, "you mistake me. Of course, I am not asking that of you. But that is not necessary, either. The essential—it is to let Charles-Norton believe that he has his wings, not that he should have them. And then, my dear, to be frank, to be just, I must say that this seems to me a case for compromise. Yes, dear, you should let Charles-Norton have part of his wings; oh, yes, you should really let him have a bit of these wings. And that, Dolly, if you are the wise and capable little girl I think you can be, you should turn to the advantage, to the preservation, to the prosperity—ahem—of the home!"

Dolly sat down, weak and trembling. She was silent for a long time. When she spoke again it was in a tired voice. "Auntie," she said, "you mean well. I know that you are trying to help me, and I am very thankful to you. But we have differing views of Life. I am willing to do much for Charles-Norton—oh, so much! I am willing to meet him half-way, three-quarters of the way, the whole way, on ever so many things, and I have done so. But when it comes to a question, Auntie, of self-respect, of morality, of decency, then, Auntie, never! On that there can be no compromise. Charles-Norton cannot have wings."

"Oh, very well," said Aunt Hester, plainly nettled; "very well, very well. Then what are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said Dolly decidedly. "I will give him up," she said very firmly. "I will give him up," she repeated grandiloquently. "I will give him up," she said a third time and broke out weeping.

"That," said Aunt Hester, "is what is known as *the grand stunt* and is rather popular these days. I've seen many try it, and mighty few achieve it. And you, Dolly"—she rose and stood with a hand upon the shaking shoulders beneath her—"and you, you little soft Dolly, why, you are about the last ——"

"I shall not lift a finger," interrupted Dolly. "If he—he does not love me I—I shall not stoop to hold him!"

"Well," said Aunt Hester briskly, "I am going now."

"Going!" cried Dolly desolately.

"I am going," repeated Aunt Hester firmly. "There is nothing I can do here. And there're Earl's socks to be looked after (he is just entering Cambridge, you know), and Ethel's frocks (she's at the High School), and then there is your uncle—suppose he gets it into his head to sprout feathers! No, no—I'm going home. I'm willing to be what Nature said I had to be. I don't take any chances with those new-fangled grand stunts. Besides, if you are just going to do nothing, why, then, you can do that without me."

And setting her bonnet upon her nice gray hair Aunt Hester picked up her grip and marched out into the hall.

"Auntie! Auntie!" cried Dolly, running after her.

Aunt Hester stopped at the opened door and turned. She confronted Dolly, and the will-o'-the-wisp was dancing in the profundities of her deep-set eyes. A tenderness came into them; she dropped her grip, seized Dolly and drew her close.

"Dear little Dolly," she whispered; "you'll do it, don't you fear. You'll bring back your Charles-Norton, you soft little woman, you; you'll get him! And now, kiss me good-by. Write to me—when you decide."

The door closed, and leaning against it Dolly wept a long time. Then she went within and, in a more comfortable position, wept more. She wept for a whole week. And then, suddenly, one afternoon, she stood up in the center of the room and began stamping her foot.

"I won't," she said with each stamp of the little foot; "I won't, I won't, I won't!"

And saying "I won't," she did. She sat down at the table and on her pale-blue letter paper wrote:

Dear Auntie:

Yes, you were right, I guess. I *am* a cling-to. I want him. I don't care: he's mine and I *won't* give him up. Tell me how to do it, Auntie, oh, tell me how! Quick, Auntie, quick!

The answer was not long in coming. "Dearest Little Dolly," wrote Aunt Hester; "of course, I knew you would, and I am glad. As to telling you how—well, that is very simple. Just go to him, Dolly. Go to him (not too soon; wait a while), and just stick around. Your instincts will tell you the rest. Rely on your instincts, Dolly," went on this incorrigible Darwinian. "They are better than your reason, for they are the reason of your mother and grandmother and all the line of mothers that came before you. They had to be right, Dolly, or they wouldn't have been, and then you wouldn't be. Go to him and stick around and do as you feel like doing. In all probability you'll be nice and humble and snuggledy and warm. And then, make your arrangements. He can't help himself. Nature is on your side. The dice are loaded. Cling, Dolly, cling."

Dolly blushed. "Auntie is horrid," she said; and then after a while, "but right," she said.

IX

MEANWHILE, unaware of this discussion and of this decision, Charles-Norton, inflated with fancied freedom, captain of his soul and master of his fate, was having a beautiful time.

Tableau:

A meadow by a lake on the western slope of a high sierra. Below and far to the west lies a great plain, liquid with distance as though it were a sea of gold. From its nearer edge the land comes leaping up in wide, smooth waves of serried pines to the meadow. There the pines stop abruptly in the leaning immobility of a man who has almost trodden upon a flower. From their feet the meadow spreads, fresh and lush, susurrant with the hidden flow of a brook, and jeweled here and there with flowers that are like butterflies. It stops in its turn before a chute of smooth granite in the form of a bowl. In the curve of the bowl lies a lake—a silvery lake, in the depths of which pulse dark-blue hues, and over the face of which breaths of wind pass like painted shivers.

On the other side of the lake, to the east, the land continues to rise in accelerated assault, first in long, lustrous leaps of glacier-polished granite, then in a chaos of dome and spire, and finally breaks up against the sky in a serrated edge like the top crest of a great, wind-flagellated wave which, attacking Heaven, should have been suddenly petrified by a Word

On the border of the pine forest, its one door upon the meadow and facing the lake, is a log cabin.

It is early morning and the air is crisp and cold. To the left of the cabin, in the dusk of the trees, immobile as if still frozen by the night, stands a fuzzy little donkey.

The sun, still behind the high crest of the east, aureoles it with rose; its light passes in a broad sheet athwart the sky, leaving the meadow in a lower darkish plane as if in the still half-light of a profound sea; it strikes here and there among the pinnacles a glacier that scintillates frigidly. To the west, above the plain which is as yet but an opalescent gray shift, the last star hangs humidly, like a tear at the end of a lash.

The rose halo deepens along the mountaintop; the dark-blue dome of the sky fills with a lighter azure; the star swoons and the sun peers over the crest. It ascends. Its rays plunge into the pool of darkness still upon the meadow; they pierce it at first separately as with rapier-thrusts, and then finally billow down into it in a cascade of molten gold. The shadows flee, the sunlight strikes the cabin, and Charles-Norton Sims appears at the door.

Immediately the little donkey, rousing to life, comes braying to him across the green. Charles-Norton gives him a handful of salt, and with a slap sends him off again

And then he stands in the doorway with arms folded, facing the sun. He is nude—except for the abbreviated swimming-trunks which were his last purchase in New York—and, to the light, his skin, polished like ivory, takes on a subtle and warm glow. From his shoulders there hangs behind him, to his heels, something that might be a cloak, except that it does not cloak him. It does not envelop him; rather does it stand behind him in ornamental background, with a certain sculptural effect. And it is white—a wondrous, gleaming white, against which the whiteness of his skin seems rosy. Starting from his shoulders it goes out and up in gentle undulation to either side, and then descends in two swift, slight curves that meet in a gothic tip at his heels. It is in shape like a Greek urn, but has with it a flowing quality; and the whiteness—it is like a Greek urn of pure alabaster that would have turned liquid and would be pouring down behind him in lustrous cascade.

Charles-Norton steps forward and suddenly this background, this mantle, this singular ornament, parts in two glistening sections which rise horizontally to either side of him. By Jove, they are wings! The wings of Charles-Norton. They have been growing since his *coup de tête.*

He raises them horizontally, and with a dry, rustling sound they open out like fans. He waves them gently up and down; his chest fills, his head goes back; and from his open mouth, as from a clarion, there goes out a great, clear cry which, striking the mountain, rebounds long from rock to rock in golden echoes. He rises into the air.

He goes up slowly in wide, negligent circles, with slow, strong flap of wings, his body, with pointed feet close together, hanging lithe, a warm ivory white between the colder and more radiant whiteness of the wings. He turns and floats above the lake, then, folding his wings, like a white arrow shoots down into the water. A fountain of foaming drops springs toward the sky. Charles-Norton Sims is having his morning bath.

He swims with smooth breast-stroke, his feet and hands below the water, but his wings raised above. Their roots, at his shoulders, cleave the glazed surface like a prow, leaving behind a slender wake; they follow above, swinging a bit from side to side, like glorious, becalmed sails

And thus, like a large nautilus, he drifts to the shore. He emerges, glistening, upon a little beach which curves there like a little moon dropped by a careless Creator; he takes a hop, a skip and a jump, and lands headlong.

He stretches himself taut, his hands, straight above him, clutching the sand, his toes digging into it, and spreads his wings in fans at his sides. The earth is there beneath him, in his embrace; he feels her strength flowing into his veins. The sun is up there above him; he feels pouring upon him, penetratingly, its hot life. Content croons in his heart.

But, after a while, an uneasiness stirs him. He moves vaguely several times, he finally rises to his knees. Oh, yes, of course, it is his stomach the old tyranny. He walks to the cabin, kicks into incandescence the heap of coals in front of the door, and throws a handful of dry brush upon them. He seizes a long pole which is leaning against the façade of the cabin, goes back to the lake, climbs a large boulder and, seating himself comfortably in a hollow of it, drops into the crystalline waters at his feet a bit of red flannel at the end of the string which is tied to the pole. He whisks out of the lake a vibrant little object that looks like a fragment of rainbow. He whisks out another, another—twelve in succession. He goes back to the fire with his rainbows.

There, he—fries them; and—eats them.

Upon which he squats contentedly upon the grass and fills and lights his pipe. He sits there very quietly, his feet drawn up, his wings behind him like a resplendent mantle; he smokes gravely his little black pipe. His eyes are half closed, watching the hazy, blue puffs of the bowl rise toward the turquoise-blue dome of the sky. Far above him a hawk is circling; after a while, to the sight, a vague melancholy enters his heart, a subtle, inexplicable yearning. He rises slowly to it, his pipe dropping from his loosened lips. He tucks the pipe within his trunks (that is why he wears the trunks); his wings spread out to both sides. He gives a little spring—and is up in the air.

He hovers above the meadow a while, a bit aimlessly, as though waiting for an inspiration, rising, falling, rising with slow, strong flap of wing—then suddenly he is off, like a streak, in a whirring diagonal for the high crests He dwindles, higher and higher, farther and farther, smaller and smaller, till finally he is among the tiptop pinnacles, a mere white palpitation, a snowflake in the whirl of a capricious wind, a little glistening moth flitting from glacier to glacier as from lily to lily.

Down in the deserted meadow the little donkey opens his mouth creakingly and throws forth a lonesome bray.

X

THIS is what Charles-Norton Sims is doing while his little wife, back in New York, sits desolate in her empty flat. On the fourth day of his flight, sitting at the wide window of a Pullman which was clicking slowly along a high summit, he had caught between two snow-sheds a rapid glimpse of this nook in the chaos of the world. In a picture flashed clear for a moment to his eyes he had seen the cabin, the meadow and the lake, and his heart had given a leap like that of the anchor of a ship which at last has come to port. When thirty minutes later the train, now on the downgrade, had slid with set brakes by a little mining-camp huddled at the foot of a great red scar torn in the heart of a slanting pine forest, Charles-Norton, without more ado, had seized his grip and his blankets, and sidling out to the platform had jumped lightly and neatly to the ground.

When the last gleaming rail of the train had vanished around a bend Charles-Norton descended to the camp. It was a decrepit camp, the mine having given out. Charles-Norton found the whole population in the general store. It consisted of five men, about whom seemed thrown an invisible but heavy cloak of somnolence. They had entered languidly but politely into his plans. The storekeeper had gladly parted with one-third of the comestible stock which was slowly petrifying on shelf and rafter; a little burro, grazing on the dump, had been transformed into a pack-animal; and after standing treat three times around, Charles-Norton, leading by a rope his fuzzy four-footed companion, to a great flapping of amicable sombreros, had taken the trail winding toward the high hills.

The little burro, now vaguely melancholic, grazed in the meadow. Within the cabin, depending from the smoke-polished rafters, a sack of flour, a bag of sugar, a ham and several sides of bacon were strung, while a pyramid of tins leaned against the blackened fireplace. The bunk against the right wall held Charles-Norton's blankets; the one on the left wall was empty.

In spite of this empty bunk, which at times yawned with an air of vague reproach, the cabin, with its wide fireplace in the center of which a rotund kettle hung, with its neatly strung and stacked provisions, had a certain coziness, a sober, sedate expression of assurance for days to come.

And it was a fine life to live.

He would get up early in the morning and reach the sill of the door with the sun. He would have his swim, his breakfast and his smoke—and then he was off.

The Boston Aunt Found Herself Tackled Around the Neck

He was off for an all-day winged romp. He made straight for the crest at first and lit upon the tiptop of its highest pinnacle, rising there out of the rocky chaos like an exclamation point of gleaming granite. Its top, hollowed by the weather, made a seat which just fitted him. To the north and to the south the saw-toothed crest extended for miles to purple disappearances; within its folds here and there a glacier scintillated like a jewel. To the west and to the east the mountain descended; at first in a cataract of polished domes and runs, then in long velvety waves of stirring pines, and finally in pale-yellow foothills to the plains. These were very far off and were elusive of aspect. Sometimes they were as a haze; sometimes like a carpet of twined flowers upon a slowly heaving sea; sometimes they were liquid, and then the one to the east was bluishly white, like milk, the one to the west like pooled molten gold.

Charles-Norton sat here long, his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, his wings drooping behind along the perpendicular smoothness of the rock, and pondered his happiness. A profound satisfaction was within him; it was as if his blood at last were flowing submissively within a great cosmic stream to some eternal behest. After a time he rose a-tiptoe, like a diver above a gleaming sheet, extended his wings, and sprang.

At first he dropped plumb into the abyss; then his spread wings caught the air and held his fall. He gave one soft flap, then another, and rose. He floated upward; he was even with the top of the pinnacle, passed it slowly, saw it beneath his feet, and still, with slow, strong flap of wing, continued ascending. It was joyous work; he rose on powerful pinion; it was as if continuously his head and shoulders were emerging from one layer of the atmosphere into another more fresh and clear and more beautiful; the air streamed along his skin in a clean, cold caress that enveloped his soul. He passed big sad eagles that flew with lowered beaks, their wrinkled and worried eyes upon the peaks below; he laughed and, astounded, they fell off beneath him in vertiginous circles. The earth beneath was like a bowl, a bowl full of plashing sunshine. He kept on up, rising straight in the cold and hollow air, into a great silence, the only sound that of his wings beating a solemn measure. He looked no longer down now. Head rearing back, face to the sun, with half-closed eyes he went on up with outspread wings, an ecstasy clutching at his heart; clutching at it, clutching at it, till finally it was too exquisite to bear, and half swooning, with motionless wings he let himself fall back through the dizzy spaces, back to the earth.

Again upon his pinnacle he lay very still, long, on his back, breathing deeply, while slowly the ecstatic languor left his body. He was just a bit afraid of this game, this perpendicular assault of infinities, and allowed it to himself only once a day. It was his dissipation; there was something vaguely perilous in the absorption of it. So, having rested now, he betook himself to less audacious pastimes.

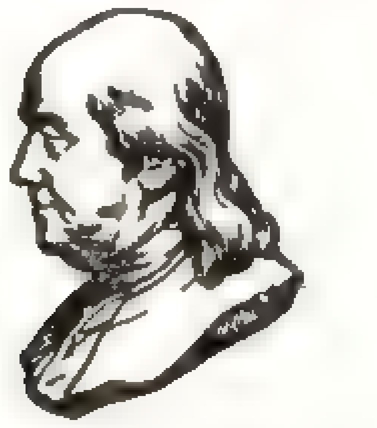
He selected a peak some ten miles away and shot to it in a line which was impeccably straight. Then he repeated the flight, this time in a slight, even curve, flowing and smooth as the rise, swell and gradual fall of a musical chord. The next time he flew to the peak in a sizzing parabola that was as the course of a rocket.

This game was the consummation of the old yearning which, in days gone by, had impelled him to draw lines upon a sheet of paper. Where before, miserably and inadequately, tormented by a sense of impotence, he had drawn with a pencil lines upon paper, he now drew, with his whole gleaming white body, stupendous lines of beauty upon the blue of the sky.

He liked this. He sensed his evolutions. He seemed to have within his brain a delicate instrument that recorded the movements of his body. As he cut through the azure, each line as flown was deposited within him in a record of beauty. He flew from peak to peak, in lean, sizzling, white lines; in shooting diagonals; in gentle, floating curves; in zigzags as of lightning; in rising and drooping lines that hoped and despaired; in soarings that aspired and broke; in arabesques that laughed; in gothic arches that prayed; in large undulations that wept. Sometimes he drew whole edifices—fairy castles, domes, towers, spires—which, once created, went floating off forever on the blue, freighted with their fantastic inhabitants, invisible, impalpable and imperishable. And always within him was the record of the created things, the record of created beauty, etched forever in the inner chamber of his soul.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 15, 1909

How Money Travels

LAST month money the world over was cheaper than it has been in any other April of recent years. In London, Paris and New York the discount rate was but little over one per cent per annum.

This plethora of money means, of course, that reaction, induced by the stringency of 1907, was in force. It also means that a prime factor in the making of another stringency existed. Idle money naturally flows to the center where some sort of use can be found, or made, for it.

In the fall of 1907 the national banks of New York had fifteen per cent of the loans and discounts of all national banks. Last fall they had nineteen per cent. Their loans increased, in little over a year, by nearly two hundred millions, while loans of all other national banks in the country decreased one hundred and thirty millions. Of what may be called merchants' loans—that is, loans on individual and firm names—the New York national banks had less by twenty-two millions in 1908 than in 1907. But of loans secured by stocks and bonds they had more by two hundred and fifteen millions.

In a general way, that is, the country sends its money to New York, and New York lends it on the Stock Exchange, or on Stock Exchange securities—which, thus stimulated, become active and advance rapidly in price. Presently business expands; the country needs its money at home; there is stringency, liquidation and trouble generally.

Two Machines With One Crank

IN ONE famous Curb security, we believe, two thousand dollars was invested in the property itself, and seven hundred thousand in a pool to manipulate the stock. We don't know what the two thousand dollars went for, but probably it was for printing the stock certificates.

Nothing besides stock certificates is absolutely essential to a Curb security, and there is not even a rule requiring a uniform color scheme for the certificates. Hence there is no certainty that they can be used with satisfactory effect for papering a wall. The other day a much-advertised Curb stock was quoted at sixty cents a share—until somebody tried to sell some, whereupon the price promptly broke to twenty-one cents.

Such painful vicissitudes are quite common in the outside market, whose general woolliness is universally admitted

Now, be it understood, nobody at all is responsible for the Curb. It just exists on its own hook, all by itself. But it exists right in the shadow of the Stock Exchange. You get your Stock Exchange quotations and your Curb quotations in the same office, which also does your business in either shop.

The Stock Exchange is not in the least responsible for the Curb; but both machines are operated by the same crank, turned by the same hands. They eat at the same table and sleep in the same bed—but they are not, you understand, really members of one family.

A Bright Idea From Stuttgart

MILLIONS and millions of dollars are invested in and expended upon exhibitions of art; but the educational influence of such exhibitions is less than it should be. The art gallery is not a really popular institution. Even in Boston more people go to vaudeville shows. For an improvement in this condition we look with immense hopefulness to a German innovation.

An art museum at Stuttgart proposes to make an exhibition of works of bad taste—to instruct the public in what it should condemn by displaying notable examples of badness. This seems to us most promising. Everybody understands that an art gallery at present admits only those works which competent critics have pronounced to be admissible. Hence every uncritical visitor feels in duty bound to admire the entire exhibition. The result is confusion, depression, and a quick relapse to Coney Island. Under the new dispensation this constant strain upon one's powers of appreciation would be relieved, ever and anon, by such announcements as "Punk Marble Group," "Landscape by Jones—Very Rotten."

For popularizing the art gallery we can think of nothing better. Possibly the gallery would become popular exactly in proportion as it exhibited works which were officially condemned, and the demand for such works would be so great that more artists than one would quiet suspicion by formally declaring themselves in the rotten class.

Aldrich and Demosthenes

TAKING it by and large, no other speech that has been delivered in Congress in recent years equals in importance that made by Senator Aldrich in presenting the new tariff bill to the upper house. Substantially, it was as follows:

"I calculate that two years hence the Government will spend six hundred and sixty-five million dollars (excluding Panama Canal disbursements), as compared with six hundred and seventy-four million dollars the current year, and that Government receipts under the new tariff will amount to six hundred and ninety-five million dollars, against six hundred and five millions this year. Thus, you see, the bill, in 1911, will produce a surplus of thirty millions above expenditures. What more could any reasonable man ask of a revenue bill?"

We offer this as commentary, not upon the tariff bill, but upon oratory. Such is one of the greatest Congressional orations of our day, delivered by the greatest Congressional orator. "You," said Demosthenes proudly, "made the Athenians applaud; but I made them march against Philip."

So might Senator Aldrich remark: "Others may cut the eagle loose, wave the starry banner, mention the Pilgrim Fathers, George Washington, Maine and California; but it's what I say that goes." In view of this Olympian fact, we take some comfort. The Senator calculates that the Government will actually cut down expenditures by nine million dollars, or almost one and a half per cent, two years hence.

That is a lot of money to save.

Alcohol and Sudden Death

WE SUPPOSE it could be demonstrated by a series of strictly scientific tests that alcohol, particularly when taken in excessive quantities, tends powerfully to impair the visual qualities; after so many ounces, a tree looks like the shadow of a passing cloud, a perpendicular stone wall appears to be a horizontal macadam road, a rock pile takes on the semblance of a flower-bed, and a loaded four-horse truck gives the illusion of a flock of sparrows.

It might be shown, also, that stimulants clog and confuse the brain's control over members of the body. Under their influence the mental impulse is converted into action with exceeding tardiness and inaccuracy; wishing to remove his gloves and put them in his pocket, a man presently takes off his hat and sits on it.

It can be proved, too, that alcohol greatly weakens the faculty of judgment. No prudent person, for example, would trust a man who had indulged freely in it with a bundle of matches in a powder factory.

We should like to see a scientific demonstration and exposition of these things, with accurate diagrams, percentages and so on.

It might then be quite universally recognized that it is very injudicious to ride in an automobile having the power and speed of a mogul engine, when operated by a drunken man. Almost daily the mortuary column of the newspapers raises a strong presumption to that effect; and on unscientific grounds it might be urged that there are quieter ways of committing suicide.

Back to the Old Town Meeting

SPEAKING of municipal government in the United States—excellent results, on the whole, were obtained in the recent Chicago aldermanic elections, and this was due in good part to the intervention of the Municipal Voters' League, a volunteer organization which for a dozen years has been struggling, with considerable success, to keep grafters out of the City Council.

In New York, the other day, the Allied Real Estate Interests—whose character may be inferred from the name—held a dinner to formulate plans for proper supervision of the city's appropriations this year. In New York, also, the Bureau of Municipal Research, another volunteer organization, critically overlooks municipal accounting, disbursements and the local government generally.

A little later, Columbia University will conduct a final conference of various taxpaying and civic associations to discuss and, perhaps, reform the budget. Chicago as well as New York has a flourishing and influential City Club, a chief purpose of which is to examine, advise and admonish the local administration.

Most cities are coming to have such volunteer, unofficial institutions in increasing number—the Street Cleaning Society, the Association to Renovate the Police Force, the Aldermanic Nemesis Union, the League of Mayor's Haunts.

City government, in fact, seems to be devolving back to the old New England town-meeting ideal, every good resident taking a hand.

We suppose a time will come when the mayor can't step outdoors without a pass viséed by some responsible association of citizens. If that condition had obtained in the past, however, many a city would have been spared much disappointment.

Ten Books for a Desert Island

THERE was published the other day Letters From the Temple Archives at Nippur (something like 2000 B. C.). The first letter says: "If you were cast away on a desert island what ten books would you choose to have with you?"

Probably Noah debated the same question. Trying to digest the advice he had received about it may have been not unconnected with the subsequent planting of the vine

What are the really perennial, inexhaustible books which might safely be depended upon to furnish an individual with reading through many years?

First upon the list, unquestionably, stands Sir Charles Grandison. This celebrated work has been read at by every English person of culture for one hundred and fifty-five years, but in all that time no person has ever got beyond the middle of the first volume. As there are ten volumes a simple arithmetical operation will show that it can be depended upon to supply reading for at least three thousand years, which is many times as long as anybody has ever lived upon a desert island. With smaller lasting powers, but still sufficient to insure a supply of fresh reading matter for an ordinary lifetime, are Paradise Regained, Addison's Campaign, Wordsworth's Excursion and a great many modern novels. There are works of philosophy which will always appear, because at one reading they seem to be about politics and at the next about mathematics.

Every list includes the Bible, and we would certainly recommend Ecclesiastes and the Book of Job, because in them the desert-islander will find, ready made, complete expressions of his own state of mind after a morning spent with the other immortal books.

If the islander happens to understand medical terminology he should add to his list, for reference purposes, some concise modern treatise on insanity.

Wheat Enough to Go Around

THE farm value of the wheat crop of 1898 is given by the Department of Agriculture as 58.2 cents a bushel, which is the lowest for any year since 1881 with the exception of the panic period 1893-95, when all commodity prices were greatly depressed.

It was in May, 1898, it will be remembered, that wheat at Chicago, under the auspices of Joseph Leiter, sold at $1.85—the highest price, with one exception, since the resumption of specie payments. Presently, the Leiter campaign collapsed and a great quantity of grain was dumped upon a demoralized market. Presently, also, wheat at Chicago was selling for 62 cents a bushel. It so happened that the very high price was in the spring, when farmers, relatively speaking, had no wheat to sell, and the very low price was in the fall, when they had much wheat to sell. But after the Leiter operations wheat was cheaper than for many years before, excepting the panic period, and it remained cheap a long time. For four successive years the average farm price was only a little over 60 cents, and the price at the seaboard, as given by the annual average of export value, was under 75 cents. With the panic exception there are no other four years since 1881 when it ruled so low.

Not that we would discourage the farmer. But because there is some shortage of supplies at the moment and what traders euphemistically call a "congested condition" in the wheat pit at Chicago—which sounds better than a "corner"—some people have taken to wondering whether there will ever again be wheat enough to go around. For the purposes of this generation at least the world's wheat-producing capacity is unlimited.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Budding Bard of Texarkana, Texas

The Laureate of Democracy

ONE day when our old friend, the Honorable Alexander Pope, of England, a good, handy, housebroken poet, was a bit low in his mind about the poetical business, not seeing much coming in for all the verses he was putting out, he sat down and wrote a boost for himself and his game, which was calculated to make those negligent persons who neither had been buying nor appreciating his wares sit up and take notice!

"Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!" was what he wrote, handing it out cold to all concerned that there was positively not a leaf stirring in this being-proud matter, unless they made it worth while to him, for, he continued, with tremendous feeling and an eye to future patronage:

"They had no poet, and they died."

Now, that was enough to cause the Greater Britain to take a clutch on herself, and, being a wise as well as a wily nation, she accumulated about all the poets there have been, figuring out that if the mere matter of keeping in the limelight depended on poets she would always have a few cords of poets on hand.

Thus, coming back across the briny deep, we cannot fail to note the sagacity of the Grand Old Democratic Party. There are those who claim—claim, mark you—that the Grand Old Democratic Party has been in the morgue for some years back, but say not so! Never will the Grand Old Democratic Party be on the marble slab so long as she has her poet; she has him, caught him young, and bids fair to hang to him for years to come.

There are orators in the Democracy, tons and tons of them. In fact, there is more oratory in the Democratic party than elsewhere on earth, but orators, we have Mr. Pope's word for it, cannot keep the vital spark alight. That can only be accomplished by a poet, and the gentlemen who are trying to talk the fifty-seven varieties of Democrats into perpetuity may as well desist. It takes a poet, and here he is.

Some six or seven years ago there broke into the House of Representatives a youth filled with the divine afflatus, filled with it to the ears, a youth by the name of Morris Sheppard and hailing from Texarkana, Texas, Tex. His father had been a Representative before him, a solid and able man, but had died in the midst of a term. The people of Texarkana and the surrounding country paid a pretty tribute to the memory of the father by sending the son, then not thirty, to take the father's seat.

He came, a handsome lad, filled, in such spaces as were not occupied by the divine afflatus, with the fervor of youth and with mines of poetry that were as yet unprospected even, so far were they from the producing stage. Presently the lad rose in his seat to speak, younger than most of those present, a red-cheeked, bright-eyed boy. He started in plain prose, but he could not proceed. In five minutes he was shedding dithyrambs even as a fox-terrier pup sheds his hair on the best rug in the spring. He reeked with poetry and leaked it at every pore. I have forgotten what the pæan was about, but I have not forgotten that it was rhythmical as a lyric to Clarice, the fairest of her sex.

Tuning the Lyre to the Tariff on Rags

SO TIME passed on and the youth was elected and reëlected to his post, each returning year perfecting him in his art, until, today, he stands forth as the poet of Democracy, the poet of the Sunny South, the poet of the downtrod, and the Miltonic accuser of those who stamp on the downtrod with the hobnailed shoes of the criminal rich. Being young, he takes his politics seriously, and being a poet he sings about it in flowing numbers, ever and anon and again in the sonorous measures of those great masters of the epic form. It is all one to him. He carols a roundelay about the Democracy or hurls a blank-verse thunderbolt with equal facility, but never can he rise unless poetry of some kind falls in rhythmical pearls and diamonds from his lips.

One would think, judging from the oceans and oceans of language spilled about the Payne tariff bill, that, of all subjects for the poet's lyre, this was most unpromising. One would think the tariff on hides or lumber, or the products of petroleum or old rags or dried fish would afford few opportunities for rhapsody, and careful and conscientious reading of what the various statesmen said on these various topics and others leads to the conclusion that the thought is right.

But when Morris Sheppard, the poet, sang, all was changed and the dull and deadly debate was suffused with the rosy glow of the true Parnassian fire. His theme was the tariff, too, but how differently it sounded when he, for almost an hour, chanted in pleasing numbers about the atrocity of the Republican party, the horripilatious qualities of Sereno Base-burner Payne, the many and pleasing virtues of the Democracy, and the exalted and dignified beauty of the tariff policy of the minority!

Beginning in what might be called his most prosaic style he casually alluded to the Payne tariff bill as "the crowning infamy of fifty years of Republican tariffs, signalizing the supremacy of monopoly, the corruption of government and the degradation of the Republic." Now, that was just a starter, a mere preface, and not many poets put their prefaces in poetry. But before long, try as he would, he could not resist the imperious call of the muse, and he swept into noble verse, going on and on until with a mighty burst of Homeric harmony he closed with this triumphant transport, which, extracted by a reverent hand from the turgid pages of the Congressional Record, is set forth here in its real and ravishing metrical magnificence, as it sounded when it was given to a witched and wondering world, not as the prosy printers of the Government would bury it, jammed into a solid chunk of unresponsive and forbidding type:

Flourishing in splendor,
Nursed by a system of imperial affluence,
Forgetful of the men whose naked arms
Have lifted them to luxury,
Their first and dominant desire
To shift the burden of the tariff cut
From bond and dividend to wage.
I know that history sings of Emperors,
Of Senators and Presidents,
Of commanders of eloquence, of industry and arms;
Of temples, monuments and capitols;
Of wars, crusades, intrigues;
Of forums, congresses and courts.
It tells of rulers, not the ruled;
Of leaders, not the led.
It tells of statesmen, not the mass
Who made them; of warriors bold,
Not the nameless myriads who died
To build another's fame.
It tells of pyramids, not the sodden serfs
Who built them; of palaces,
Not the weary hands that reared them up.
It tells of captains of mighty industry,
Not the faces at the loom; nor yet
The muscles at the anvil and the plow;
Not the fingers on the throttle and the brake;
Not the unlaureled heroes of furnace, shop and rail.
But Democracy, throwing a mighty mantle—
Round the shoulders scarred of toil—
Of equal rights to all, gives to history
A new and noble task, and bids it say
That labor, in mine, on cliff,
In factory and field, shall take again
Its just abiding-place in the affairs of men.

Now, can you beat that? And can you say Democracy has not her poet? Remember, if you please, that Morris Sheppard is but thirty-four and has many years of similar exudation before him. Sonorously sweet, his voice will be raised for years and years, his muse will lead his fancy to even fresher fields than these, but, at that, any man who can make poetry out of the sad straits of Maxey and Minnie, the well-known Mum twins, that can build stately verse around an *ad valorem* or a countervailing duty, may be said to have all other poets teetering on the topmost branches of the tallest tree. He sure is some poet, as they would say in Texarkana, Texas, Tex.

What!

The Law and the Lawyer

A CERTAIN great New York lawyer was under discussion in connection with a recent Government prosecution.

"He's a good lawyer, isn't he?" asked the Ignorant One.

"Yes," replied the Wise One, "but he doesn't know how to defend any one who is innocent."

"But he understands all about criminal law?"

"Criminal law?" He doesn't know anything about criminal law, but he knows all about the practice of criminal law."

The Three Unwise Men

"OUT in Wyoming, years ago," said Representative Cushman in his tariff speech, "my brother, two comrades and myself built a house. We each built a side, and each fellow made the length of his side what he thought it ought to be without reference to the other fellows on the other sides. When we got through, by exact measurements we had a cabin that was 16½ by 17 by 22½ by 24, on the ground, and sloped upward at different angles and dimensions as it rose toward the roof.

"For the past quarter of a century each one of the four has contended that cabin would have been a monument of architectural perfection and a dream of symmetrical beauty had it not been for the other three fools whose lack of sense spoiled it."

The Evidence in His Pocket

"I RECKON," said Colonel Robert Gates, of Tennessee, "that an old Colonel, who lived down in our country, was the biggest liar that ever was.

"He was telling his adventures one day and he spoke of being over in North Carolina and capturing a herd of wild horses.

"'Now, hold on, Colonel,' I said, 'that's going too far. You know, and so does everybody else, that there are no wild horses in North Carolina and never were any wild horses there.'

"'Just what I expected,' roared the Colonel; 'just what I expected! I knew some blamed fool would question that story about the wild horses and I brought home a shoe off one of them just to prove it.'"

The Most Unkindest Cut

DAVID BELASCO was commenting on the fickleness of the average American theater audience.

"No matter how many times an author may have produced a successful play," he said, "just the moment he puts on a bad one all his successes vanish from mind and he is cheerfully roasted for the failure.

"I remember a play by a most popular author that was a dire failure. The first act was bad, the second worse and the third dreadful. The author sat in a box. When the end of the third act was approaching, a lady who sat behind the author leaned over and said: 'Pardon me, sir, but before this play began I took the liberty of snipping off a lock of your hair for a memento of this auspicious occasion. I now desire to return it.'"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Doorkeeper Stone, who guards President Taft's office door, used to be a Pullman conductor. President McKinley grew to like him and took him into the White House service.

¶ Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, bought one of President Roosevelt's riding horses, but he does not jump him up mountains and over crags, and the horse is much obliged.

¶ Since President Roosevelt left Washington, Senator Lodge goes horseback riding with Secretary Meyer, of the Navy. They are warm friends from Massachusetts, and neither hopes anything worse will happen to the other than that he will fall off and break a few ribs or a leg or two.

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WE GUARANTEE that "Indestructo" Trunks will stand more abuse—more careless handling—will travel more miles and remain longer in good serviceable condition, without the annoyance and expense of frequent repairs than any other trunk on the market. Perhaps that is enough to instantly overcome any doubt in your mind as to the absolute safety and carrying quality of "Indestructo" Trunks.

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The quality of "Indestructo" Trunks must protect us in this double assurance to you in your purchase.

No other trunk manufacturers dare to give you such absolute assurance as to the quality of their trunks.

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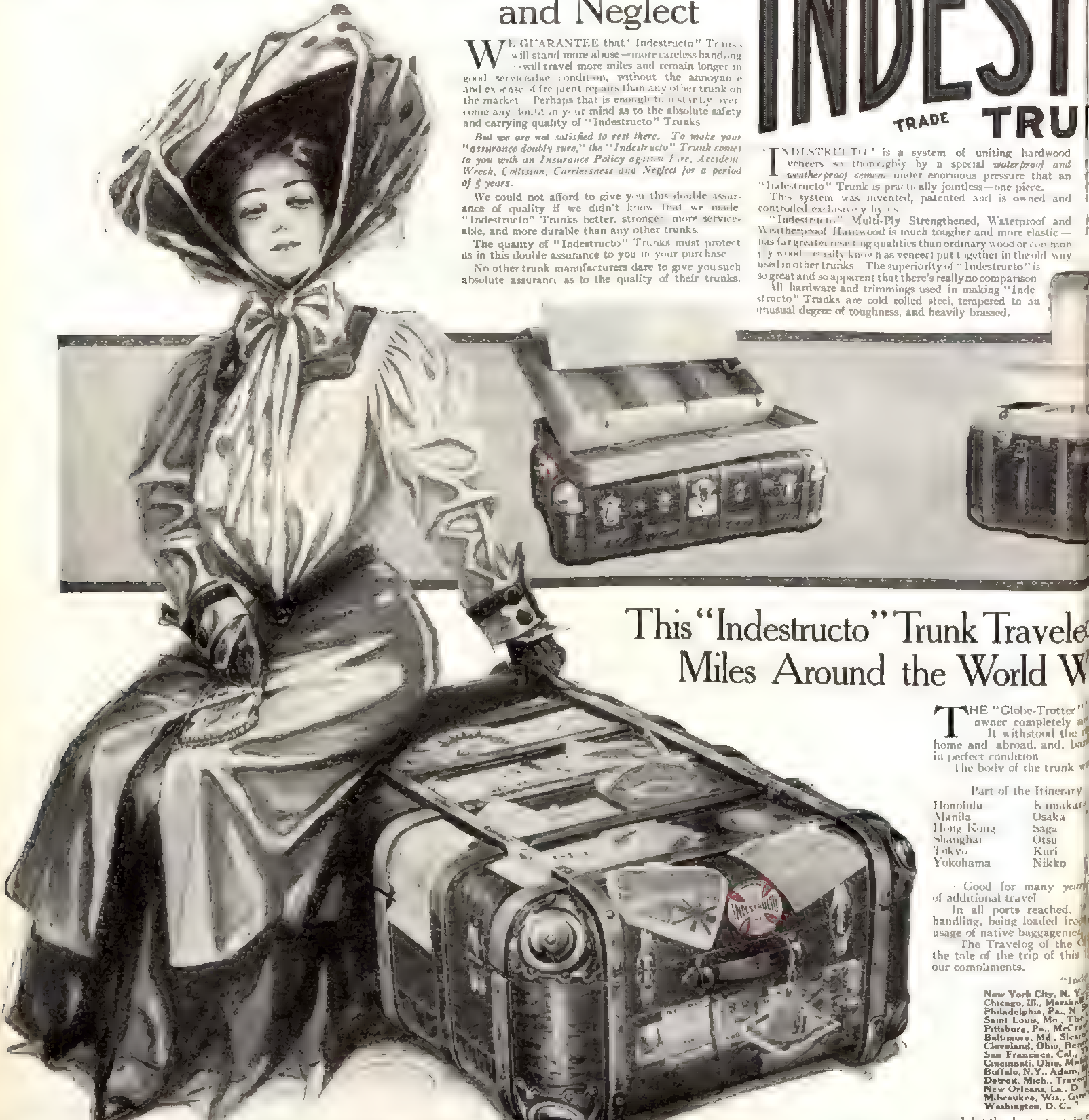
"INDESTRUCTO" is a system of uniting hardwood veneers so thoroughly by a special *waterproof and weatherproof cement* under enormous pressure that an "Indestructo" Trunk is practically jointless—one piece.

This system was invented, patented and is owned and controlled exclusively by us.

"Indestructo" Multi-Ply Strengthened, Waterproof and Weatherproof Hardwood is much tougher and more elastic—has far greater resisting qualities than ordinary wood or common ply wood (usually known as veneer) put together in the old way used in other trunks. The superiority of "Indestructo" is so great and so apparent that there's really no comparison.

All hardware and trimmings used in making "Indestructo" Trunks are cold rolled steel, tempered to an unusual degree of toughness, and heavily brassed.



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THE "Globe-Trotter"
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Tokyo	Kuri
Yokohama	Nikko

—Good for many year
of additional travel

In all ports reached,
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The National Veneer Product

A Word to Trunk Dealers— *"Indestructo" Trunks are being advertised big in most of the prominent magazines. We offer them for [illegible] through one good merchant in each City. We help the merchant, in a special way, to get the business. Write for the "Indestructo" proposition—territories are being closed rapidly.*

, Handsomest
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NKS MARK

Indestructo" Trunks have continuous hardwood runners
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l these, in connection with the round, steel corners, so
nly distribute shocks due to rough handling that liability
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t only supremely strong but also **25 to 50 per cent**
hter than any other trunk of equal carrying capacity.

Thus the carrying capacity in weight of contents is doubled without exceeding the free baggage limit.

"Indestructo" Trunks are Protected Against Loss

HERE is another new and unique idea that "Indestructo" Trunks carry with them.

This "Warning" mark is on both ends of every "Indestructo" Trunk

It is a notice to "baggage smashers" that the trunk is insured and that if they do not handle it with care, their employers are liable for damage to the insuring company

The lower half of this "Warning" mark contains the trunk owner's Registry Number.

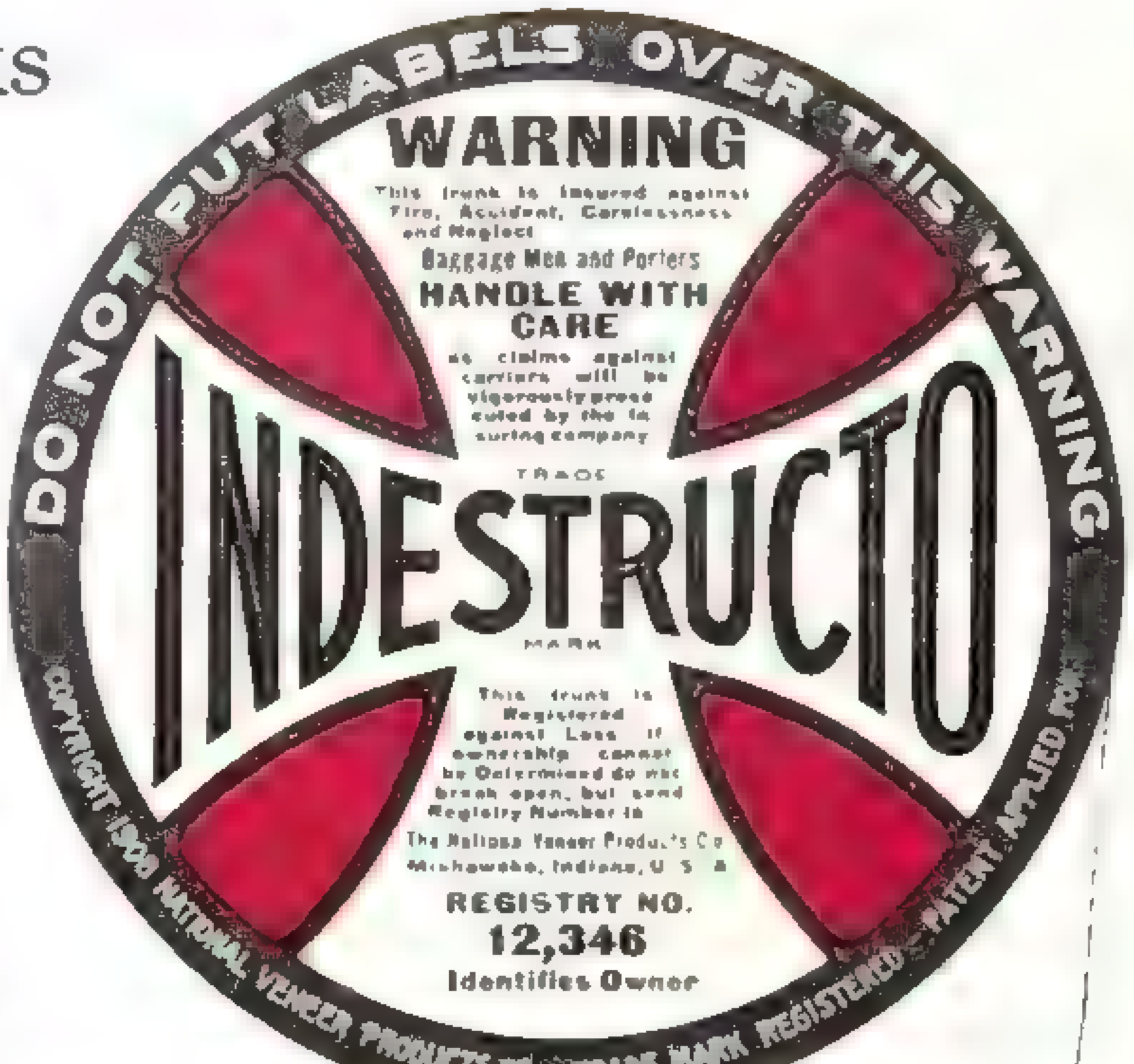
Oftentimes a trunk is lost in transit. It lies in a baggage room, warehouse or hotel for many months—possibly it is broken open in the end in an attempt to identify the ownership and sold at auction to pay storage charges.

The "Indestructo" Registration System avoids this loss

The purchaser of an "Indestructo" Trunk notifies us on a post card, which we furnish with the trunk, numbered to correspond with the number of the trunk and we register the name of the owner beside the number

If *your* "Indestructo" Trunk is ever lost, the number is sent to us to identify ownership and we immediately notify you as to the whereabouts of your trunk

If the "Indestructo" Trunk was not one bit better than any other trunk the Insurance and Registry Features alone should lead you to buy it in preference to any other trunk.


DO NOT PUT LABELS OVER THIS WARNING
WARNING
This trunk is insured against Fire, Accident, Carelessness and Neglect
Baggage Men and Porters
HANDLE WITH CARE
as claims against carriers will be vigorously prosecuted by the insuring company
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This trunk is Registered against Loss. If ownership cannot be Determined do not break open, but send Registry Number to
The National Veneer Products Co
Mishawaka, Indiana, U. S. A.
REGISTRY NO.
12,346
Identifies Owner
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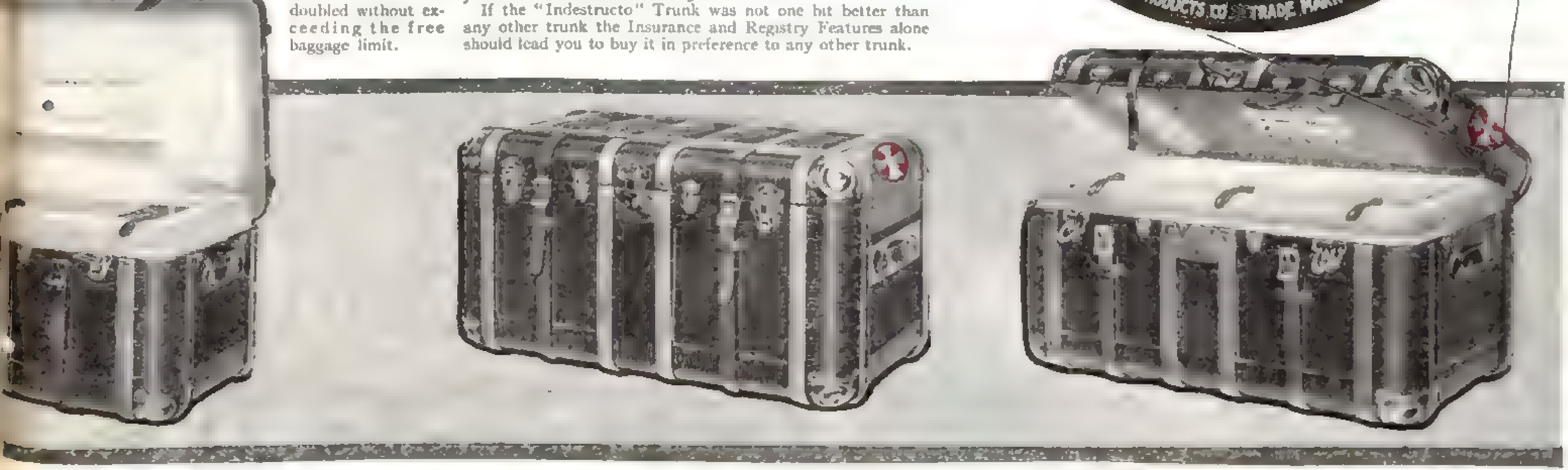

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"INDESTRUCTO" Trunks are the handsomest trunks made. They have a real individuality and they look just as practical, strong and substantial as they really are. Thus they command attention and respect wherever they go. "Indestructo" Multi Ply Strengthened, Waterproof and Weatherproof Hardwood is so tough that it is not necessary to support the wood with canvas or other coverings such as must be used in other trunks. This enables us to finish "Indestructo" Trunks in the rich, natural hardwoods. All of the hardware and trimmings used are of special design. These exclusive features together with the round corners and edges cause the "Indestructo" Trunks to be classed as trunks "de luxe" while practically all other trunks look alike

Every essential feature of "Indestructo" Trunks and the machinery by which they are manufactured are protected against imitation by our U. S. and foreign patents. Hence there can be no substitute. "Indestructo" trunks are not high priced—but they are not too low in price to be satisfactory

Remember, the actual cost of a trunk to you is represented by the retail price divided by the number of years the trunk remains in good serviceable condition, plus the cost of repairs, less the saving in excess baggage charges. Figured in this way—the right way—the "Indestructo" Trunk is the most economical trunk in the world to buy.

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CONSIDER these things when you buy a piano:

Price—Crown Pianos and Crown Combinolas (player-pianos) are the best values at any price.

Terms—You can buy Crown instruments on easy terms—to suit you.

Finish—There is nothing handsomer than the finish on Crown instruments.

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The reputation of the maker is what sells Crown instruments by the thousands. It is really the important thing, after all.

Our little book "How to buy a piano" teaches you all about buying a piano so you are sure to get the full value of your money. We send it and our catalogue P free on request. They are worth asking for.

No matter where you live, we can interest you in terms and prices.

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The Senator's Secretary

SENATOR SMITH, of Michigan—William Alden, of the clinging hand-clasp, the purring: "Why, my boy, anything on earth for *you*"—the sugariest Senator of the set—has been picked up a good many times by experimenting persons as a sort of a professional genial, but has always been dropped in a few moments by the picker-up, the same having acquired other notions upon investigation.

William Alden may be fervent in his handshakes and all that, but whenever he has a few thoughts in his mind which he thinks would look well in the public prints he does not hesitate to let them escape from captivity, no matter whether they will please the country at large or not. Moreover, he has the nerve to get up and say his say about various matters that may be contrary to the opinions of the leaders, when it seems fit to him to say it—an independent and sturdy citizen.

A short time ago they were debating the civil service in the Senate. Now, for years there has been a sort of a halo cast about the civil service. One of our most sacrosanct parties of men have operated under the name and style of civil service reformers, and it has been the understanding that the civil service was being run pretty well along the lines laid down by William Dudley Foulke, our leading specialist in that line.

Without knowing what it means, the slogan of civil service reform has come to be a powerful one, or did come to be years ago, rather, and its force has outlived its active operations. The average Representative or Senator hesitates a long time before he votes to put a crimp in the civil service, although all of them would put it out of business if they could do it secretly, being politicians, for the most part, and desiring patronage.

They skate around the edges of it, cutting many curlicues, but never get to the middle, because they are afraid of it, just as they are afraid of any movement or principle that is backed by the women of the country or the religious bodies. Once in a while, some Senator has the nerve to let go, and that is what Smith did. He let go with a loud shout, and in so doing brought out a fact that has been of common knowledge to a few students of the subject, but which is not known abroad in the country apparently, and that is that there are thousands of people certified by the Civil Service Commission each year for places who have no possible chance of getting on the Government pay-rolls, and that the lure of public office seems to get stronger year by year.

Under the Cloak of Civil Service

"And I desire," said Senator Smith, "to point out that the highways to Washington are literally crowded with applicants for places under the civil service. One hundred and sixty-seven thousand persons were examined during the year ending June 30, 1908, for positions in the public service. Ninety-two thousand nine hundred and twenty passed the required test, and 39,003 were appointed. The young men and women of this country are being lured from other walks of life, where they might help themselves and their families, by a false hope."

Continuing, Senator Smith said the civil service of the country costs two hundred millions of dollars a year, and then he let go this one at the whole system: "I wish to give my opinion, for whatever it may be worth from fourteen years' observation, that the meanest, most contemptible and petty politics in the United States is now carried on under the holy cloak of civil service reform." Having thus established his opinion, the Senator fortified it with further similar assertions and with some concrete instances. That part of it is of more or less interest to the civil service crowd. The point that is of general interest is that so few out of the successful ones at the tests get positions.

It is hard to figure out why a person who can make a living any other way should want to be a Government clerk, but thousands of persons do seem to want to be. My experience with Government employees has led me to think they are

Tremont A style thoroughly in harmony with the ideas of the better dressed. 15c.—2 for 25c.

ARROW COLLARS

"Proper Dress," a booklet sent on request. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, 459 River St., Troy, N. Y.

GLIDDEN'S
GREEN LABEL VARNISHES

Superior White Enamel

is the finest quality of white enamel that can be made. It dries quickly, with a beautiful glossy surface that retains its beauty through exposure and wear and does not turn yellow. Is easily kept clean and is not affected by repeated washing.

It is intended for use on the finest interior woodwork, and can be used over old varnished or painted surfaces with most excellent results after the surface is properly prepared by a competent painter. Can be rubbed to a dull finish or will accept a most beautiful polish.

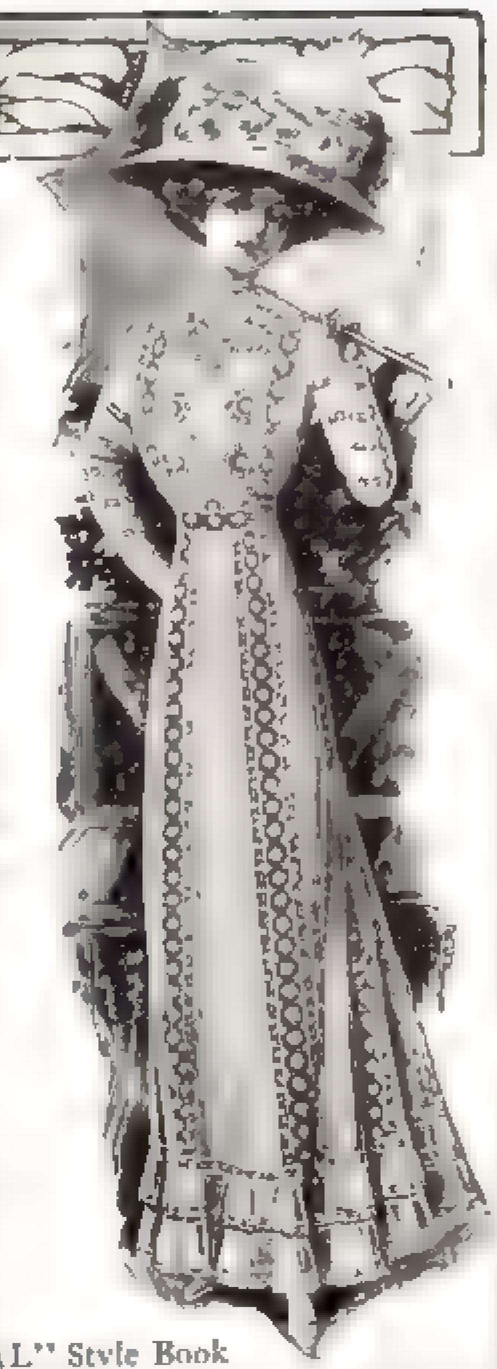
Price $5.00 per gallon. Quarts $1.35 each

VELVET WHITE ENAMEL Similar to the above (and at the same price) except that it dries with an egg shell glow, producing a natural rubbed effect without the necessity of rubbing. Is waterproof and not affected by washing or changes in temperature. Can be successfully used on new or old woodwork, as directed above.

For sale by paint dealers everywhere. If not at yours, we will send by express prepaid on receipt of price.

FULL DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION

The Glidden Varnish Company
Makers of High Grade Varnishes for all purposes.
2469 Rockefeller Building
Cleveland, Ohio



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Again we say: "One copy of the 'National' Style Book is Yours, Free"

All season long we have been advertising to YOU that one copy of the Great "NATIONAL" Style Book is YOURS—FREE. That one copy belongs to YOU—you only need to write for it.

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The "NATIONAL" Style Book will show you every new style in all kinds of [illegible] for [illegible] wear, among them dozens of New York's best styles in Lingerie Dresses and [illegible] Suits from $[illegible] to $19.98, Ready-Made Skirts, $[illegible] to $18.98, Waists from [illegible] to $8.98, Petticoats from 50c to $[illegible], Hats from $[illegible] to $12.98, and also the famous "NATIONAL" Tailored Suits Made To Your Measure of [illegible] and other materials for Summer wear. Price $7.50 to $[illegible].

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For Brides

TECO POTTERY

A delightful, soft, moss green pottery in various forms—ferneries, candelabras, steins, vases, trays, jardinières, etc. Designed by leading artists, sculptors, and architects, and not by paid artisans.

Giving Teco marks [illegible] one possessing art tastes [illegible] No bride ever exchanges Teco for anything else. This speaks its own sermon. To protect yourself against bad imitations look for Teco trade mark. Ask your local dealer or write us for a beautiful book of designs.

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Start your Gas Engine with the
Motsinger Auto-Sparker

and run it without the aid of batteries. Not a cheap magneto but the original high grade speed controlled friction driven dynamo. Perfectly insulated, **water and dust proof. Fully Guaranteed.** Operates make and break and jump spark. Charges all storage batteries for ignition and lighting on a small scale perfectly with our special switch board in the circuit. Ten years actual service with over 36,000 Auto-sparkers in operation to testify to its merit.

MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO.
10 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U. S. A.

HESPERUS A swinging, haunting melody; the essence of summer. A waltz gem. Piano, band, orchestra. **All Dealers**

about as unhappy, as a set, as any other collection of persons in the country. They have easy work, mostly, and good pay, but the very atmosphere into which they come makes them unhappy. No person was ever appointed a clerk in any department who did not begin immediately to scheme for promotion, for more salary, for transfer to some other more desirable place, for extra sick-leave, for extra vacation-leave, for preference in any one of a hundred ways.

No person goes into the civil service who does not find little chiefs of bureaus and heads of departments to whom they must kotow or lose every chance of getting higher on the lists. Cliques of all kinds abound in every department. Departmental politics is involuted, convoluted and polluted. Toadyism is a passport to favor in many instances. Senator Smith knew what he was talking about. A conscientious, hard-working man or woman clerk is forced, for self-preservation, to mix in the departmental politics, to bring influences for protection or preferment, to practice all the petty chicanery to keep his or her own head above water

There are thousands of fine, intelligent, hard-working people on the Government rolls, but the clerks who play up to the little bureau chiefs, the head clerks, the assistants in charge, are the ones who get along, not the clerks who depend on good, honest, hard and efficient work. Moreover, the ones who loaf most and play most politics are the ones who are shoved ahead. Favoritism rules more frequently than merit. It is not a good game to get into.

On the other hand, the big men in the service of the Government work harder for their money than any other men of equal ability in the world. Lloyd Bowers, who by relinquishing his practice in Chicago gave up three or four times his present salary to come down here to become Solicitor-General for the Government, said a few days ago: "Why, there is as much work here in a month as I used to do in six."

The Real Workers

This being a Cabinet official is no sinecure. They work hours and hours a day when the clerks have finished and gone home. So do the assistant secretaries, the lawyers and various of the men who hold the important positions. Take the members of the Supreme Court of the United States. Those nine men work harder than any other nine judges in America, and the popular conception of their duties is that they merely sit in court for a few hours a few days each month and are continually taking recesses.

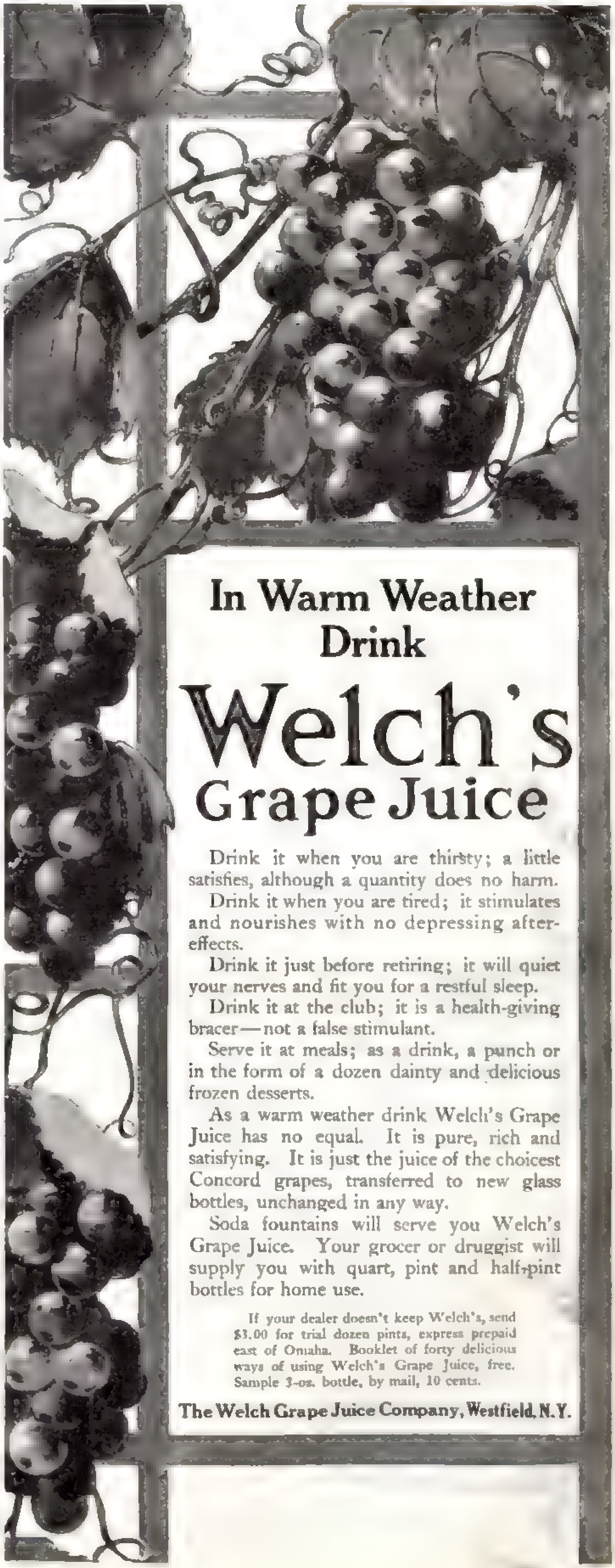
They sit in court for a few hours, but when they get out of court they sit for other hours, and many of them, with pencils in their hands and pads of paper before them, making notes for opinions, analyzing references—working, working, working. And they take recesses often because they have to catch up, and when they are in recess they sit just as many hours with their pencils and their pads and their books, and added to these hours are those they would usually spend in court.

It is so with the Representatives and Senators. Any man in the House, for example, who is at all attentive to his job, and most of them are, has to work early and late to keep up. He has his committee service, his host of departmental matters for constituents, his great correspondence, his pensions and his claims, for each one of them represents approximately two hundred thousand people, most of whom want something in Washington. The Senator gets it in the same way, for he represents the whole State. They must grind continually. At that, few resign.

But Government service, either in the subordinate or the important positions, is not alluring. Just as a job of work, the President of the United States has to labor harder than a truck-driver.

There is one sure way to get Congress jabbering like a lot of banderlog, and that is for some one to stick his head in the door of the Senate or the House and yell "Standard Oil!" That starts them going, for Congress, while partial, perhaps, in its purely Congressional functions to Standard Oil, has behind it about ninety million people who get purple in the face every time the saintly Mr. Rockefeller's institution is mentioned, and Congress takes its tip from the folks back home.

For outsiders there was an amusing instance of this during the last days of the



In Warm Weather Drink

Welch's Grape Juice

Drink it when you are thirsty; a little satisfies, although a quantity does no harm.

Drink it when you are tired; it stimulates and nourishes with no depressing after-effects.

Drink it just before retiring; it will quiet your nerves and fit you for a restful sleep.

Drink it at the club; it is a health-giving bracer—not a false stimulant.

Serve it at meals; as a drink, a punch or in the form of a dozen dainty and delicious frozen desserts.

As a warm weather drink Welch's Grape Juice has no equal. It is pure, rich and satisfying. It is just the juice of the choicest Concord grapes, transferred to new glass bottles, unchanged in any way.

Soda fountains will serve you Welch's Grape Juice. Your grocer or druggist will supply you with quart, pint and half-pint bottles for home use.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send $3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice, free. Sample 3-oz. bottle, by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Be a Furniture Judge Yourself!

2935
English Style Arm Chair, mahogany, leather.

In no other line can defects and deception be as successfully covered up as in upholstered furniture.

Yet you do not have to be at the mercy of the salesman. There is a way to protect yourself against imposition—and to make sure that the goods *under* the covering are as excellent as they appear to be outside.

Karpen Upholstered Furniture is trade-marked with the maker's name. It is also guaranteed. It is the only *trade-marked* and *guaranteed* upholstered furniture in the world.

The trade-mark on every Karpen piece means that the piece will be replaced at any time should any defect whatsoever be developed in workmanship or material.

The Karpen Guaranty stands everywhere and always for Karpen Sterling genuine leather—not split leather, but the tough, natural grained outside of the hide. It stands for genuine fabrics and lasting colors, and for Karpen Steel Springs, the kind specified by the U. S. Government.

2513
Colonial Design, mahogany, leather

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture embodies the highest art of furniture building. Karpen reproductions of the furniture of the famous periods—Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., Chippendale, Flemish, Colonial or the modern Art Nouveau—are absolutely faithful to the originals, while the new Karpen designs show an individual grace and symmetry that at once give them place with this distinguished company.

Send for Karpen Free Style Book PM

See the 500 photographic reproductions of Karpen pieces, and pick out the information you want from its 72 pages.

You will find views of interiors drawn by decorators, showing you how to get the most artistic effects for any room of the house, in any of the great furniture style periods or in the modern designs.

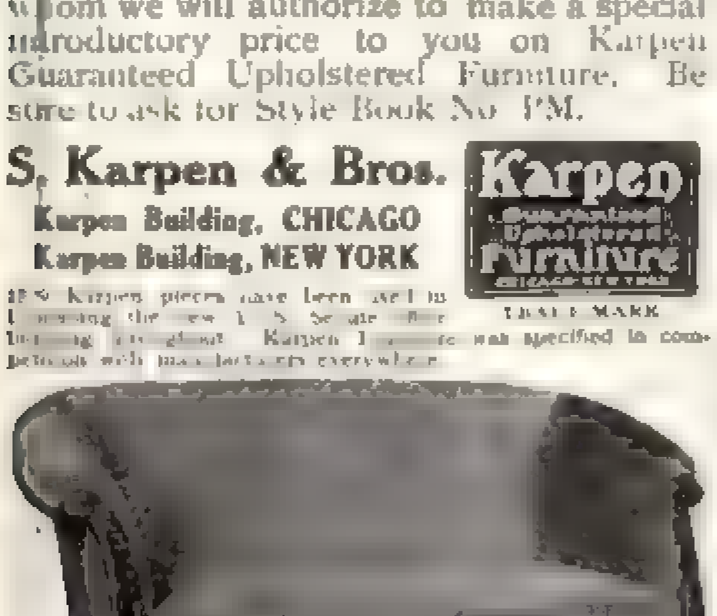
Several pages show our wood finished and leathers in the actual colors. With the book we will send you the name of a dealer in your vicinity whom we will authorize to make a special introductory price to you on Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture. Be sure to ask for Style Book No. PM.

2165
1 Art Nouveau Arm-chair
frieze, mohair, plush

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Building, CHICAGO
Karpen Building, NEW YORK

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO NEW YORK
TRADE MARK

[illegible] Karpen pieces have been used in [illegible] the new U. S. Senate [illegible] throughout. Karpen [illegible] was specified in competition with manufacturers everywhere.



2165
1. Art Nouveau Sofa.
frieze, mohair, plush.

tariff discussion in the House. There were both countervailing and *ad valorem* duties on oil and its products in the Dingley bill, and, knowing the state of mind of the public, the original plot in the present Payne bill was to make oil and its products free. A number of independent oil men came to Washington and stated their case, and the House Ways and Means Committee put back the countervailing duty on oil and it was so reported in the bill.

Well, somebody stuck his head in the door and yelled "Standard Oil!" and the yammering began. "Smite the trust!" they shouted. "Kill the cursed octopus!" The pressure became so great and the noise so deafening that Chairman Payne reported a committee amendment putting the whole business on the free list. It was adopted with less than fifty voting against it and for the continuation of the countervailing duty. All agreed it was a mighty smash at the octopus.

Well, it wasn't. The Standard Oil people probably laughed when they saw what Congress had done. The people it smashed were the independent oil producers who have millions of dollars invested. The Standard Oil Company isn't an oil producer. The Standard produces only eleven per cent of the oil in this country. The Standard is a refiner of oil and provides the market. It makes no difference to the Standard whether it buys its oil of producers in this country or in some other country. It makes no difference whether it shoves its oil through pipes to its refineries—from Oklahoma, for example—or whether it buys it from the tank steamers of Englishmen who have the oil concessions in Mexico, where there are some great fields.

And people wonder at times why those who watch Congress at its work do not take that institution seriously.

Mrs. Taft's Potomac Drive

Still, that is a matter between the oil people and Congress, for, in any event, the consumer will not get anything out of it. Thus, let us turn to happier things. Mrs. Taft has established her Rotten Row. It was opened with great éclat a short time ago. Every carriage that Washington could scrape up was in the jam and all the automobiles. The little Filipino band played merrily in the bandstand and there was a great circulation of fashionable, near-fashionable and never-will-be-fashionable people. All our leading sets were represented. The President and Mrs. Taft drove around, and it was a lovely affair.

What has happened is that Mrs. Taft wanted some place in Washington where everybody could go one or two afternoons a week in the season and be sure of seeing everybody else there. She picked out the park that is in process of construction on the filled lands by the Potomac. Just yet, while there are some good roads, the park is incomplete, though it gives promise of being a most beautiful spot. It was announced that the parade of vehicles was to be an official social enterprise, and word was given out that it would be started on its auspicious career on a certain Saturday afternoon.

The Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds strove for weeks to get a name for the place and finally came to bat with a neat little creation in word painting: "Riverside Drive." Whereat, all Washington gave the Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, who is the major-domo of the Administration, you understand, the hoarse hoot, alleging that it would be just as well to call it Hyde Park, the Malecon, the Bund or any other name that has been used eternally. The Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds gave it up, and Mrs. Taft immediately picked out an appropriate name. She said it was to be called Potomac Drive, and that is the official designation.

Wherefore, look out for Potomac Drive. Having the sanction of Mrs. Taft, who will be in duty bound to keep it moving, now that she is the first patroness, so to speak, all Washington will break its fashionable, near-fashionable and never-will-be-fashionable neck to get down there on the right afternoons when the bands will play and the parade will be best. Washington, as Washingtonians are fond of saying, never takes any but a languid interest in what the President and his family do. Oh, no, not a bit of interest, except to try to butt into everything it can on every occasion. Everybody will be there, and the liverymen are giving hearty cheers for Mrs. Taft.

Landlords Get Highest Rents

Daylighted buildings rent quicker and get the highest rents.

If you own a dark building you must make costly concessions to tenants on that account. Our business is to save you these concessions by flooding your dark building with *daylight*—by supplying your building with a larger *volume* of daylight.

Daylighting Experts

We have a corps of *Daylighting Experts*. They are at your service free of cost.

Daylighting is our one business. We maintain branches and staffs of experts in 20 big cities. We have had years of experience.

Twenty-seven thousand buildings stand today transformed by these experts from dingy, dark structures into pleasant, habitable stores, factories, apartments, etc. We have, in hundreds of these cases, put daylight into the basements so that a newspaper can be read 100 feet from the street line.

We do not know of one of these buildings standing unused today. These buildings are bringing increased rents.

The cost of our services on these buildings has been repaid to the owners over a hundred fold. In fact, the cost is so low, comparatively, that it seems almost nothing.

The Luxfer System of Daylighting Buildings

is found everywhere where results are figured out—from New York to San Francisco—from St. Paul to New Orleans. We have handled in Chicago alone over 4,000 buildings.

On our staffs, in the different cities, are men who are masters of daylighting problems.

The solving of all such problems is their profession—their life's work.

Your problem can be solved by these men.

No two of the 27,000 problems we *have* solved were exactly alike.

We have worked wonders for others in daylighting and we may work wonders for you!

We'll give you letters from business men who will confirm what we say.

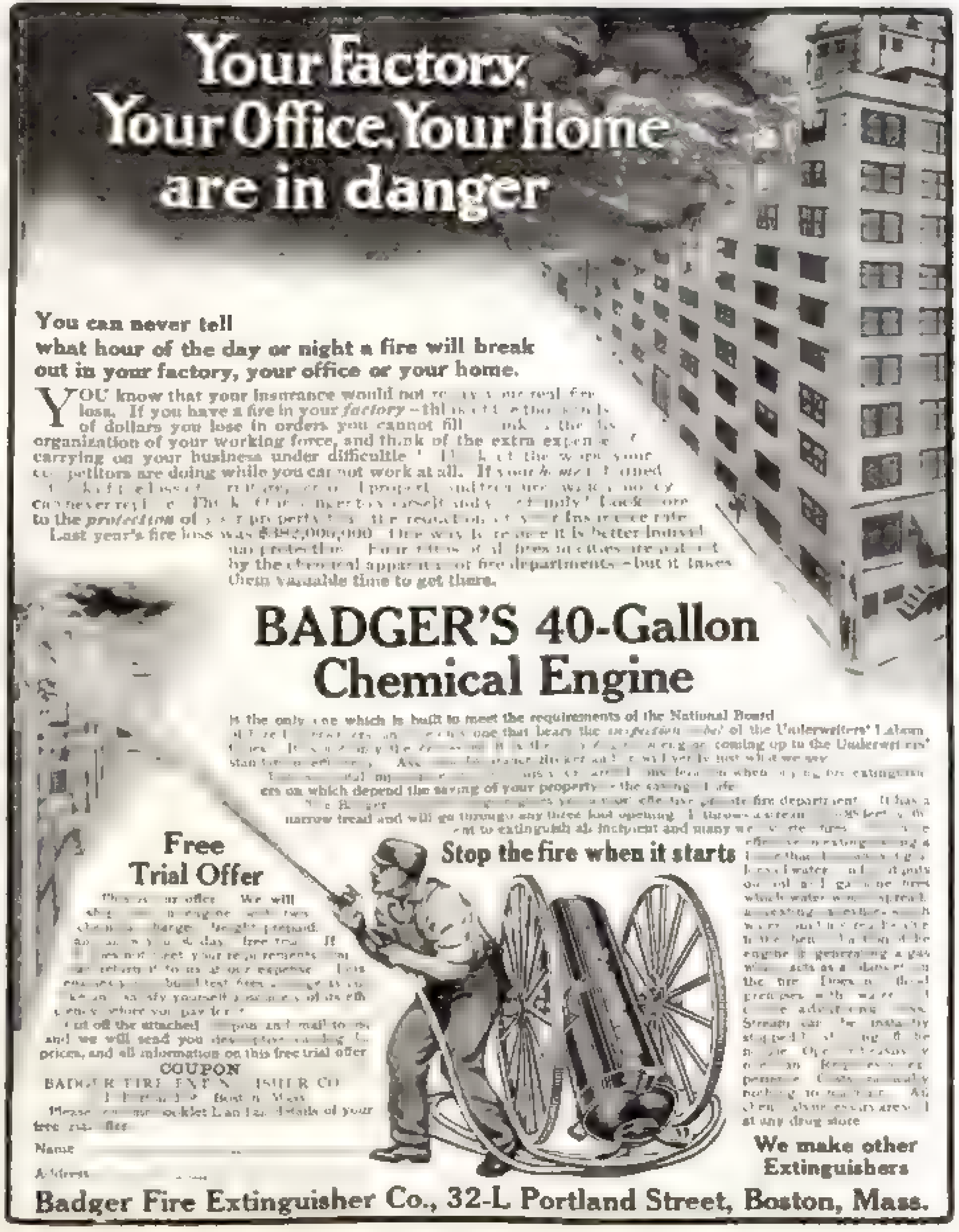
We can put daylight into the remotest corners of the darkest rooms.

Write for our books on the subject. After you've read these books we'll have one of our experts call, if you wish. His call and opinion costs not a penny and places no obligation upon you. Simply write us a postal today for the facts. The wise business man must learn them. We haven't the space for facts here. They're all in our book called "Daylighting."

Cut out this coupon to remind you to write for it.

A Reminder

To write to the American Luxfer System (Inquiry Department) for the book, "Daylighting." Address 1607 Heyworth Building, Chicago.



Your Factory, Your Office, Your Home are in danger

You can never tell what hour of the day or night a fire will break out in your factory, your office or your home.

YOU know that your insurance would not [illegible] your real fire loss. If you have a fire in your *factory*—think of the [illegible] of dollars you lose in orders you cannot fill, [illegible] the [illegible] organization of your working force, and think of the extra expense of carrying on your business under difficulties. [illegible] competitors are doing while you cannot work at all. [illegible] to the *protection* of your property [illegible] the reduction of your insurance rate.

Last year's fire loss was [illegible] it is better [illegible] by the chemical apparatus of fire departments—but it takes them valuable time to get there.

BADGER'S 40-Gallon Chemical Engine

is the only one which is built to meet the requirements of the National Board [illegible] one that bears the *inspection label* of the Underwriters' Laboratories [illegible] coming up to the Underwriters' standard [illegible]

[illegible] ers on which depend the saving of your property [illegible]

[illegible] narrow tread and will go through any three foot opening. [illegible] to extinguish all incipient and many [illegible]

Stop the fire when it starts

[illegible] at any drug store.

Free Trial Offer

[illegible] Cut off the attached coupon and mail to us and we will send you descriptive [illegible] prices, and all information on this free trial offer.

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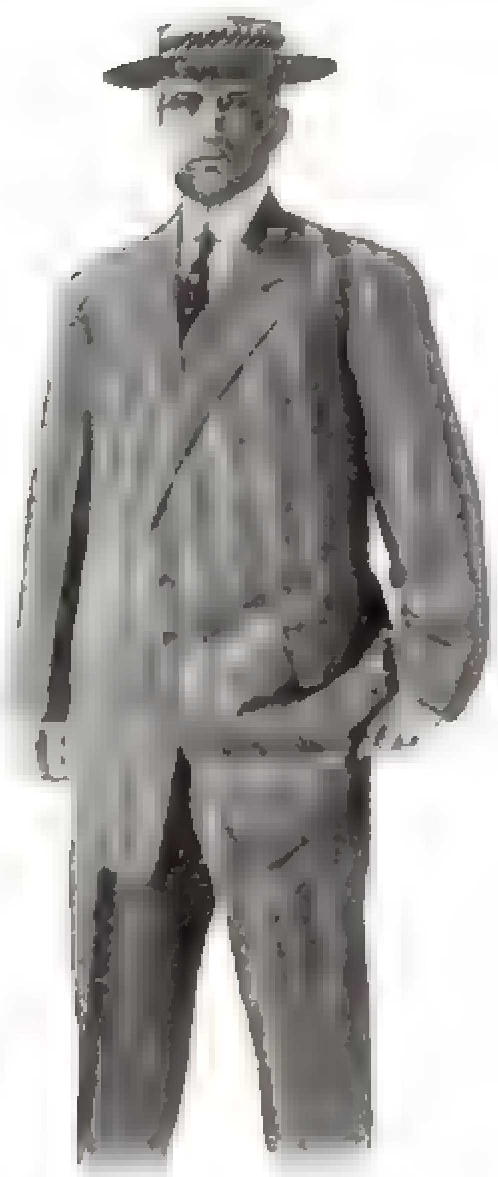
BADGER FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO.
[illegible] Boston, Mass.
Please [illegible] booklet [illegible] details of your free trial offer.
Name
Address

We make other Extinguishers

Badger Fire Extinguisher Co., 32-L Portland Street, Boston, Mass.



Stein-Bloch–The First American Clothes to Capture London

WE sold a large selection of Stein-Bloch clothes to Selfridge & Co., Ltd., London, England, this spring. They were the first American-made clothes ever sold in England, in competition with the best clothes made there.

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., own one of the very important department stores of the British Capital.

They had come to the belief that the critical Englishman could best be satisfied with American-made clothes.

After carefully studying the methods, models and materials of American clothes-makers they placed their order with the Stein-Bloch Company.

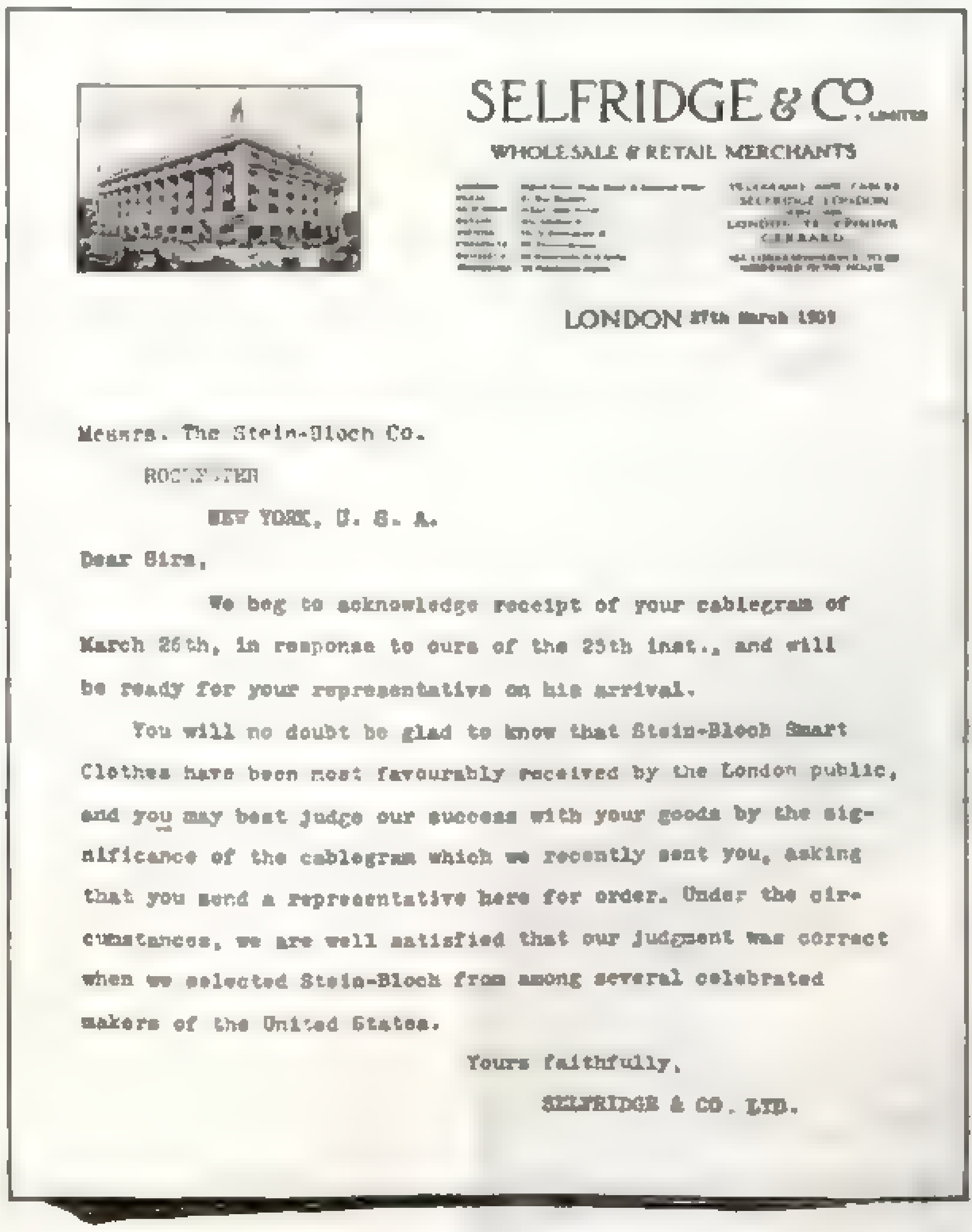
The English people liked the Stein-Bloch clothes so well that inside of thirty days Selfridge & Co., Ltd., cabled us to send a representative to take another order.

The letter of Selfridge & Co. printed herewith tells how these clothes have captured the clothing capital of the world.

It shows conclusively that Stein-Bloch clothes are not only metropolitan in style and material, but genuinely cosmopolitan.

We are proud of this distinction, as any makers of clothes would be. It is a confirmation of the taste and judgment of the best dressed men in America for fifty-four years—the American wearers of Stein-Bloch clothes.

See these same spring and summer models at your leading clothiers'—wherever you live.



SELFRIDGE & Co. LIMITED

WHOLESALE & RETAIL MERCHANTS

LONDON 27th March 1909

Messrs. The Stein-Bloch Co.
ROCHESTER
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Dear Sirs,

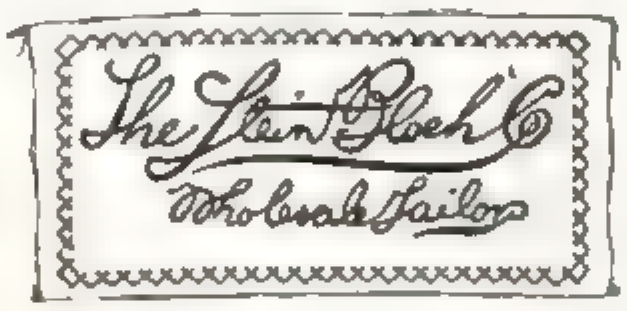
We beg to acknowledge receipt of your cablegram of March 26th, in response to ours of the 25th inst., and will be ready for your representative on his arrival.

You will no doubt be glad to know that Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes have been most favourably received by the London public, and you may best judge our success with your goods by the significance of the cablegram which we recently sent you, asking that you send a representative here for order. Under the circumstances, we are well satisfied that our judgment was correct when we selected Stein-Bloch from among several celebrated makers of the United States.

Yours faithfully,
SELFRIDGE & CO. LTD.

Write for "Smartness"—filled with Spring and Summer fashion photographs

The label that is looked for in London as well as America



The only label that has an international meaning

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:
Offices and Shops

CHICAGO:
1022 Republic Building

NEW YORK:
The Fifth Avenue Building

THIS IS THE
Kleanwell
THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

There are many different Kleanwell shapes. One of them is sure to suit you.
The Kleanwell is handed to you in this box

which is sealed with this seal

You choose the style and shape you want from this Display Case on your dealer's counter

[illegible]

Kleanwell display samples are never sold.
The Kleanwell way protects you from the dust-covered and thumbed over brushes you so often see in this basket

Dolly's Kleanwell, a miniature Tooth Brush, will be sent on receipt of 4 cents

ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
84 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

Brisco Brushes
ARE [illegible] FOR THE HAIR

THE NOMINATION

(Continued from Page 9)

"Why, sir it's all wrong!" spluttered Strutter "I don't intend to refuse that nomination. I have earned it. For the first time in the political history of this city I can be elected with certainty, and I propose to be the next mayor."

"Nevertheless," said Johnson, "I don't want you to deny our statement. How soon can you come up here?"

"I am very busy just now, writing the announcement of my candidacy," declared Mr. Strutter, resuming his stage voice, "and I engaged a room at the Hotel Nouveau this morning to write it. I gave instructions that I should not be disturbed."

"Fine," said Johnson. "But just stop writing that announcement. You won't need it. I'll send Flagg over to see you."

Ten minutes after Flagg had left Daniel Webster Strutter he called up Johnson

"As a matter of duty, Johnson," said Mr. Strutter, in a tone which betrayed how much charity and virtue he took to himself in the announcement, "I feel it incumbent upon me to state that your Mr Flagg is a very bright young man. In fact, a genius, I might say."

"Certainly," replied Johnson dryly. "We pay Flagg a large salary for being bright. We are all bright. That's the only way we can hold our jobs. I'm bright myself"

Johnson had reason during the following week to doubt Flagg's brightness, and even his own. Flagg went on the road, picking up snatches of sleep wherever he could and making one Collinswood after another, and day after day he wired the simple formula, "Nothing doing," until Johnson grew so sick of it that he wired Flagg at the next Collinswood stop:

> Don't say nothing doing in next telegram—say doing nothing.

In the mean time, the inevitable week rolled around. In the office of Cassamine that gentleman complacently looked over the full-page proof-sheet of the Blade's late night extra. That form was to be put on the press and held until the mere flash that the Galway convention had begun its nominations, when the edition would be thrown on the street, necessarily beating the Courier with the announcement of the candidates by not less than half an hour.

Johnson and Lanning were not so complacent; they were excited; for they had the same announcement upon their press, and the moment that the convention of primaries was called to order they threw their edition on the street; and this was the top of their screaming first page:

ROTTERBY FOR MAYOR

GALWAY STILL AT THE HELM!

Slate Named in Cut-and-Dried Convention

This edition was so timed by advice from Ringling that the nomination of Judge Rotterby had just been received with wild huzzas, carefully made for the occasion, when newsboys cried these copies of the Courier at the very doors of the convention hall. With the exception of one name the slate was absolutely accurate, and it was fully fifteen minutes before the Blade could overtake its rival! It was an astounding experience for that paper, which had been in the ascendency for so long, and it almost led to an open rupture between Cassamine and Galway. Somebody, Cassamine argued, had betrayed the slate to the Courier, and since so few of them knew it—well, the organization was not what it used to be!

In the mean time, Johnson was in much travail of spirit. The fact that Flagg, in all the near-by Collinswoods, had failed to find any trace of Rotterby shook his purpose.

LET ROTTERBY EXPLAIN!

What About That Collinswood Affair?

Johnson even had that beautifully suggestive query set up in a gaudy, five-column box, but for three days he pondered it with failing courage, then he killed it and wired Flagg to come home.

In the mean time, those three days had brought around Packard's convention, and on the morning preceding that convention the Courier reiterated its statement that Strutter would refuse the nomination.

This time Strutter did not deny it, even to Dan Packard when that gentleman called for an informal chat.

Are Your Boot Heels Run Down at the Side?
There is Trouble Ahead if They Are

THE NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL
No. 232 to 238 William St., New York, Friday, Feb. 19, 1909

Mend the Heels of Your Shoes Promptly
For Women and Girls Especially a Heel Run Down Often Means Serious Complications.

As soon as a heel on your shoe is worn down HAVE IT MENDED. Don't wait; attend to it at once.

There are tens of thousands in a big city—young women especially—that suffer seriously in their health because they neglect the very simple but important duty of attending to the mending of their shoes.

When your heel is worn at the side or at the back, your body is thrown out of plumb. The center of gravity changes, your nerves and muscles and the brain that directs both are subjected to a constant strain in the effort to readjust the equilibrium. You are unconscious of this, but the effect on your system is none the less harmful.

If you look at a dozen working girls you will find more than half of them with their feet and ankles bent over because the heels of their shoes, often ridiculously high, are worn away.

It would pay the owners of big stores to arrange for a cobbler to do over the shoes of the girls at cost. We should be glad to hear from any big employer willing to adopt this idea. He would be well repaid for his trouble in the better health and the better efficiency of his employees.

Parents should be careful about the shoes of their children—keep the heels low and keep them always in repair. We wish to say as emphatically as possible that great harm may be done to the nervous system of a growing girl by neglecting the feet and the balance of the body.

This is one of the very simple things that people neglect or forget. ATTEND TO IT.

Part of an editorial taken from the New York Evening Journal is reproduced here for your benefit. You are told the danger of throwing the body out of plumb, how it affects injuriously the muscles, nerves, and brain, all of which must be admitted, and all of which is directly traceable to throwing disproportionate weight where it does not belong, when walking or when standing.

What are you going to do about it? Simply this: If you wear leather heels that are too high, have them cut down; if you wear leather heels that are too short to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle, have your heels pulled off and replaced with ones which are long enough and low enough to fit this description.

If you insist upon wearing leather heels, do so; but you must keep them righted up every little while. That, however, is a bother, and it is expensive also.

But If You Want to Do the Sure Thing Have Your Boot Heels Fitted With
O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber

Now you will say: "This is an advertisement. Why O'Sullivan's?" Just because they are the only heels on the market which are made of **Live Rubber**, and because Live Rubber is essential to the mission of the rubber heel.

You cannot tell Live Rubber from ash-barrel rubber at sight, but you can in wearing, because it has elasticity and durability.

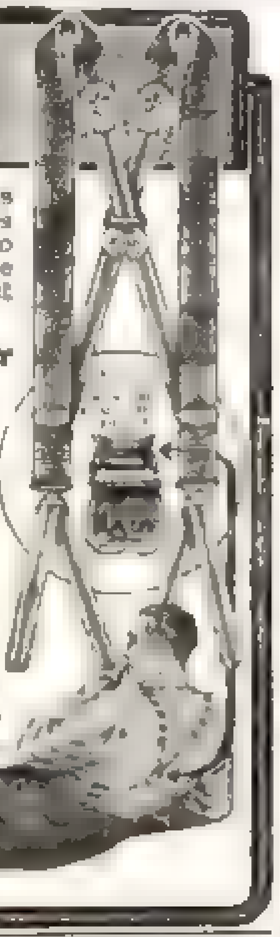
The menace to public health of wearing leather heels is manifold, and it finds expression in the leading American magazines and metropolitan dailies at the present time, therefore, there must be something to it. The leather heel must give way to the heel of Live Rubber, because it ought to.

The editorial above quoted points out the injury which rundown leather heels are to the health. If that were all, it would not be so bad; but the cruel trouble is that the high leather heel renders it impossible to walk gracefully, and predisposes one to weak insteps and all the kindred troubles which follow in their train.

Spring time is here, the athletic spirit is abroad in the land. Walking is the handmaid of Health; it gives one a good appetite, good digestion, and all the blessings which follow a well-ordered organism. **Live Rubber Heels** encourage you to walk; they make it fascinating, and professional pedestrians assert that by wearing Heels of Live Rubber you can cover a greater distance with the same effort.

Any reputable shoe dealer will attach O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber for 50 cents, but there is a great deal of difference in the shop. Reputable stores will not offer you substitutes and will do good work.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.



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is made for the man who works or the man of leisure. It lies flat on the back and has no useless straps or cumbersome cords. Many designs to suit different fancies.

The Double Crown Roller

a device found only on The Kady causes the suspender to conform to every movement of the wearer's body without creating the slightest strain.

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If your dealer doesn't handle "The Kady" [illegible] his name. We will let you know where to get a pair and send our interesting Suspender Booklet.

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50c. PER PAIR

At your dealers, or direct from us by mail.
State size of shoe.

Shadow view showing steel arch through leather top

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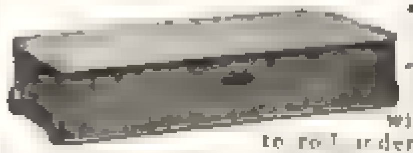

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U. S. Patent [illegible] June 9, 1908 [illegible] Sept. 1, 1908

Hosiery *for* Man Woman *and* Child

that is guaranteed *not* to need darning, is the kind wives and mothers are buying nowadays.

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Buster Brown's
Trade Mark Registered

Guaranteed Hosiery

Read Our Four Guarantees Carefully

(1) New pair for any pair that *wears* through in heel or toe within four months. (Equivalent to six pairs guaranteed six months.)

(2) Money back if you don't find Buster Brown's better quality of material and finer weave than any other 25c stockings.

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These four guarantees protect you against every possible cause of dissatisfaction, so why not try a box at once and *prove* their superiority?

Buster Brown's Guaranteed Stockings are made in Black and Tan for Women and Children, Black, Tan, Navy Blue and Gray for Men—in all sizes. They are sold

FOUR PAIRS FOR $1.00

by high grade department stores and dealers. Ask your dealer to show them to you. If he hasn't them don't accept inferior substitutes, but send us a dollar bill *and the dealer's name*, stating whether for Boys, Girls, Men or Women and giving size or size of shoe and color desired, and we will send you a box of four pairs by return mail, postpaid. Write us for **FREE** copy of Buster's Latest Funny Book. Address

BUSTER BROWN'S HOSIERY MILLS,
320-330 Sherman Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"I see the Courier is saying again this morning, Mr. Strutter, that you will refuse the nomination for mayor," began Packard.

"The Courier is correct, sir, as I told you the other day," said Mr. Strutter, sitting up straight in his swivel-chair, thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his coat.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," observed Packard, carefully repressing a grin; "but I suppose you have your own reasons."

"I have, sir."

"It's tough luck," declared Packard. "The public is strong for you as a candidate. I suppose you bear no ill-feeling toward the party."

"None whatever, sir," Mr. Strutter assured him. "The party is very dear to me."

"For the good of the party, then," Packard resumed, "you won't mind if I come up this evening at the opening of the convention and formally offer you the nomination."

"No objection whatever," said Mr. Strutter sonorously. "If you do, however, I shall formally refuse it—with dignity—with proper dignity, sir."

There was that in Mr. Daniel Webster Strutter's attitude which suggested an indefinable hint of the screaming of the eagle and the waving of the American flag. That stern and rock-ribbed attitude had never pleased Packard so well as now, and after leaving Strutter he immediately hurried to a telephone booth and called up Galway.

"No need to worry about our slate," said he. "I just had Strutter's personal word that he will refuse the nomination; so we can make the grandstand play of offering it to him to square ourselves with the public, and nominate Tom Ball, which will elect Rotterby."

VI

FLAGG dropped off the train a very much discouraged young man, and uptown he stopped in at the Gilman House bar to wash the cinders from his throat. He had just given his order when a spick-and-span gentleman in evening dress and with most careful whiskers ranged beside him.

"Hello, Mr. Cassamine!" said Flagg. "You're just in time. What will you have?"

"A little lithia, thanks," said Cassamine. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, scouting a little," said Flagg. "By the way, Mr. Cassamine, I haven't paid you back my expense money on the last scouting trip I took, and I ought to have given you the money, for the Courier repaid me."

Cassamine looked at him sharply.

"The Courier did!" he protested. "Do you think it was quite ethical of you to let me pay your expenses on a trip for the Courier?"

"It was in this case," laughed Flagg.

"That was the grandest little twenty-dollar bill I ever saw," said he. "If I had not met you, and you had not let me have the money, I would never have been able to follow Packard and Galway to their conference at the capital, I would never have been able to eavesdrop and learn their plans for this campaign, and the Courier would never have been able to scoop the Blade on Galway's slate."

For just one moment Cassamine was angry; but no man can spend a lifetime at the head of the newspaper business without a sense of humor. His eyes began to twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitched.

"It was a rascally bit of work, but very tidy. I didn't know that eavesdropping was one of your accomplishments."

"Neither did I; but you never know what you can do until you try."

"When they fire you on the Courier," laughed Cassamine, "come over to see me."

"Thanks," said Flagg. "Any time they go crazy over there I'll remember that; but they're not going to fire me this year. I know too much." A daring idea flashed into his mind. "For instance, I'm the boy that knows about Rotterby and that Collinswood affair."

Cassamine was startled for a moment, and then he said complacently:

"Much good that is going to do you. You can't prove anything, for the Collinswoods have been dead ten years."

Flagg almost choked.

"Thanks again!" he gasped. "Cassamine, it's going to break me, but I'm going

Madam, be Careful

No silk glove is a genuine Kayser without "Kayser" in the hem.

That name is your protection.
It marks the silk gloves which, for 25 years, all satisfied women have worn.
It designates the gloves with the wonderful fabric—made in our factory from the very cocoon.
It tells you the gloves with the patent tip—with the guarantee in every pair.
It denotes the gloves with that perfection in fit which none but the Kayser gloves ever attained.
And it marks the gloves which go through *fifty operations* to secure their exquisite finish.
These are the features which have made Kaysers the silk gloves of the millions.
They are the features you want, and the features you get when you see "Kayser" in the hem.

"The Kayser"

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Kaysers cost not a penny more than gloves not half so good.

It is not a question of paying the price. For the poorest silk gloves cost as much as the Kayser.

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All we have learned by 25 years of experience costs you no more than an amateur make.

You can get the Kayser fabric, fit and finish at the cost of the commonplace.

And you get our protection—a new pair free if Kaysers are not satisfactory.

Simply insist on the gloves you want—the gloves you have always worn. They have "Kayser" in the hem.

Short Silk Gloves, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25
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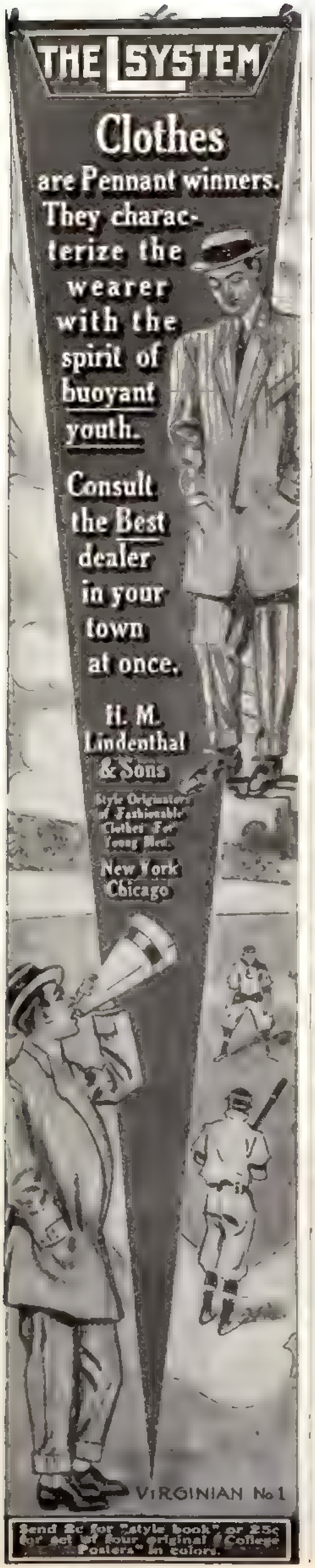
Look for the Name in the Hem



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Clothes are Pennant winners. They characterize the wearer with the spirit of buoyant youth.

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Style Originators of Fashionable Clothes For Young Men.

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VIRGINIAN No 1

Send 2c for "style book" or 25c for set of four original "College Posters" in colors.

to pay you that twenty in cash, right now;" and he counted out the money, much to Cassamine's astonishment

"There's no hurry about this," offered Cassamine graciously, shoving the pile of money toward Flagg

"No," declined Flagg, shoving it back almost hysterically. "keep it. It's worth the money Thanks and thanks again." and he walked out, filled with mingled glee and self-reproach. So Collinswood wasn't a town after all, but a man!

On the sidewalk Flagg met a procession consisting of Dan Packard, Tom Ball, Tim Fogarty, Reese of the Blade, and Ringling of the Courier. He fell in between the two latter.

"What's doing?" he asked.

"Packard is chairman of the nominating committee, and is going up to formally offer Strutter the nomination for mayor," said Ringling with a grin.

"By George, that's so!" exclaimed Flagg. "This is the night of the convention. Lend me a Roman candle or two and I'll go along."

He and Reese were still chaffing each other when they turned into the office of Mr. Strutter.

Daniel Webster Strutter was there to receive them; indeed he was! He had been there and waiting for the past hour, with his blackest frock coat on, his waving gray hair its shiniest, and his right hand already thrust into the bosom of his coat.

"Mr. Strutter," said Mr. Packard, clearing his throat, planting himself firmly before Mr. Strutter, and unfolding a typewritten sheet of paper from which he proceeded to read: "Obeying the popular demand for a leader of known integrity, of flawless reputation and of public spirit, we come formally to you this evening with a proffer of the highest civic honor possible at the hands of your party. We recognize in you a gentleman thoroughly capable in every respect of leading us on to victory We recognize in you not only a man of exceptional ability, but a patriot, who would, at the sacrifice of his own personal interests, answer to the call of duty; one who would step from the peace and serenity of private life into the broad glare of publicity for the common good; one who, casting aside all individual preference, would come to the aid of the grand old party of his fathers; and, therefore, Mr. Strutter, we offer you and beseech you to accept at the hands of that party the nomination for the mayorship of this your native city."

Flagg, casting his eye aside at Reese, saw that capable and enterprising reporter, with a contemplative smile, unconsciously shaping the words with his lips as Packard read.

"Fine little speech, that, Reese," he observed. "Product of the midnight oil, I suppose. Cassamine help you?"

"Hush," said Reese, annoyed. "Listen to the gentleman. He is now about to decline. And they said Galway's convention was cut-and-dried!" This last in withering irony.

Daniel Webster Strutter straightened himself to his fullest extent. Once more he smoothed his waving gray locks with his left hand; once more he thrust his chest forth, and assuming his favorite attitude of Patrick Henry uttering defiance to tyranny, demanded:

"In what capacity do you offer me this high honor!"

"As chairman of the nominating committee," replied Packard with a puzzled frown. This was slightly irregular; not exactly according to schedule.

"Then, Mr. Packard," declaimed Daniel Webster Strutter in his deepest and most Spartan voice, "I respectfully decline that honor. I will have no favors at the hands of any individual. I will bind myself in allegiance to no clique or clan. I will not enter politics except as a free man, bound only to the flawless principles of my grand old party and to the dictates of my own conscience; therefore I firmly and unfalteringly decline the nomination to the high office of mayor at your hands. Not until my *party* calls will I answer. If that time shall ever come I shall feel in duty bound to obey that call, and shall sacrifice myself, my time, my ability, my individual preference, the ease and comfort of my private life, in any way that my party may dictate. Gentlemen, I repeat that at *your* hands I cannot accept this nomination. I decline. *But*, if the patriots of my party, in conference assembled and *as* a convention, by a majority vote demand my running for mayor, I shall gladly accept the honor of

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For the boy — the lively and healthy kind, who needs foot-freedom.

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For ALL who would seek real, true foot-comfort.

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SIZES:

First Steps, 2 to 6, \$1.25 and \$1.35.
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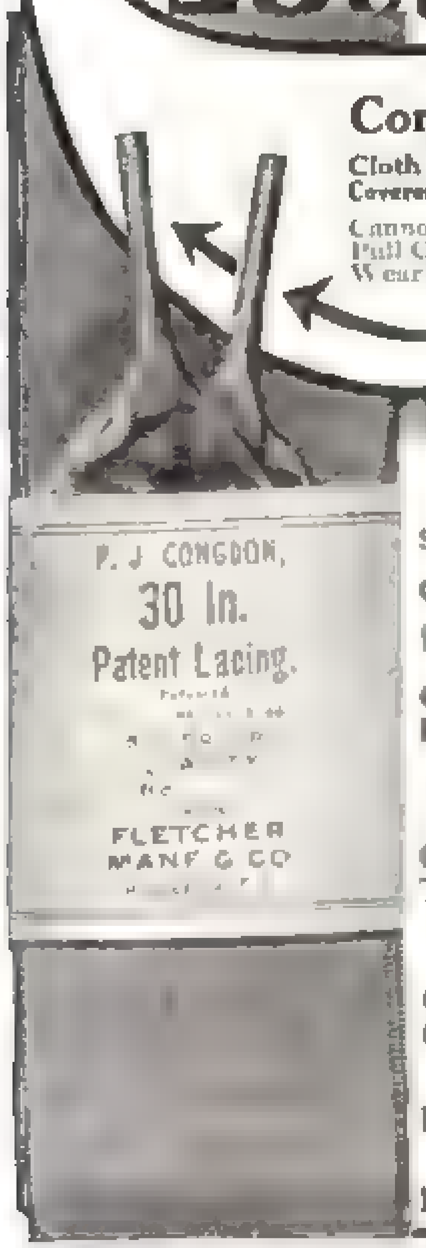
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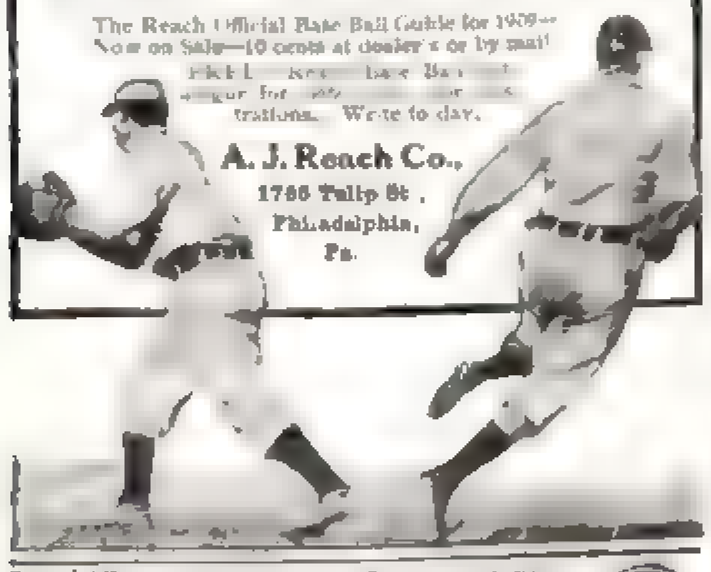
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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 38, Washington, D.C.
Established 1869

the nomination. This declination, in the exact words I have just used I have written here as my message to your convention, and Mr. Flagg, whom I see here present, shall be my personal representative before that convention to deliver that message."

The face of Dan Packard had grown livid. Tom Ball stood as one stunned.

Flagg slapped Reese on the back.

"That is *one* of the pin-wheels," he exulted.

It was Ringling, however, who publicly betrayed his ribald glee.

"Hep, hep, hep-hep-hep," said he. "'Bout face!"

"Wait a minute!" said little Tom Ball, of the comedy mustache and the squeaky voice, squaring himself off in his favorite oratorical pose. "When our grand old party ——"

Packard, seeing a speech coming, jerked him by the arm, but there was no need, for Daniel Webster Strutter held up a commanding right hand in an attitude patterned carefully after another of the famous fancy pictures of Patrick Henry.

"Gentlemen, I have no more to say and no more to hear. I shall await in my office the pleasure of your convention."

There being nothing else to do, the committee slowly and gloomily trudged its way back to the convention, and sat in agitated silence while Flagg opened Daniel Webster Strutter's letter of declination, smoothed the back of his hair with his left hand, thrust his right hand into the bosom of his coat, and read that bombshell as sonorously and as pompously as he could. There was an instant of stunned silence, and then some irrepressible ass in the convention, seeing vaguely that the slate had gone to pieces and being too far carried off his feet by enthusiasm to seek the eye of Dan Packard, did the inevadable thing.

"I move that this convention as a body nominate Daniel W. Strutter as our only candidate for mayor!" he shouted in one breath.

Another enthusiast jumped up and seconded. The chairman paled, and in bewilderment repeated the motion, adding, as a straw-grasping afterthought, that the nomination was now open for debate.

There came a dozen cries of "Question! Question! Question!"

Packard struggled to his feet and attempted to address the meeting. A desperate idea had sprung into his mind to construe Strutter's letter as an insult to the convention; but he could not overcome that clamor of "Question! Question! Question!" Dragged down by the hysteria of the moment the chairman put the question, which was carried by an acclamation of such forcibleness as to be deafening. There was such an absurdly obvious majority that the chairman tapped his gavel and announced the nomination as carried.

Enthusiast number one was upon his feet in an instant with a motion that a committee be appointed immediately to wait upon Daniel W. Strutter and apprise him of the action of the convention. That motion, too, was carried as quickly as the other; then the chairman, still bewildered and without any sense of the tremendous satire in his action, appointed as that committee Dan Packard, Tom Ball and Tim Fogarty.

"Gentlemen, this motion carries our gull-lorious party on to victory for the first time in twenty years!" cried Flagg. "The record of Daniel W. Strutter is as clean as a whistle, but that of his opponent has a fatal flaw, and at the proper time this city will ring with the history of Judge Rotterby and the *damning Collinswood affair!* With Strutter in *we win!* And to the victors belong the spoils!"

The cheers of wild enthusiasm which followed formed a death-knell to the plans of Dan Packard and Boss Galway.

As Ringling, Reese and Flagg followed the crestfallen committee downstairs, Ringling quickly turned to Flagg with a quite natural question.

"What is that Collinswood affair?" he wanted to know.

"Search me!" replied Flagg.

"I seem to remember something or other about a Collinswood estate mix-up," observed Ringling thoughtfully. "A girl in it, too, I think."

"Oh, fine!" exulted Flagg. "You can gamble that if a scandal were to be buried a thousand years it would come out against a man in a campaign."

Editor's Note — This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Chester dealing with the building-up of a yellow newspaper

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We mention these facts merely to show that it is not economy alone, but convenience, that counts most with the men who use the GILLETTE. They respect it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket-case is made in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved. Handle and blade box each triple silver-plated or 14 K. gold-plated — *the blades are fine.* Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush — a new brush of GILLETTE quality — bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick — a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

New York, Times Bldg. [illegible] *Exchange Bldg.* [illegible] GILLETTE SALES CO. *Canadian Office* [illegible] *St. Alexander St. Montreal*
306 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Gillette Safety Razor

When You Buy a Leather Rocker

Tell the salesman you want to see the Seng Spring. Look for it under the seat just above the base. *Look for the Diamond Trade-Mark.*

The Seng Spring takes the place of the old-fashioned wooden rockers. It is, indeed, a *rocking spring* — a spring and rocker combined — which not only rocks but supports, buoyantly, the entire chair. It *reinforces* the upholstery.

The Seng Spring does for the leather rocker exactly what the pneumatic tire does for automobiles — absorbs the shock and jar. It doubles the comfort and doubles the endurance of the chair. A well-designed leather rocker fitted with the Seng Spring is positively the most luxuriously comfortable rocker ever made.

SENG Turkish Rocker SPRING

The best leather rockers are fitted with the Seng Spring. Don't buy a leather rocker mounted on old-fashioned wooden rockers [illegible] Insist upon a Seng Spring because a leather [illegible]

Ask Us For Our Booklet [illegible] will tell you more about leather rockers in [illegible] booklet describes the [illegible]

THE SENG COMPANY, 47 Dayton Street, Chicago, Ill.

GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS

This is the Diamond Trade-Mark Label of the Seng Spring. Look for it on the front part of the Spring. Not genuine unless this trade-mark appears.

SILENCE and POWER together with SPEED and the M. M. SIMPLICITY of construction is why the

M. M. Motorcycle is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its [illegible] quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities proves it an ideal Motorcycle. Dealers wanted.

M. M. MOTOR COMPANY, Brockton, Mass.

"Get There" at a price to suit you direct for a
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MOTOR BUGGY
Built for country roads, hills and [illegible] Write for Book No. A 228.
BLACK MFG COMPANY 124 E. Ohio St. Chicago Ill
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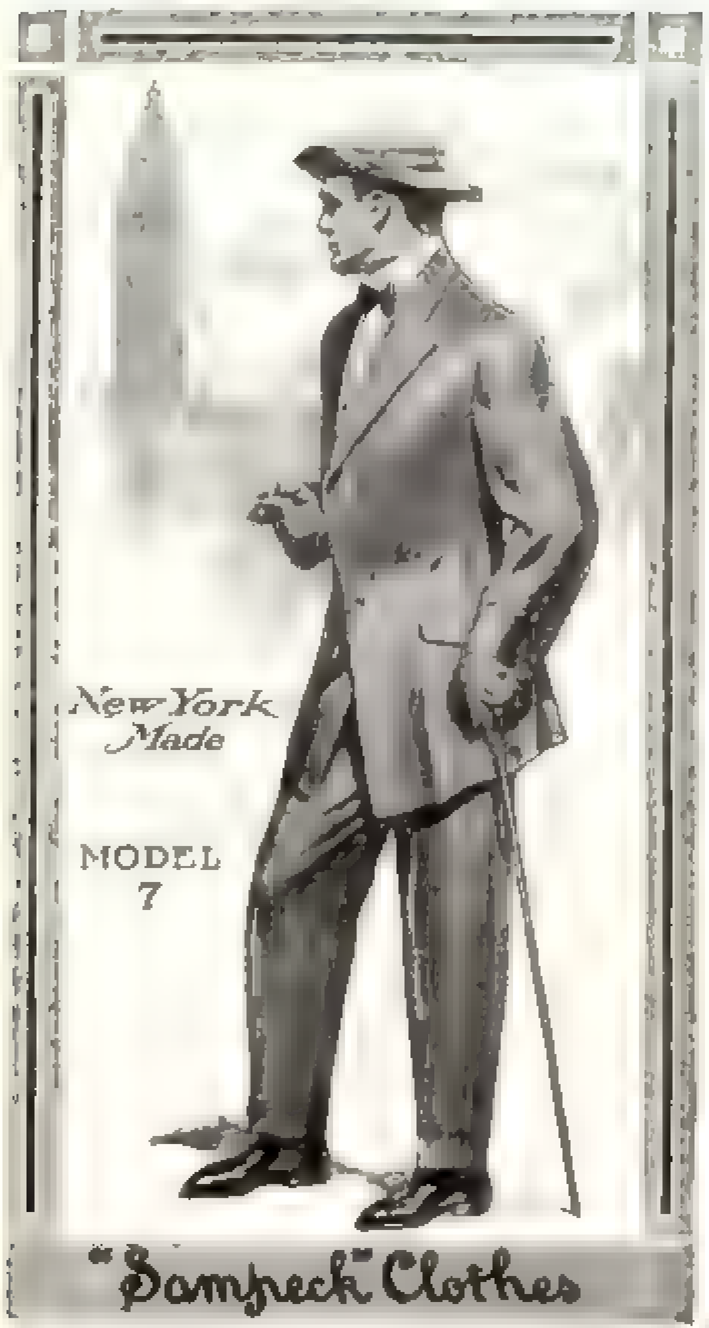


"Sampeck" Clothes

for

Young Men

ETCH THE NAME, *"Sampeck"* INTO YOUR MEMORY. It means clothes for Young men with the *Fifth Avenue* drape and poise.

"Sampeck" Clothes are conceived and created in our own tailoring studios, which pledges their *style-correctness.* Thirty-three years' experience and the best-drilled tailoring organization in America vouch the *fabrics* and *finish.*

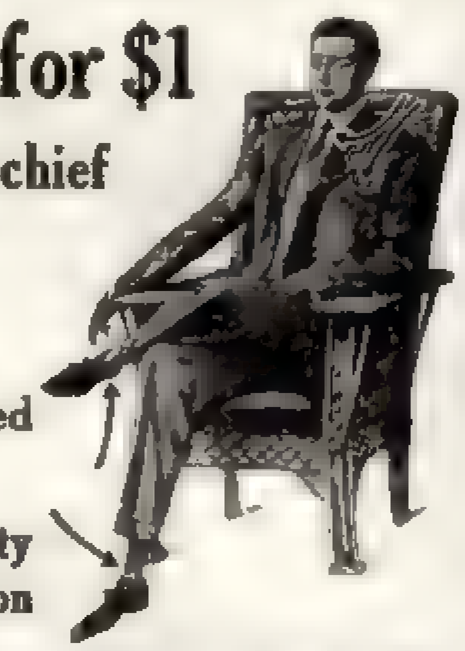
Demand the brand, *"Sampeck"* of *your* clothes-shop. Our label is in *every* garment. The fascinating "COLLEGE ALMANAC" "A" of Dress and Sports sent *free* for a postal.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
NEW YORK

All 3 for $1

Handkerchief
Scarf
Hose
in Matched Colors

The Novelty of the Season



Sets of Men's Scarf, Half-hose and Handkerchief in matched colors. We offer set consisting of Silk reversible four-in-hand (slips easy on tight collar bands), one pair full fashioned silk lisle half hose and one heavy Japanese Silk Handkerchief in matched color. Regular $3 retail value, postpaid for $1. Finer quality, warranted pure thread silk half hose, English square four-in-hand, larger and heavier handkerchief—regular $5 retail value, for $2 a set.

Choice of 27 New Spring Shades

State color desired, size of half hose, and remit $1 or $2 for the finer quality by Express or Postal Money Order, and set will be sent, carriage free, on receipt of remittance. Money promptly refunded if goods are not entirely satisfactory. Selling agents wanted. Retail trade supplied.

MEN'S WEAR MFG. CO.
Dept. 9, 1960 Broadway, New York

GOOSIE

(Continued from Page 19)

Sometimes he played with his shadow; he tried to lose it. With a sudden bound that was meant to take it unaware he was off, along the crest, at vertiginous speed. He went on thus, mile after mile; mile after mile, razing the peaks, he passed along the crest like a white thunderbolt, his wings a blur, his body streaming behind like an arrow. His head struck the air, broke it, parted it; it slid along his flanks in a caress that penetrated to his heart. But always beneath him, like a menace in water-depths, springing from peak to peak in huge, flaccid leaps, stubborn and black, his shadow followed him.

Of all the lines he knew, however, the one that he loved best was the one he drew when returning to the cabin at sunset. He would come to the meadow from the high mountains at a high altitude, and then, placing himself carefully above it, he would fold his wings and drop.

He shot down like an arrow in a long, palpitant line, and then, two hundred yards from the sward, opened his wings in an explosion of fluffy whiteness.

Out of this line he obtained a profound sensation of beauty, of beauty in simplicity. It was as though he had drawn a long, slender stalk that opened in a white chalice; as though he had planted a flower, a cosmic flower, there in the bosom of the sky.

In the evening, after his meal and his pipe, he winged away to a last adventure which was as a prayer. Leaving the warm glow of his campfire he soared upward into the violet night. The earth fell away beneath him, a blue blur, a shadow, till finally the shadow itself whelmed in nocturnal profundities, and of the earth there remained nothing but the little fire, the little fire gleaming red in the clearing. He rose. The night accepted him with silence and solemnity in a velvety envelopment. He rose. The stars, at first, were all above him; gradually new cohorts of them appeared to his right and his left, on all sides; and finally his fire, down in the clearing, itself become a star, closed a perfect sphere. He was the center of a universe of stars; the soft beating of his wings was as the hushed tolling of their eternities; the rustle of his wings the crackling of their flames. They moved as he moved; always their center, he could not approach them. And thus encircled, sometimes bewildered, he lost his way. He forgot which star was his; seized with sudden fright he winged one way and another in mad dashes toward cold stars which fled him.

But always, finally remembering, he could find his way merely by folding his wings.

He folded his wings, and immediately, of all the stars, the little, red, winking one came rushing to him while the others slid by. It came rushing to him fiercely, with a sort of jealous and almost ludicrous haste, its face red with effort. And with it came the earth, a shadow, a fragrance; its warm, sweet breath fanned his cheek. Spreading largely his wings he lit softly upon the grass, by the little fire, by the cabin.

XI

MAN changes. Toward the end of summer Charles-Norton found himself insensibly altering the glorious routine of his altitudinous existence.

One day he was tempted by the great plain lying golden to the west. Idly, he let himself float down the mountainsides in long, descending diagonals, and suddenly found himself above a farm in the plain. In the back yard children were playing; a man was sharpening a plowshare at a wheel, and out of the kitchen shed there came a clatter of dishes and the voice of a woman in song. Seized by a sudden perverse humor, Charles-Norton swooped into the chicken-yard and snatched a hen which, feeling herself rising in his hand, straightway shut her eyes and died of imagination. A scream rose from the earth, and looking down Charles-Norton saw the three little children, legs apart, hands behind them, gazing up with white eyes; the man, back to the wheel, had his mouth open, as if inviting his vanishing fowl to drop back into it; and out of the kitchen door a wide woman suddenly popped, her lips working in malediction. His amusement a bit dampened by this consternation and by the unforeseen conduct of the hen, Charles-Norton went

A One-Piece Roof

The same space covered with a single roll of Ruberoid roofing would require at least ***600 shingles.***

600 separate pieces of wood, each inclined to warp a different way.

1,800 ***exposed edges***—1,800 chances for leaks.

Yet a roof of Ruberoid, whether it requires one roll, or 100, is practically a one-piece roof.

For with each roll comes our exclusive product, Ruberine cement, with which the seams and edges are cemented together—sealed against warping—sealed against the weather.

A Ruberoid roof is heat proof, cold proof, rain proof. It resists acids, gases and fumes.

Ruberoid is Fire-Resisting

And it is so nearly fireproof that you can throw burning coals on it without danger of setting fire either to the Ruberoid, or to the timbers underneath.

Ruberoid roofing is so simple to apply that you can lay it yourself; or you can have it laid without using skilled labor.

For the service it gives it is the cheapest of all roofings—whether used on home, barn, outbuilding, factory, warehouse, store.

The first large Ruberoid roof ever laid—a foundry roof put on in 1892—is still weather tight, still flexible, after seventeen solid years of service.

But do not confuse Ruberoid with other ready roofings. Ruberoid was the first ready roofing by several years.

Beware These Substitutes

Today there are 300 substitutes. They have names which ***sound*** like Ruberoid. ***Before they are laid,*** most of these substitutes ***look*** like Ruberoid.

But there the resemblance ends. For in Ruberoid, and Ruberoid alone, is used the exclusive processed Ruberoid gum. This wonderful flexible gum is the vital element which no other maker can copy.

Another Ruberoid feature is that it comes in colors—attractive Red, Brown, Green—suitable for the finest home. These colors do not wear off or fade—they are a ***part*** of the roofing, itself.

Before you decide on ***any*** roofing, for ***any*** purpose, learn about ***all*** kinds of roofings.

Simply ask for our free book which tells the results of twenty years of tests with shingles, iron, tin, tar and ready roofings.

It is a gold mine of roofing knowledge, and will be sent free to all who address Dept. 89 E, The Standard Paint Company, 100 William Street, New York.

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(REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Be sure to look for this registered trademark which is stamped every four feet on the *under* side of all genuine Ruberoid. This is your protection against substitutes which many dealers brazenly sell as Ruberoid. Ruberoid is usually sold by but one dealer in a town. We will tell you the name of your Ruberoid dealer when you send for our free book.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY, Bound Brook, N. J.
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Slip on a Roxford Coat-Shirt!

IT'S the most comfortable garment and the most satisfactory material you ever wore. *Now* you can get *all* the new style under-garments in Roxford—that knitted "balbriggan" that you've known for years. A vast improvement over the same garments made of lady-like muslin and nainsook.

Your size fits to a dot. The drawers are ample and easy in crotch and seat. Non-shrinking. Absorbs perspiration; prevents chilling. *There is a little book on*

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FOR MEN AND BOYS. It tells all about this great improvement in masculine under-garments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It is well worth writing for.*

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Any style, any weight, for any climate. 50c., 75c., $1.00 per garment. Send your name for the book and please yourself.

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K, Philadelphia

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Are you perfectly satisfied with your present conditions in life; or do you yearn for better things? Do you long for a larger life, greater prosperity, better health and more perfect happiness? Know this then. Your **thoughts make you. Learn to think right and to control your thoughts, and your fondest hopes will be realized, your greatest ambition will become a reality.** How to do it is the question, and the answer is: By reading our truly wonderful little volume just published, entitled, **"Thoughts Are Things,"** which contains six intensely interesting and fascinating chapters on the much discussed subject—The Power of Thought. They are: 1. **Thoughts Are Things; 2. Thought Currents; 3. Thought Atmospheres; 4. The Magnet of Thought; 5. Creative Thoughts; 6. Your Latent Powers.** Do not delay any longer. Get all the benefits of right thinking at once. Send only **10 CENTS** (coin or stamps) today and get by return mail a copy of **"Thoughts Are Things"** and two copies of our monthly magazine ETERNAL PROGRESS, the reading of which will put you on the road to the best that life can yield. Address

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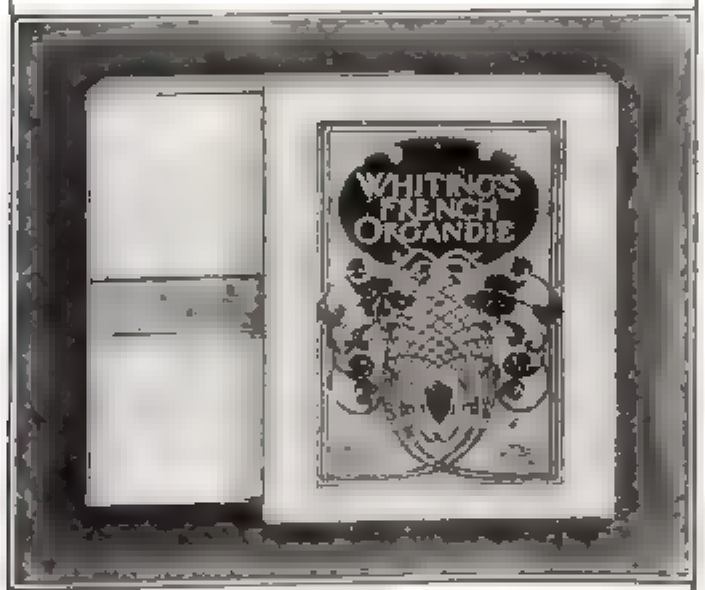

The first American paper made with the fabric finish, which is so popular, was

Whiting's French Organdie

This paper, or some variation of it, has become a necessary adjunct to the writing desk of every woman who must have the best. A companion paper to the French Organdie, but of a less pronounced surface finish is the

Whiting's Organdie Glacé

Both papers are made in London White, Egyptian Blue, Ash Gray, and other popular shades.

*When you think of writing
think of Whiting*

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PATTERSON

In buying a hammock

or hammock-couch look for the name **PATTERSON** "Patterson" stands for *quality* and *value*, and a guarantee to both you and your dealer of strength, safety, style and lasting satisfaction.

That is why we say —
"If it's made by Patterson you take no chances."

Patterson

The Patterson Hammock-Couch can be used with or without a mattress. Has pocket attached. Valance can be tied up to form a back rest or wind shield, making it the *only complete* couch. With both sides tied up you have a cosy nest for baby. There is *safety* in Patterson Hammocks.

Ask the dealer for Patterson Guaranteed Hammocks and Couches. Don't take a substitute. If he can't show the **PATTERSON**, with the name on write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Look for the name

Write for illustrated book "Hammock Comfort."

Patterson Mfg. Co. Indiana Ave. and A St. Dept. A, Philadelphia

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winging back, the dead fowl dangling at the end of his arm, to his retreat, and that night, when the pangs of his conscience had somewhat moderated, enjoyed the best dinner he had had for many days.

This incident reawakened in Charles-Norton a certain interest in humankind. He began to visit the valley more often.

The valley was some hundred miles south of his meadow. It was a great cleft that split the mountain range from crest to center. Its walls were perpendicular and glacier-polished, and sculptured at the top into smooth domes and fretted spires. Down these sheer walls, here and there, coming to them without suspicion, whole rivers fell—some in rockets of diamonds, others chastely, in thin flight, like shifting and impalpable veils, others in great lustrous columns that struck the rocky bottom with thunderous impact and rebounded high in clouds of pulverized silver.

This valley seemed full of people. They came in from the west in stages. They lived in a large structure at the bottom, which Charles-Norton surmised to be a hotel, and hundreds camped along the banks of the river which wound light-green through the dark-green meadows. They wandered about incessantly, like ants; most of the time at the bottom, but a good deal of the time, also, along the vertical sides, toiling pantingly up narrow trails laid like the coils of a riata, till they reached points of vantage—domes, pinnacles, heads of falls—whereupon they sat down and devoured sandwiches.

When Charles-Norton had first discovered the valley he had fled from it at the sight of human beings. But now, often, a secret impulse urged him to it. He spent days there, crouching upon the top curve of a great half-dome from which he could look down and watch the little beings at their lives—walking about, cooking their meals, eating them, or following the arduous windings of the trails with sweating noses. At night their fires twinkled red; and once, when Charles-Norton, wrapped in the secrecy of the dark, had slowly floated the whole length of the valley above them, there had come to him, softened and blended by distance, the harmony of their voices in song.

At first he had felt but disdain for them, but gradually another feeling had come to him. They were so slow and crawly and helpless—and yet so indomitable. A vague pity, almost a respect, swelled within him as he watched them panting and perspiring and toiling up the slopes, reaching thus with untold effort heights insignificant to him, from which they presently tumbled down again after their inevitable lunch of sandwiches. This new interest expressed itself rudimentarily in a perverse desire to tease them. Yielding to it, one afternoon in broad daylight he sailed the whole length of the valley, going slowly, resplendent in the sun. He could see the little beings gather in groups, and see the little yellow faces screwed up toward him; and upon the stage, gliding in from the west like a Cinderella coach drawn by six white mice, all the passengers were standing with milling arms. With a few strong beats he whizzed out of range and returned to his meadow, chuckling.

He was back again the next day, though, and the next; and of evenings he began to hover about the Upper Inn.

The Upper Inn was a little chalet built right on the edge of the valley's northern wall. It crouched there, small as a toy in the chaos of huge domes surrounding it, backed up against a great, granite-rooted tamarack as if in fear of the abyss yawning at its feet. From its veranda a glance fell sheer along the glacier-polished wall to the valley floor three thousand feet below.

Charles-Norton of evenings liked to hover in the void in front of the inn, his head even with the veranda, his body dangling beneath, while he looked through the glass door into the hall within. Always a red fire glowed there within a large black fireplace; and about it men and women, in garments fresh and clean after the day's climbing, sat chatting or reading. Among them was a young woman who interested Charles-Norton. She was slim and very fair, with hair that lay light upon her head as a golden vapor, and she wore upon her shoulders, negligently draped, a scarf within the white shimmer of which a color gleamed like a flame. Beside her nearly always hovered a big young fellow, dark and handsome.

One night she rose abruptly, and before Charles-Norton could guess her intention

This is Puffed Wheat—
Shot From Guns

Note the crisp giant grains, puffed to eight times their size—made four times as porous as bread.

Note that the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered, yet every starch granule has been exploded by steam.

Here is whole wheat made more delicious—made more digestible—than wheat ever was made before.

Here is the food which most people regard as the most enticing cereal food in existence.

The Lunch Room Test

In New York we maintain a lunch room, where we serve eight kinds of cereals to hundreds of people daily.

We have no preferences, make no recommendations. We make all sorts of cereals, and serve them all, simply to learn which the people like best.

Out of each 1,000 people who take ready-cooked cereals these are the cereals they choose:

560 take Puffed Wheat
187 take Puffed Rice
159 take Corn Flakes
94 take Breakfast Biscuits

Out of each 1,000 people who take ready-cooked cereals, 747 take the foods shot from guns.

That is why we push Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. These are, by long odds, the popular foods. They will be the foods which your people want when you once let them try them.

Quaker Puffed Wheat, 10c
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Except in the extreme West

These are the curious foods invented by Prof. Anderson. He was seeking a way to break up starch granules, as cooking or baking or toasting can't do. And he conceived the idea of exploding those granules by steam.

So we put the whole wheat or rice kernels into sealed guns. Then those guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That terrific heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed. Instantly the steam explodes every starch granule into a myriad particles.

Each kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken. The grains remain shaped as before.

Try Them Yourself

The use of these puffed foods is growing by leaps and bounds. People who test them cling to them.

There is nothing else like them—nothing so digestible, no cereal that so melts in the mouth.

Try both the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Thus you can offer variety, and see which your people like best.

You will thank us, we know, for pointing out to you the best cereal food that was ever served on your table.

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$1 PER BOX

Wunderhose are not best simply because they are warranted, but *they are warranted* because they are *best.*

The fact that **WUNDERHOSE** is guaranteed to be a better stocking or sock at $1.00 the box than higher priced hosiery, is proof positive that the quality must be "there" or our confidence wouldn't be.

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TRADE MARK

process of interknitting linen and soft yarn at those points where the wear comes is the best idea ever conceived in hosiery making. It makes them wear-resisting without being too heavy to be comfortable or too sheer to be practical.

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MEN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box. Warranted four (4) months. $1.00 per box.

CHILDREN'S WUNDERHOSE, four (4) pairs to the box — four (4) months' wear guarantee. *The first child's stocking worthy of a warranty.* $1.00 per box.

WOMEN'S WUNDERHOSE, three (3) pairs to the box. Warranted three months without darning in toes, soles or heels. $1.00 per box.

If your dealer cannot supply you — although all dealers should — then write direct to us stating so, mention size, style and color desired, and you will be supplied.

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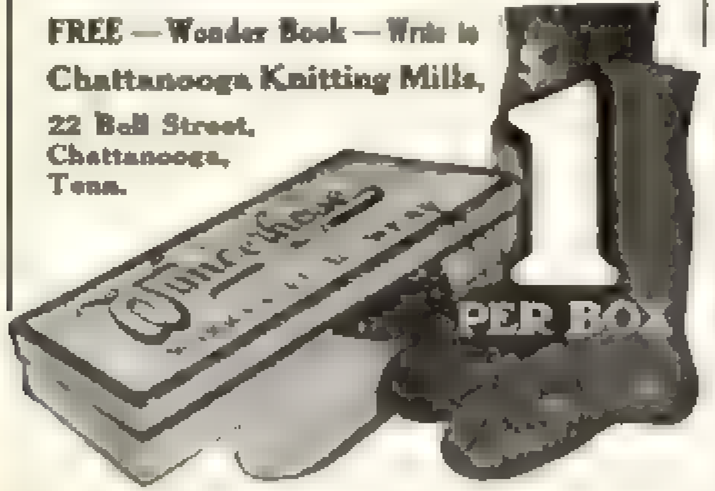

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Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

she had opened the door, and was out upon the veranda, gazing toward him with eyes yet troubled with the darkness. Charles-Norton did not move. They remained thus long, she looking straight out into the void, divining, perhaps—who knows?—a vague, palpitant whiteness, like a vapor, out there in the night; he moving his great wings slowly and softly while his heart within him thumped loud. Then he let himself sink silently till beneath the plane of the inn's floor, circled, and rising again, took a position at the end of the veranda, from which, peering around the corner of the house, he could still observe her.

She stood there, tight against the rail, as though she had brought up abruptly against it as she made impetuously for the void. He could see her slight, pliant form silhouetted against the jeweled horizon; upon her shoulders her scarf floated like a vague phosphorescence, and her face was turned whitely toward the stars. He heard her take a long, deep breath of the night, and then her arms went up and out in a vibrant gesture.

She remained thus a long moment, her eyes toward the stars, her arms toward the stars, and her whole slender body, arched slightly backward, seemed to offer itself to the stars. Then suddenly her head dropped, her arms dropped, and she straightened, leaning against the rail. The door behind had opened and closed again, and upon the veranda now was the big loom of another form, a form which carried at the height of the head a warm, pulsing glow like the point of a red-heated poker.

They stood immobile, the two, a long time. She had not stirred since her first start; she remained with her back to the door, her eyes out into the void. Then the point of light on the larger form slid down till it dangled at the end of what Charles-Norton guessed was an arm. Then a low voice toned in the silence. "Why did you leave me?" he said. "Why do you always leave me?"

Her voice answered immediately, clear and warm as a red crystal. "Oh, I wanted to say good-by to the stars," she said; "I wanted to say good-by to the stars!"

"And why did you want to say good-by to the stars?" he asked, speaking softly.

"Because," she said, "I am leaving them. Because I am leaving the stars."

"And why are you leaving the stars?" he asked, taking a step toward her.

She turned toward him now and laid both her hands lightly upon his shoulders. "Because, John, I am going to you," she said, "because, John, I love you."

"Nora!" he cried.

She arrested him with a gesture. "I have loved you long, John," she went on; "I have loved you long—but I have fought it, fought it, fought it, John!"

"And why have you fought it?" he asked, again gently as to a child.

"Because, John—oh, I don't know. Because, John, there is something within me—which I don't know. Something which yearns, John—for I don't know what. For peaks, John, for skies, for the stars; for—I don't know ——"

"Nora, Nora," he said, a bit sadly.

"And so I fought it, John, I fought your love. But it has poured into me, John, as honey fills a chalice; gradually, sweetly it has filled my veins, my blood, my heart, John. And tonight, John, my whole being was swollen with it, John, with the love of you, John, and I came out to say good-by to the stars ——"

"Nora!" he cried again; and this time enveloped her in his arms.

A horrid, impish feeling suddenly pricked Charles-Norton; taking wing he slid along the veranda, seized, as he passed, from the shoulders of the girl the scarf, from the conceited head of the young man his derby hat, and flapped off in the darkness. The crash of an astonished chair falling to the floor and a faint little cry went with him for a moment, then dropped off behind.

Charles-Norton laughed all the way home. Half-way over he dropped into the deepest abyss he knew the derby hat, which arrived at the bottom, no doubt, in very bad condition. But the scarf was still with him as he alighted in the meadow and felt against his hand the humid greeting of Nicodemus, the lonely little donkey.

Across the darkness, as he went to sleep, the empty bunk yawned somehow with unusual insistence. "I wonder what Dolly is doing," he said, as he slid down the slumber-chute.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

To Switzerland in a Night

Not really, but you *can* leave Chicago or St. Louis today and be in the Colorado Rockies tomorrow long before dinner.

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you will find everything you expect in perfect train service and some comforting details you will not expect. Only two nights from the Atlantic Coast

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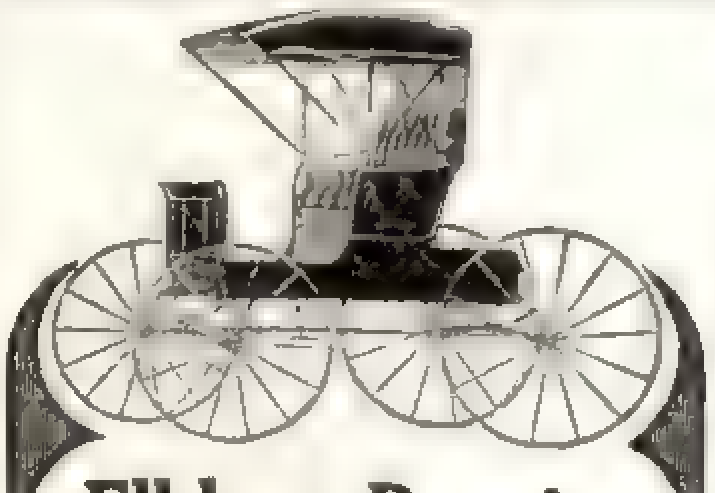

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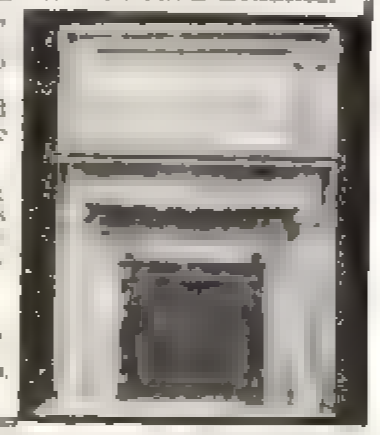

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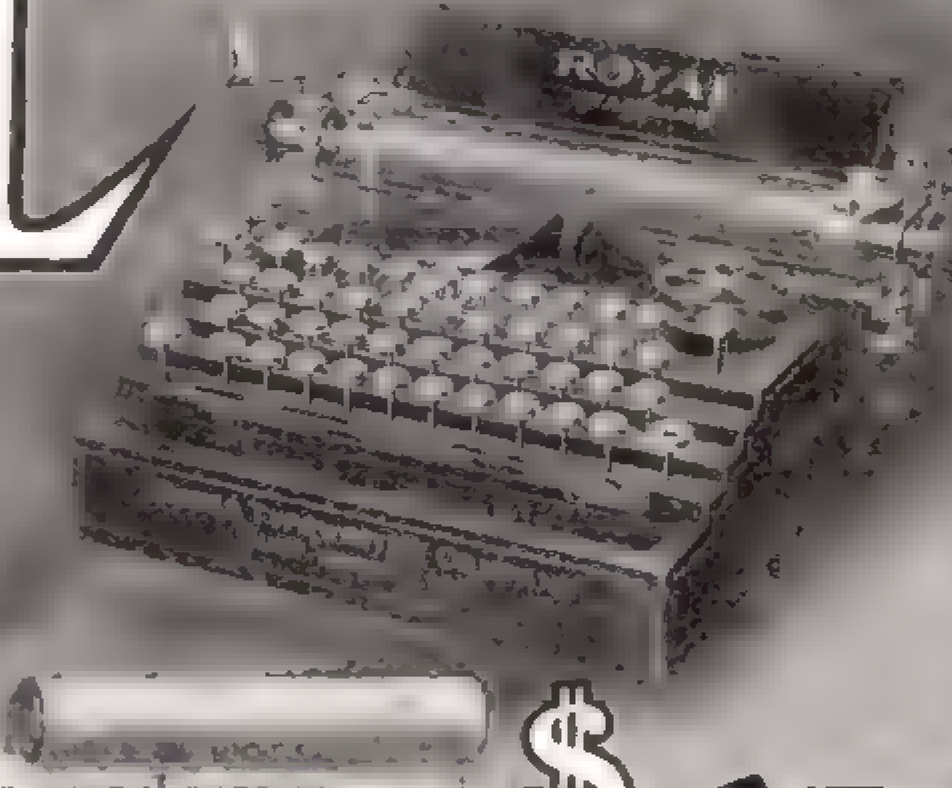

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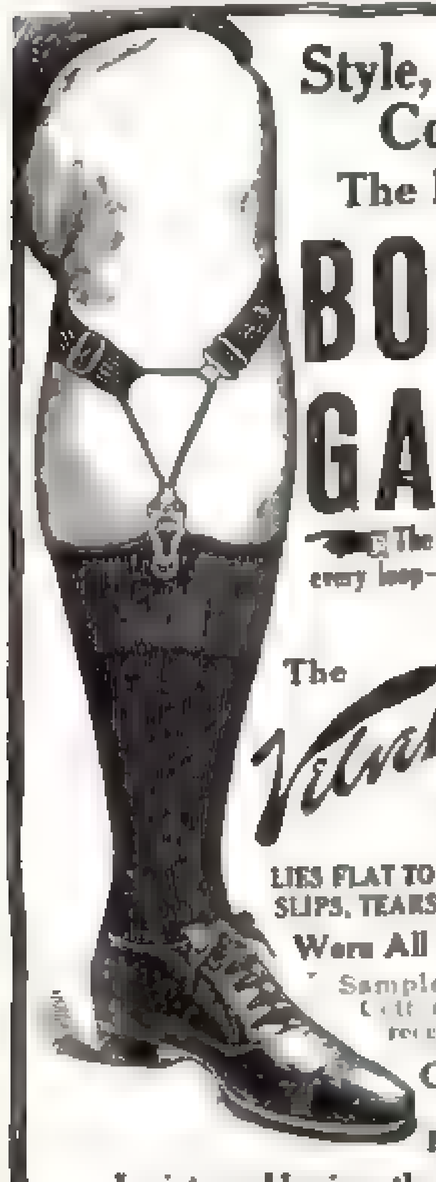

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Every time you drop a nickel or a dime in the slot the machine automatically takes a cigar from the original box and deposits it in your hand.

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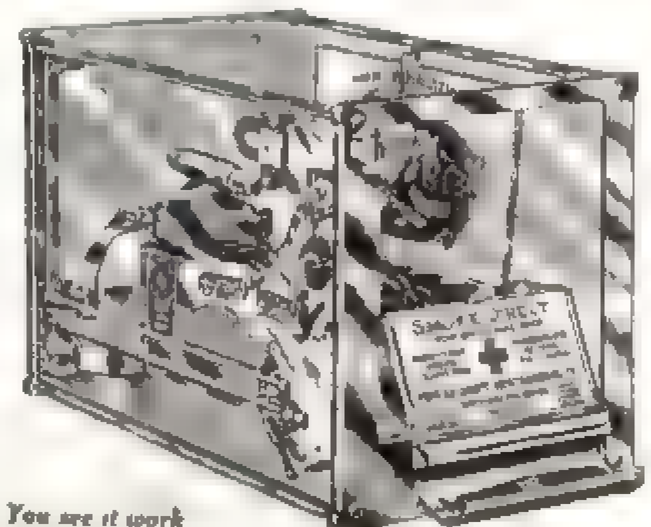
The monopoly of the automatic end of the cigar business is too big for us to handle alone. The local territory in Chicago, which we reserve for our company, is as much as we can handle.

We are organizing a force of operators to install these machines and to control them locally in other cities and states. It takes big men with brains and push to carry out our plans. We can't afford to tie up the territory to any man who can not develop its possibilities.

We sell no patent rights—no stock in our company. We furnish you the machines and show how to operate them to attract your share of the millions of nickels, dimes and quarters that flow in a constant stream into the cigar business each year.

Big fortunes are made from chewing gum machines that attract mere pennies. If pennies make fortunes, then 5, 10 and 25-cent pieces will make bigger fortunes from Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines.

Compare the volume of cigar sales with that of any other article sold or that can be sold in merchandising machines. You will then realize what vastly greater possibilities for profit there are in catering to the millions of smokers.



You see it work through the Plate Glass Case

"It gets the money"

We will give you exclusive control in your territory of a system of Pope Automatic Cigar Selling Machines that will make you profits from eight to ten times the dividends on ordinary investments. We have complete selling plans that show you how to get into this new, big money-making business. We show, step by step, how to equip and manage the business to get the biggest possible returns on your investment.

We have already disposed of much territory. Some entire states have been taken. A $50,000 company controls a large western city. A number of $5,000, $10,000 and $15,000 companies control other cities and counties east and west. A lot of smaller cities have been disposed of on a basis of from $1,000 to $5,000. Many other important deals are now pending. If you are interested, write today.

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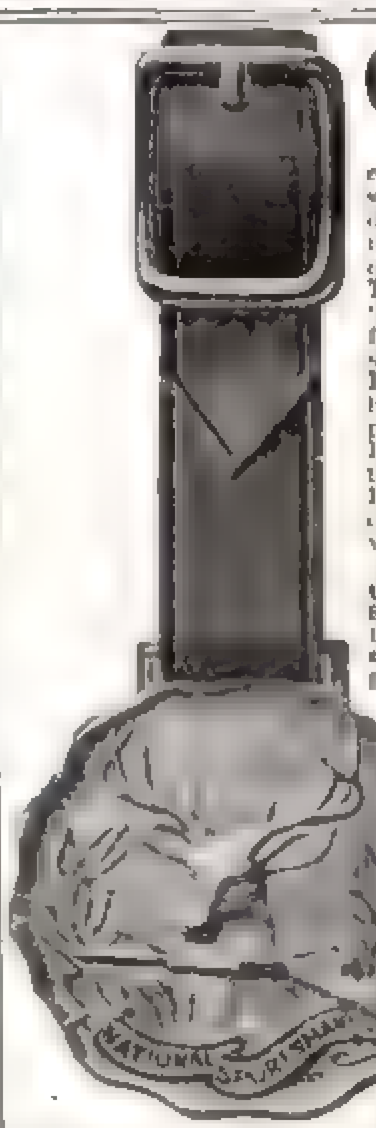

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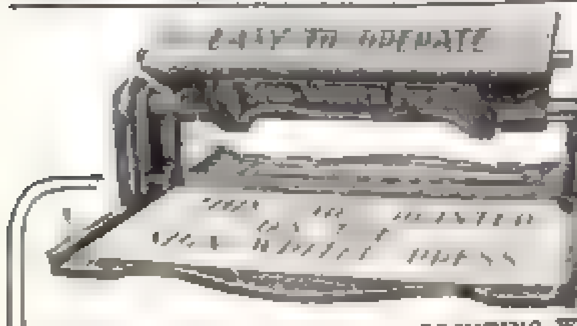

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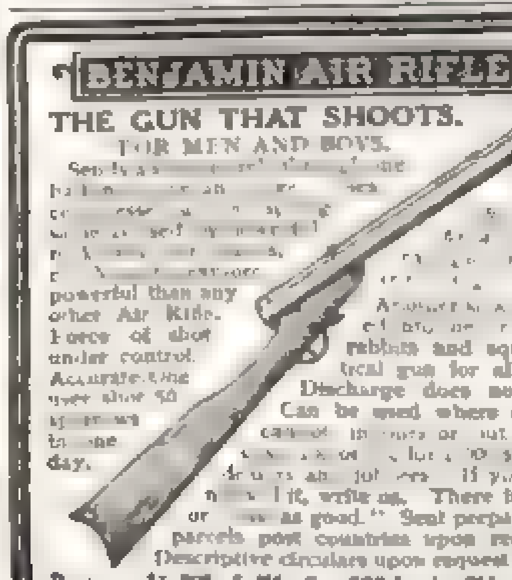

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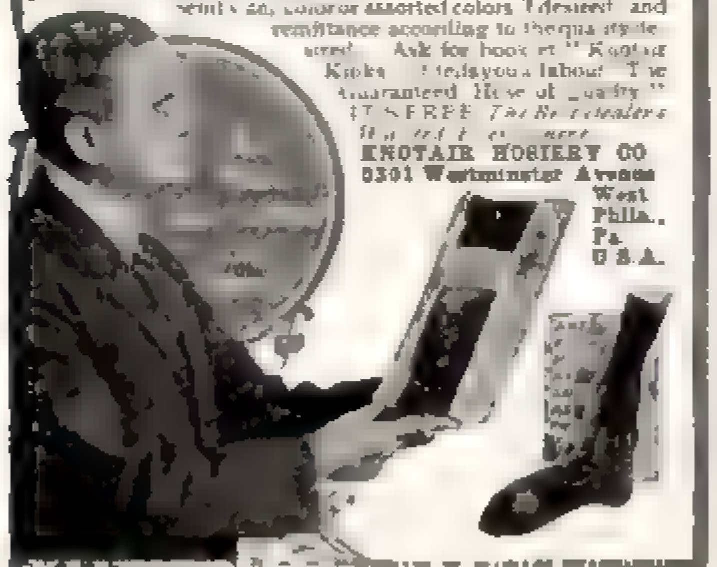

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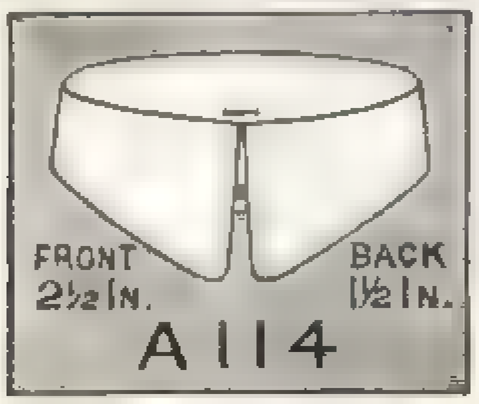
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I send my collars direct to you, after making and selling them to the dealer for 25 years.

This simply means that you get collars that are hand made, of honest material, guaranteed to fit right, feel right and look right.

Then, again, it's economy for you to buy them this way as my booklet, which is *free*, tells you all about.

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MONEY AT INTEREST

(Continued from Page 16)

course to take is to assure the mine schemer that he is a liar, which is a proposition easily proved.

The rich man has money enough to embark in untried enterprises and finance his own schemes. There is one chance that he will make a hundred per cent to about ten chances that he will never see his money again.

The poor man's dollar, on the contrary, cannot swing magnificent enterprises by itself. So he joins it with other isolated dollars at a savings-bank, accepting normal interest, which nowadays seldom exceeds four per cent. There, in a well-governed State, it will be surrounded by every financial safeguard. Examiners will supervise it and bankers invest it in securities backed by none but stable, successful enterprises and communities. The rich man's dollar takes chances.

Henry Henderson is janitor in a building occupied by a firm making perfumes and toilet preparations. He is paid fifteen dollars a week, but there are some extra perquisites, and his wife, who taught Henry thrift after they were married ten years ago, runs a small notion shop out on Washington Avenue, so that Henry puts at least five dollars into the savings-bank each Monday morning and always has a little money to loan clerks in the office at ten per cent.

On the day Henry was forty years old his savings-bank account touched an even thousand dollars and was credited with twenty dollars' interest, six months' accumulation. At forty men begin to ask themselves questions. When the janitor reflected that this twenty dollars, in turn, would immediately send up its sprout of compound interest, earning forty cents the next six months, and realized that here, without turning over a hand, he was enriched by more than a week's wages and that somebody might have worked as hard for that money as he did for his, he asked himself two questions:

"Is it wrong to take interest?"

"Who earns this money, anyway, and hands it over to me?"

Now, the first question has been stirring up conscientious doubts for nearly a thousand years at least, though it is only recently that economists have answered the other with measurable satisfaction to themselves.

Mumbo Jumbo Overthrown

In the days of William the Conqueror all Europe decided that interest was wrong, and prohibited it under certain texts of Scripture. But people needed money just as badly. Interest-bearing loans, being illegal, were insecure and high rates had to be paid. Really the chief Scripture text (Exodus xxii, 26) enjoined merely that if you took your neighbor's garment as security it should be returned by sunset, because he would need it to cover his skin. That text introduced an amusing "joker" in the prohibitory laws. Jews living under the dispensation of the level-headed economist, Moses, were permitted to take interest from strangers and so built up a fine money-lending business.

After thorough agitation for many centuries this whole question of right or wrong has been settled by taking interest out of the domain of morals. The world is coming to Locke's opinion, that interest can no more be fixed by law than rent or commodity prices. In England there has been no legal rate for more than fifty years, and where such restrictions still exist they are regarded by economists as concessions to popular misapprehension, and held to have little real influence on borrowing and lending.

"Who pays interest?"

Scientific theories of interest make rather dry reading with their technical terms like income-stream and time-shape of income. Yet they hold suggestive material for Henry Henderson.

A present-day investigator like Professor Fisher, of Yale, begins his inquiry like The Rate of Interest by overthrowing that grand old Mumbo Jumbo of economics which we have all worshiped as the law of supply and demand. Any bookish freshman nowadays will assure you that there isn't any such law. Supply and demand was just a convenient excuse for the

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There is just one speed indicator — The Warner Auto-Meter — which is so sensitive — so supremely accurate that it correctly registers the speed of an Automobile when *pushed by hand* on the garage floor, and every variation of speed up to 100 miles per hour.

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The Auto-Meter is so sensitive that it registers the *slightest forward movement of the car.* The speed dial is *always steady and readable.* Speed alone moves it. It is so durably built that practical tests have shown that the Auto-Meter will endure a MILLION MILES of the roughest kind of jolting without showing appreciable wear, and still accurately register speed within *10 feet to the mile.*

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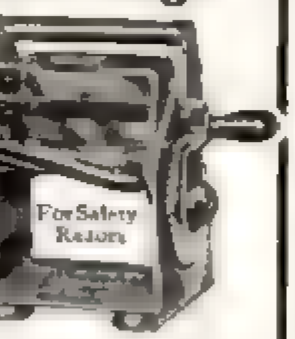
and a smooth, perfect shave — the kind you get once in a while — is yours every time if you use



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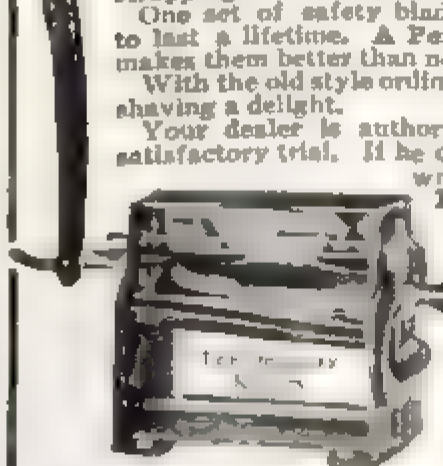

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pushes *farther* and *faster* with less work than any other bicycle. This isn't a mystery. The Racycle has 27% less pressure on the bearings than any ordinary bicycle. It is the best hill climber and easiest running wheel made.

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Our 1909 Catalog and pamphlet "The Three Reasons," which fully explains the PRIZE problem, sent for 2c stamp FREE. If you mention this publication and ask for Catalogue. We have no cheap Racycles, but you can get yours cheaply by acting as an agent.

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Kiss Tire Troubles Good-By

Here's an equipment that would be worth many times its cost if only because of the mental relief which comes with it. For it removes entirely that constant dread—that fear that "something will happen in a minute" which is ever present with the man who owns the car. Particularly if there's company aboard. When your car is equipped the Goodyear way you can leave on any trip with confidence and will return rejoicing. You can know beforehand that a puncture is unlikely.

And you will not dread this ill-luck because you will know that a puncture means a stop of only a few short minutes—a pleasant break in the trip. Then you are again on your way—with unruffled temper or nerves, your clothing unsoiled, not even a perspiration started.

It costs so little to equip a car the Goodyear way that every motorist should consider it.

The Goodyear way of equipment—which makes trouble an incident—embodies three factors.

The first is the Goodyear Quick Detachable Tire, which is so made that it gives extreme [illegible] construction that single tires have made 10,000 to [illegible] miles so frequently as to make this mileage an "every day occurrence."

The second is the Goodyear Quick Detachable Rim, which *without special tools of any kind*, can be unlocked and tire removed or replaced in *less than a minute*. Yet which, after the common valve nut has been tightened, holds the tire so firmly in place that no strain which would not wreck the wheel can force it off the rim, even though deflated.

The third—and last—is the Goodyear Air Bottle, filled with pure compressed air, which will fully inflate from 4 to 35 tires, according to size, by simply opening a valve. It will partially inflate many more. No gas or chemicals to injure the tire or corrode valves—just AIR. The first cost of these bottles in[illegible] charge for refilling for TWO YEARS. These bottles are small and convenient—will easily go in any carrying space.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO.

To sum up briefly—the Goodyear way insures extreme mileage at a minimum of trouble and provides means whereby repairs can be made on the spot, the tire inflated and the trip resumed in a few minutes' time. And all this without involving anything which could be called *work*—without soiling the clothes or starting a perspiration.

You'll better appreciate what the Goodyear way means to you when you've seen by a demonstration how it simplifies tire trouble. Call at our nearest branch at your convenience and let us show you what this modern equipment means to you in money saved and the pleasure of motoring increased.

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older economists when investigation carried them up a blind alley and they couldn't reason their way out. It has nothing whatever to do with interest, and if you still hold that it has the investigator refers you to California, Australia, the Klondike and other gold camps, where interest rates were abnormally high at the very period when enormous supplies of virgin capital were being dug out of the ground.

When you have become capable of looking on supply and demand as purely a manifestation of mortal mind, then the investigator suggests that you might as well look the same way at our friend the banker with his offer of three cents for the use of a dollar for one year. Bankers have only an indirect bearing on interest. Percentages are quite incidental and money itself wholly relative. These are all measures.

"Well, what is interest, then?" asks Henry Henderson.

"You tell me the rate of interest at your savings-bank, Henry," replies the freshman, filled with Professor Fisher's new theory, "and I'll give you some idea of the rate of preference in your town for a dollar of present income over a dollar of future income. They're the same thing."

In economic terms, man likes present goods. He prefers to have his cake now, right off the griddle, and eat it all before it cools. Man is not self-denying by nature and has no fundamental instinct to provide for tomorrow.

A truckman earning twelve dollars weekly and putting twenty-five cents in the savings-bank each Saturday night is surely no prodigy of finance. Yet even that simple act gives him standing as a civilized man. It takes centuries of attrition in this rough old world before man learns to draw lessons from the past and think of the future. The savage will not do it.

How Henderson Reckons Interest

Ab is a caveman and provides food for winter by storing away smoked fish. Umslumpogas is a hunter who fattens on game all summer and starves through the winter in a hole in the ground.

One of Ab's nice smoked fish now and then would be a godsend to Umslumpogas this winter; in fact, life itself. Ab is quite equal to eating all the fish he has hung away, being an active outdoor man with an excellent appetite. Yet he might also live on less. Umslumpogas is one of the best hunters in all those regions for miles around. If he can keep the breath of life in himself until next spring, when game is plentiful again, all will be well, so to speak.

Ab has present goods.

Umslumpogas represents potential future goods.

Ab cuts down his rations, saves one fish in every four, gives it to Umslumpogas with the understanding that the latter is to pay back a haunch of venison per fish, and thus a primitive interest-bearing investment has been made. Whatever may be the greater value of venison next summer over spot fish this winter is interest. It only remains to look into the security—will Umslumpogas do as he promises?

So with civilized communities.

It is Tuesday morning. Henry Henderson has five dollars—present goods. A clerk is broke, but will draw twelve dollars salary Saturday—future goods. Henry's five is bigger than five next Saturday because it is here and now. All the clerk can offer for it is future goods. There must be a discount of his money to measure up to Henry's. They arrange at ten per cent. On Saturday the clerk will pay Henry five-fifty. That discount is interest.

Henry Henderson believes what the fathers have told him—that capital grows, producing income. But, if he talked with Professor Fisher or Böhm-Bawerk about this they would assure him that it doesn't. On the contrary, income produces capital. A thousand dollars invested in a three-per-cent bond is capital. Instead of this bond yielding thirty dollars a year interest, however, it is really worth a thousand dollars because it represents income of thirty dollars a year. Increasing the capital in that particular security wouldn't increase the rate of interest; buy two bonds and your income is still three per cent. But increase the rate of income so that one such bond entitles its owner to sixty dollars a year instead of thirty, with the same security, and the value of that bond will rise.

So, the latest, truest theories of interest are based on income. Interest is not regarded as the product of capital or labor or

The Principle of Life

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anything else, but is merely the discount between income here and now and the income of a year, five years, ten years hence. Your thousand-dollar bond entitles you to thirty dollars a year during the next twenty years, for example. This year's thirty dollars is most desirable, because it will buy your wife this year's hat—present goods. Man is so constituted that he prefers this year's income. Turn it into a spring hat, and there is no doubt as to what his wife prefers. Only one man in the thousand clearly perceives that there will be hats next year and a hundred years hence. But that one chap in the thousand is thrifty. He is willing to take a hat next year or even wait till 1914. At ten per cent discount, which is a reasonable rate to "earn" in millinery, next year's thirty-dollar hat is worth today only twenty-seven dollars and thirty-six cents, and the spring hat of 1914 is worth, here and now, only eighteen-seventy-five. The thrifty man concludes that he and his wife will wait—unless his wife gets the hat for fourteen-ninety at a bargain sale anyway, which would be an incident beneath the notice of the scientific economist.

So this is where the interest comes from. We can never live fast enough, however, to outrun the discount on our extravagances—never, never. In our daily lives, our appetites, impulses, vanities and weaknesses, no less than in our daily bargainings, there are countless discounts to be paid between the value of present and future goods. Those discounts are interest, which maketh a market for hothouse peaches at ten shillings apiece. And the whole difference between receiving interest ourselves or paying it to Henry Henderson can be reduced to a familiar question:

"Will you take your cake now or wait till you get it?"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 6)

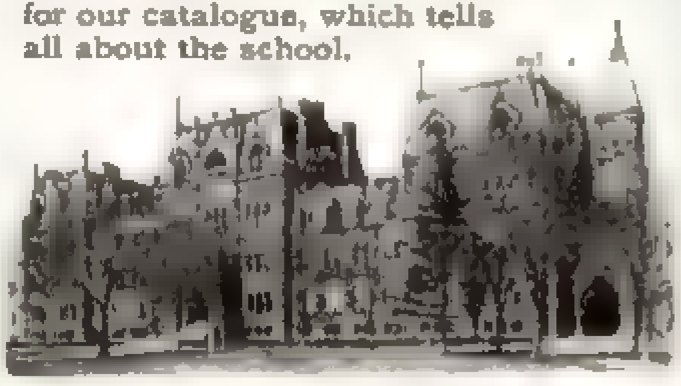
arena? Picture to yourself the Coliseum at the hour of one of the gladiatorial contests of old! Imagine the old Greek games! There is the rivalry of the javelin, of the discus, the contests of the cestus, the noble striving of the Marathon. In more brutal form, imagine the contest of men with wild beasts, or of men with men—the *retiarius* with his trident contending against one armed with sword and shield. Stirring, all these, it is true; but how brief each of these contests! A lucky blow, a chance thrust, and the sport is ended. Nothing doing, perhaps, after three P. M. No, the sports of that day lacked in sustained, or I might say, in suspended interest. It is rather a bore to see a gladiator killed and then to be forced to go home. How much more interesting is a game of average ball! Neither can any contest with wild beasts equal that unrivaled situation of today, when perhaps the umpire alone faces an American populace of the bleachers, enraged, maddened, fire flashing from their eyes and bottles from their hands. Consider, also, my dear young friend, the intensity of rivalry between town and town, between section and section, if you like. Consider ——"

"I've been trying to consider," I said, somewhat fretfully. "But what I can't understand is, if there hasn't been any State or national election, how can there be any of this rivalry between section and section which you are talking about?"

"Really, I must be going," he remarked, reaching for his hat and stick. "I just dropped in for a few moments, anyhow."

Even as he passed out I was glad to find coming in my neighbor Jamieson, the bluff, red-faced grocer with whose business interests I occasionally am identified. Jamieson threw down on the hall table a paper bundle.

"Just taking home a mask and mitt to my oldest boy," said he. "He's captain of the sand-lot bunch of kids that play over here at Fifty-seventh Street. Ever see 'em at work? Say, I tell you, some of those youngsters have got *class!* That boy of mine goes to Yale, that's all there is to it; and you'll see the time, my Christian friend, when Daniel Jamieson's picture will be in the papers, star twirler in the National League! Oh, I don't claim much for my family—I never was proud about such matters, and I don't brag about my birth—but, I tell you, this is America, and any kid who has got the real stuff in him has



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got the chance to get to the front, where there's coin and glory both!"

"My dear Mr. Jamieson," said I, "I am most delighted to know that your son seems to be of such gratifying promise. I infer that you yourself are not unfamiliar with this whole baseball proposition. Take a seat, won't you, please?"

He sat down, looking startled. "Familiar with baseball?" said he. "Why, ain't everybody?"

I lifted a restraining hand. "Answer me a few questions. Tell me, Mr. Jamieson, who is Mr. Comiskey? Who is Mr. Ban Johnson? And do you happen to know a bloke by name of Moify? Does Mike Donlin belong to the City Council of Philadelphia or St. Louis, and is Mabel Hike a shortstop or a first-baseman? I'm not feeling well today, and I want to know about Muggsy McGraw and Patsy Tebeau. I want to know who is Doc White and what is Frank Chance? Who is Coveleskie, and what was Artie Hofman sent up for? Is Bresnahan a Pirate or a Cub, and does Hans Wagner play the trombone or the bass drum? Moreover, here is some baseball poetry in the paper — I want it translated."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Jamieson. "Have you had a doctor yet?"

"Two," said I.

"Well, you get another, and send for him quick!"

It chances that we have in our neighborhood a family physician who is a very estimable man. Personally, I am very fond of him, because he never charges any more than a dollar a throw, and never gives me any disease of more than three syllables. With such a practitioner one always feels safer when there is sickness in the house; and now, since so many had mentioned it, I began to feel sure that there was sickness in our house. It was something of a relief to hear Doctor Sanborn's cheery voice at the other end of the telephone.

"Right over in a minute," he said. "Meantime, take a hot drink of some kind, and get your feet into some hot water and mustard right away. There's a good deal of it around this time of year."

The Final Diagnosis

He rang off then, and I had not time to explain the case; but knowing how particular he was about such matters I followed his instructions, and when presently he arrived he found me sitting in the parlor with my feet in a tub of mustard and hot water, and a glass of hot drink in one hand.

"Doctor," said I, "take off your shoes and stockings, please, and hang them on the hall-tree."

He looked at me with a certain surprise at the proposition, but, being a matter-of-fact man, rejoined, although with a certain sarcasm, "Of course, if you say so. I would do anything to oblige a neighbor. But why?"

"Never mind," said I; "just go ahead and follow instructions. Thank you! Now put your feet here in this tub of mustard and water, and take a drink of this! There's something wrong about you, and I want to talk it over with you."

He complied with that obligingness of disposition which has made him so many friends; but, even as he inserted his feet in the tub, he looked at me with mild astonishment and then remarked, "Bless my soul!"

"Listen, Doctor!" I began. "I'll tell you how I have this thing doped out—to use a phrase which I have learned this afternoon—you are suffering from what is known in your profession as a case of acute hysteria, are you not?"

He grinned at me. "Well, I hadn't noticed it," he said. "I eat three meals a day, pay my rent before the twentieth of each month, and voted for Taft the last election. That don't look much like neurasthenic diathesis, does it?"

"Yes, it is all due to the same general wave of acute hallucination which seems to be passing over the country. It is infecting the entire population at the same time. With one exception, which I might name, all the inhabitants of this country have gone synchronously bughouse, batty and dopy on the same subject, which also I could name if I felt so disposed. You will agree, Doctor, will you not, that there is such a thing as a popular hysteria or self-extensive hypnosis—such a thing as the phenomenon so noticeable in Trilby, Robert Elsmere, the old-time backwoods camp-meetings, the modern Holy Rollers,

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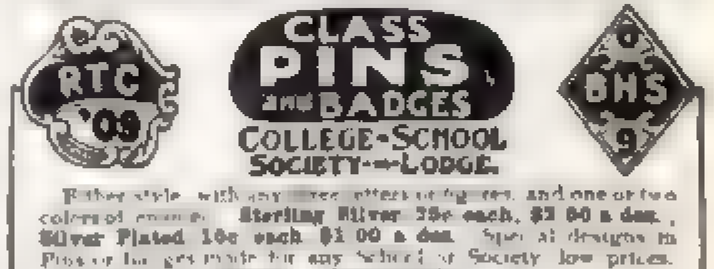

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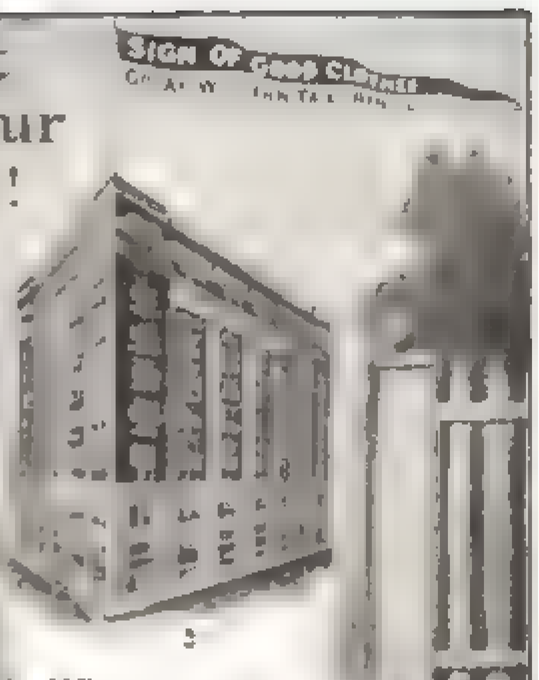

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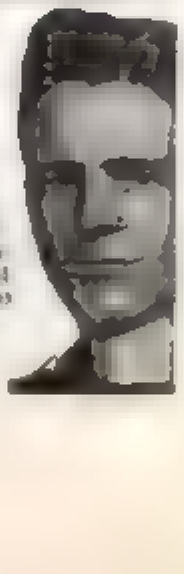

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Salome, Carlsbad, breakfast foods, bicycling—I could name a score of other examples."

"There is no doubt, my dear young friend, that when an idea becomes firmly implanted in a few minds it is communicable to others by means of the mental atmosphere or aura of which I sometimes read in my Monthly Medical Review. I don't have much time for that line of things, because I am so busy with grippe and indigestion among children; but I suppose likely enough there is something in any matter which is written about so much."

"Is it catching, Doctor?"

"Sure it is! That's how business is built."

"But you don't mean to tell me, Doctor, that baseball is business? I thought it was a sport, a pastime—a national pastime—in short, our national pastime."

"My son," said he, in his excitement removing one foot from the tub, "it is business for somebody for us to have a national pastime. The national pastime of this country is business. That's why we all like baseball—because it's the biggest business organization in the country."

"Well, what I want to know, Doctor, is this: Is there any city, village or hamlet in the whole wide world foolish enough to set to work and hire persons, who possibly do not live there, to represent them in a contest with other persons, who possibly do not live in any other town at all? That is to say, do you call that a battle, or a series, or whatever you call it, between those two towns? What glory is there in that? And do you mean to tell me that people will pay money to see eighteen men on a side having a good time playing ball together inside a fence? Come now!"

Cured at Last!

"There are only nine on a side, my friend," he corrected; "and, as to the rest of your questions, if you leave it to me, I would say that is just about what they *will* do, *do* do, and *are* doing, all over this broad domain of ours. Even as I sit here with my feet in this tub—or near it—the game over at the West Side Park may be hanging on the spitball delivery of Mordecai Brown! There may be three men of those low-browed Pittsburghers on bases right this minute, and them with a batter up that's good for three bags any old time even against Mordecai. The spirit which is animating every man, woman and child, my friend, of that glorious assemblage is this: 'Down with Pittsburgh!'"

"Doctor," said I, "do you mean to tell me that that smoke-ridden village on the Allegheny River, or creek, has the nerve to send a lot of people out here laboring under the impression that they can skin this little old town of *ours* at Two-old-Cat, or anything like that? Why, say, the idea is preposterous on the face of it!"

"Ain't it the truth?" cried he, putting his feet out of the tub in his excitement, and rising to shake me by the hand. "And look what we done to Detroit last week!"

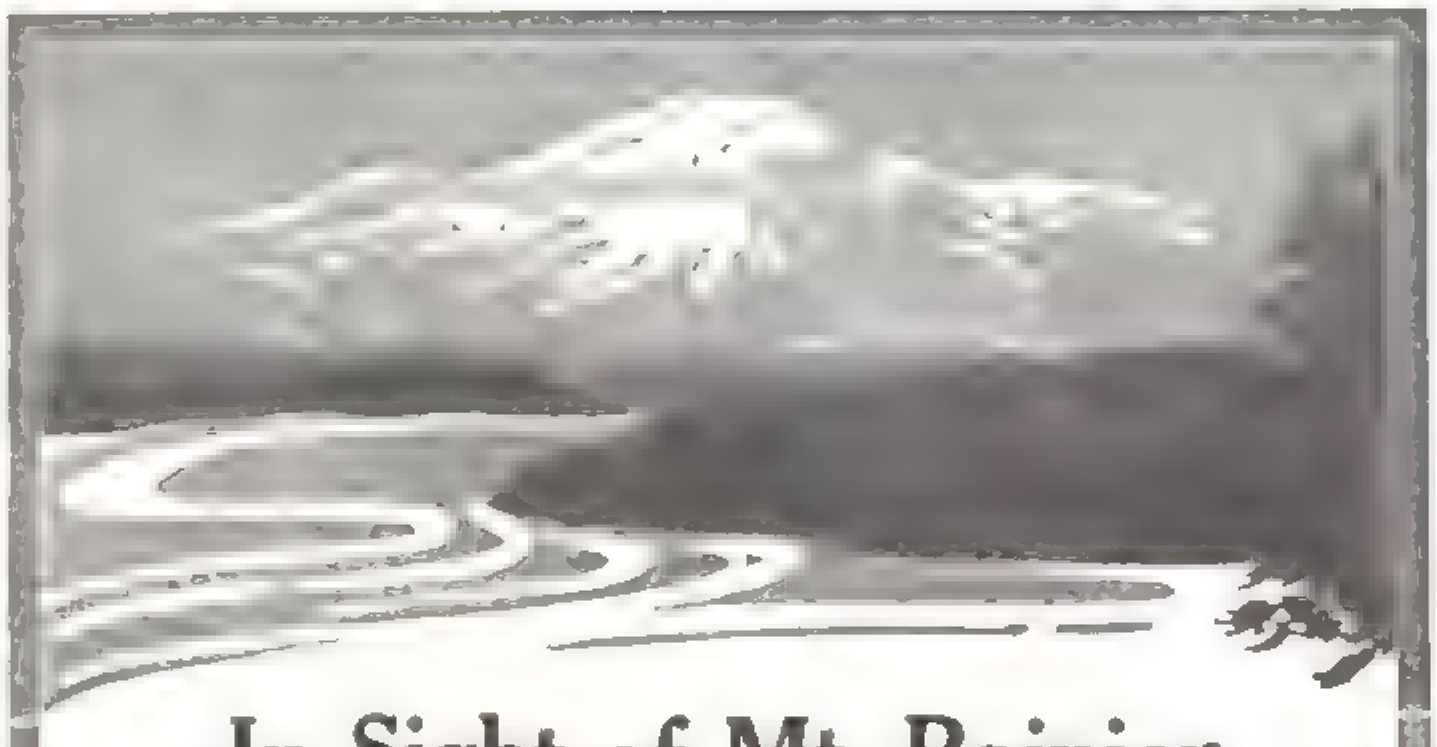
"Doctor," said I to him, in a low, tense whisper, "did you say Pittsburgh was going to play again tomorrow?"

"Sure I did! And I'll let every dashed-blamed patient in this block take a chance for his life till half-past five, for I'm going to see that game if I don't do nothing else." (I had observed that baseball is injurious, fatal, to grammar in any walk of life.)

"Why, look here," he went on, taking down one of his stockings from the hall-tree as he spoke, and feeling in his waistcoat pocket with the other hand, "here's two extra tickets I got this morning as I came by where they sell 'em. Now, just you take these tickets, and you and your wife meet me and the rest of my family about half a block this side of the main entrance of the park tomorrow afternoon. Are you on? Will you go?"

Before he had ceased, I had snatched the tickets from his grasp with feverish haste. "Doctor," said I, "in matters of this kind, where the honor of our city is in jeopardy at the hands of any depraved product of a town deluded with such a nefarious project as this which you have named, the duty of any American citizen is entirely and utterly obvious. Go? Why, of course I'll go; and I'll bet any low-browed proposition of contrary mind from Pittsburgh the best ten-dollar bill he ever saw that *our* men'll win the game. Win it? Why, of course they'll win it. Now, look here ——"

"I have reason to hope for your early recovery," remarked Doctor Sanborn, as he drew on his hose.



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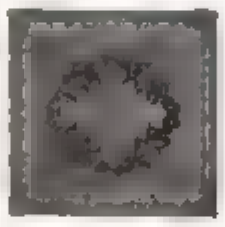

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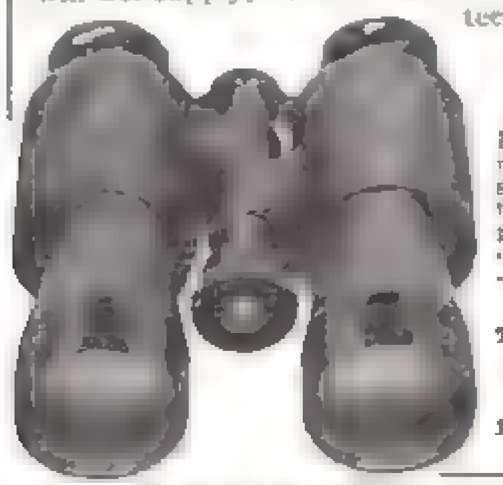

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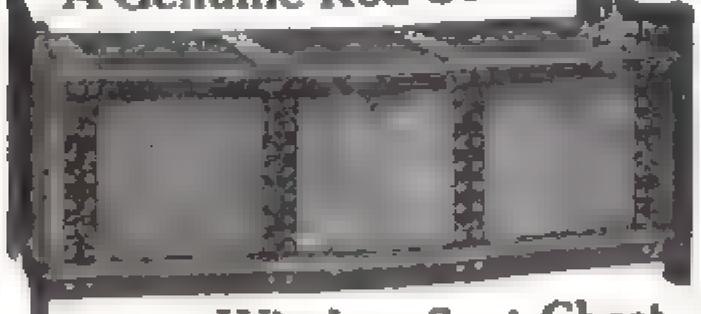

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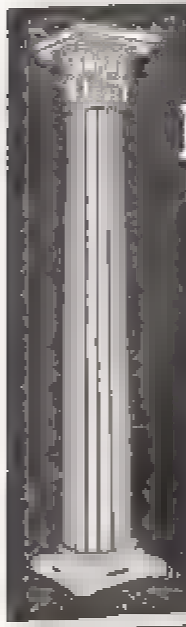

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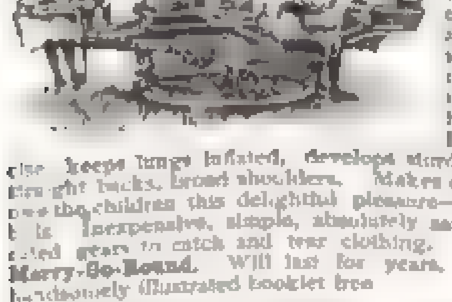

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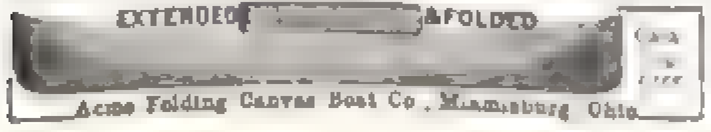

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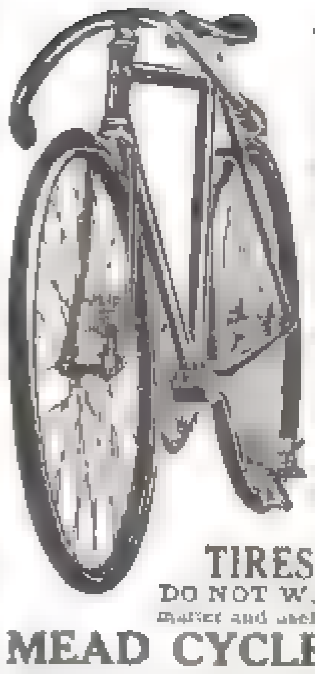

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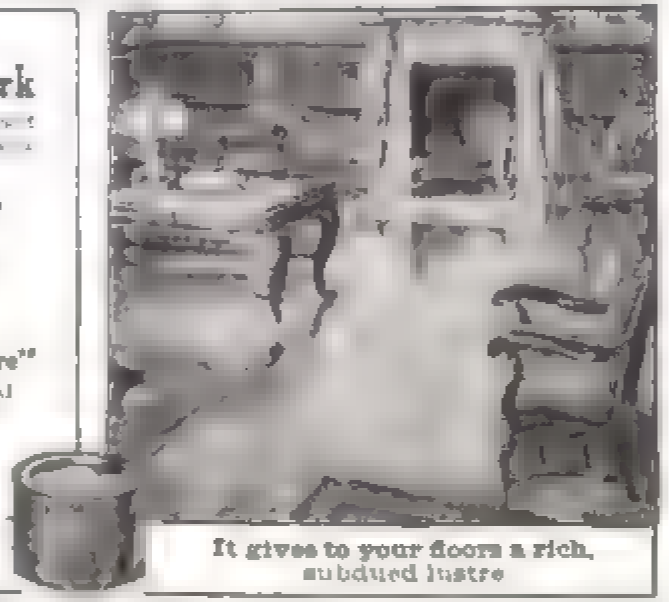

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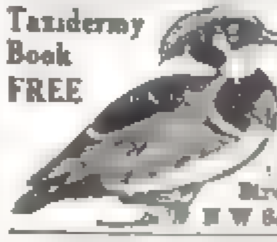

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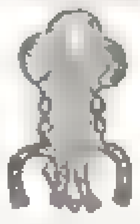

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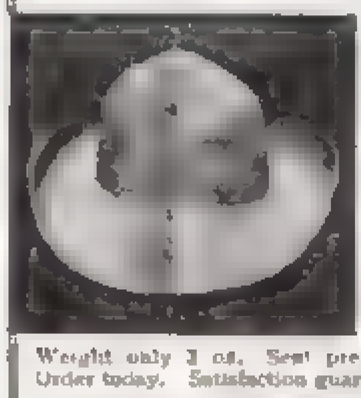

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TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 89 Toledo, O.

THE GENEVIEVE EPIDEMIC

(Continued from Page 15)

other. "Here, Miss," he said proudly, and laid the purse upon the table beside which she stood; after that he recovered his hat.

She caught the purse up with another little cry—an inarticulate cry. Then she turned and walked swiftly to the yellow-shaded candelabrum on a second table at the farther end of the long room. Here she opened the purse, leaning down with her back toward him

It was fully a minute before she straightened and turned and came toward him once more, slowly, the bills in her hand. As she paused near him, something—a change in her carriage or her look—made him retreat a step.

"Where did you find it?" she asked brusquely.

"Not ten feet from where the wagon stood, Miss. It must 'a' fell in turnin'."

She was silent a moment. Then, "So you knew where the wagon stood," she commented. There was no attempt to hide the meaning in her voice.

"I—I seen where you was," stammered Larry, shifting from one foot to the other.

"Indeed! You were present at the game, then?"

"Yes, Miss. After the ladies and gents went I goes across to that side—ridin'. There she laid, big as life."

"I see." She walked to and fro a few steps. After a little she paused in her walk and spoke again: "You know of the reward, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, Miss, but——"

She interrupted him. Her eyes were angry, her slender figure was rigid, as if with some sudden resolution. "Why did you wait until now?" she demanded. "It's after seven o'clock. You knew it was mine."

"When Jim told me about the advertisement I did, Miss, and I says to myself, 'Wasn't you a crazy not to guess whose it was?' I says. But, you see, I was on the other side of the field most of the time."

"*Most* of the time," she repeated, a little sneeringly. "Were you near the wagon at all?"

Her reference was plain. He rubbed at his chin with the back of a shaking hand. "Well, I—I held Miss Townsend's team a bit," he admitted huskily.

"Oh, you did!" There was a triumphant ring in her voice. "Then I think you have impudence to dare to come to me. If you didn't take the purse ——"

"No!"

—"You picked it up knowing it belonged to me. And you held it until I offered a reward, instead of coming straight here to give it back. What is the difference between that and theft?"

He made no reply, only stood, his back against the door, and stared at her.

"I shall not pay you the reward," she went on. "I found out something about you when you first came in. I counted the money there at that table"—she pointed to the other end of the room—"*and there weren't seven bills in the purse.* Look!" She held six out to him.

His jaw set. He stood upon both feet, bringing heel to heel, his arms at his side.

She flung up one hand. "Don't deny it!" she cried. "I gave you a chance a moment ago to say that you'd helped yourself to the reward. You kept still. One hundred wasn't enough. You wanted two—for hanging about and pilfering." She stopped, panting with excitement. Presently she continued, crumpling the bills in her fingers: "You thought because I'm a woman that I wouldn't count the money. You thought you could take advantage. I ought to put you under arrest."

To that he said nothing.

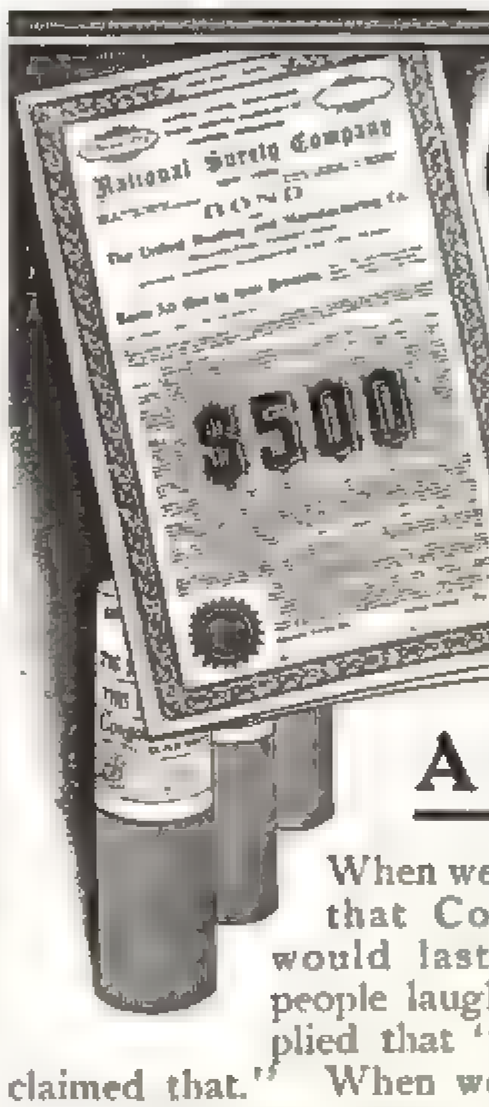
"But I won't—I don't want the notoriety. I've got the purse back and all the money I expected. But who are you? You sha'n't leave this room till you tell me that."

"As long as you think the way you do, it don't matter who I am."

"Ah! So you daren't tell your name! But I know your face—now that I've looked at you well. And I'd know you again anywhere. You're employed about here. You're a groom."

"Yes, I'm a groom," he answered; "I'm Mr. Philip Rawson's man."

Now there was a long silence. He rested his weight on one foot again, and



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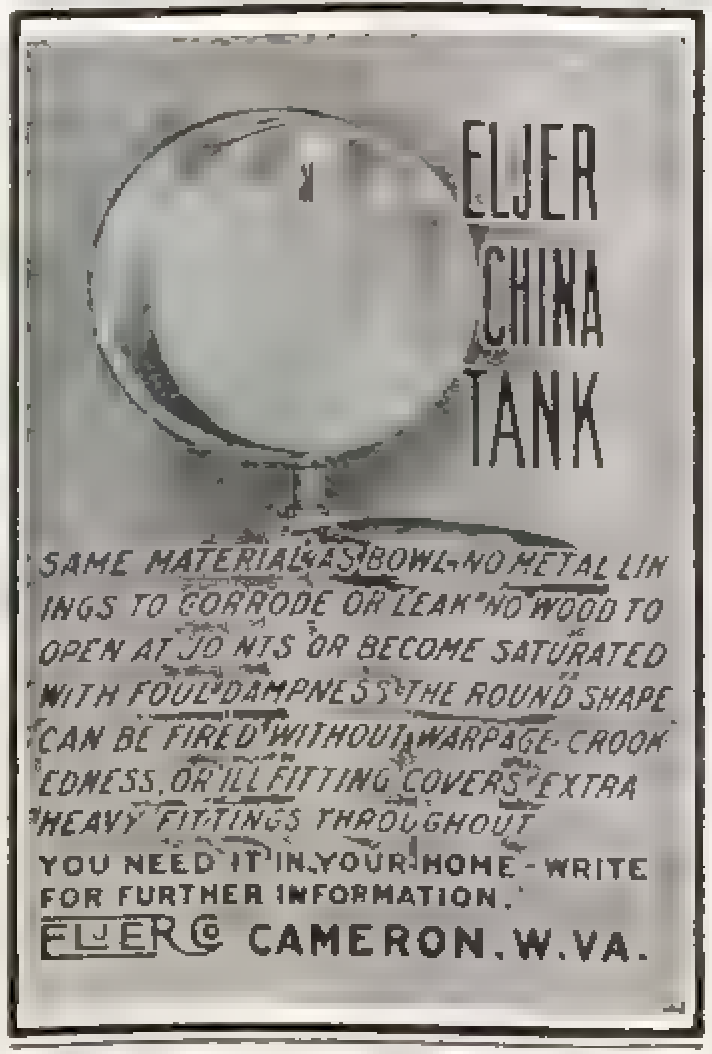
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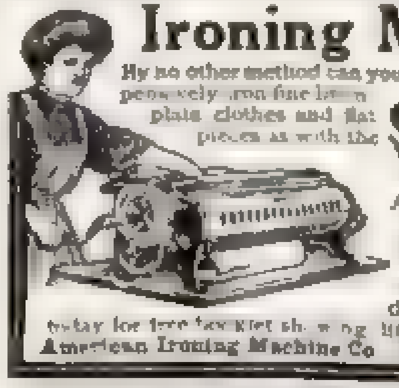

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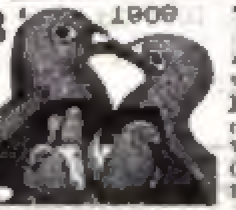

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folded his arms, with his hat under one of them. He was pale, and met her look with resentful calm. She stood, swaying a little and swallowing.

"So you work for Mr. Rawson?" she said finally, her voice uneven. "He's a friend, and I don't intend that any friend of mine shall keep a man like you in his employ. I shall see him about you. That is all. You may go."

The young master of Hillcrest was out of his machine and pacing the walk impatiently when Larry came into sight, and he advanced a few steps to meet the man, scarcely able to restrain his eagerness. "Well, Larry," he began, "was the Princess made happy?"

Larry did not reply at once. But as he paused in the light of the automobile lamps his face looked a deathly white, and his red hair seemed to be standing out straight and stiff, like bristles.

"Larry!"

"She ain't no princess!" said the man. "And I don't think her beautiful no more. If you could a-seen her, sir—why, she crumpled up, her face did, like the money in her fingers. She was afraid I'd want that hunderd, you see. So I hadn't been in the room two minutes before she'd slipped a bill and then called me a thief."

"For Heaven's sake, man!"

"A *thief!*—as if I'd chance bein' let out by you, sir, for the sake of a hunderd dollars! I knowed that minute how I'd been mistaken in her—terrible. She ain't no thoroughbred, sir. There's Miss Townsend—fifteen hands and ev'ry inch a lady—would *she* a-done me like that? This is bold talk, and you'll feel like kickin' me from here to Brampton. But I'm thinkin' too much of you to pick words—I'm thinkin' so much of you I'd hate to see you marry her. And, now, I've got you down on me, sir. She'll tell you I lied for spite because I didn't get the money. It ain't spite—nothin' like it, sir. But you won't believe me against her—I know that. And it means I'll have to leave Hillcrest. Well, I'll go, sir—I'll go. I couldn't work for her, anyhow, you see, sir. So—good—good-by, sir."

III

IT WAS a week later before Sue heard the story of Larry and the seven one-hundred-dollar bills. Then Phil told it to her—one afternoon when he came to join her in a horseback ride. After he had told it (they were in the library at Arbor Lodge), he leaned back in his chair, his crop across his knees, and studied her face.

Sue looked troubled. "Oh, I think there must be some dreadful mistake about the whole thing," she said. "I don't mean that Larry isn't honest—I think he is. He's got a nice face, and I simply couldn't lose faith in a red-headed person."

Phil smiled. "And you simply couldn't say anything against anybody," said he; "I know that. But this involves theft, Sue."

Sue looked more troubled than ever. "We'll all steal if we're sufficiently tempted," she declared. "Isn't that so? You or I wouldn't steal money. That's because we don't need it."

"Larry was entitled to the reward; but he didn't have the slightest idea of accepting one cent. What he did expect was—Gad! what a backhander!"

"But, Phil," she said, "you mustn't let the word of a groom make any difference between you and Genevieve."

"I won't."

"Genevieve wouldn't be so tricky, Phil."

Phil said nothing.

"She must have thought Larry guilty if she was so severe with him," persisted Sue. "She's so just. And generosity itself."

Phil looked at his boots.

"My servants adore her."

Phil examined the end of his crop.

"Give her a chance to explain, Phil, at the Carltons' tonight."

"I'm not going. Are you?"

"No. I've planned an early canter for tomorrow."

He leaned forward. "Am I included?" he asked.

She regarded him critically, and reflected that he looked pale. "Would you like to go?—this afternoon and tomorrow, too?"

"I'd like to go," he declared. "There's Wheaton Hill, too; we haven't been there yet. And those collies of Bob's—if we don't watch out they'll be grown dogs before we see 'em."

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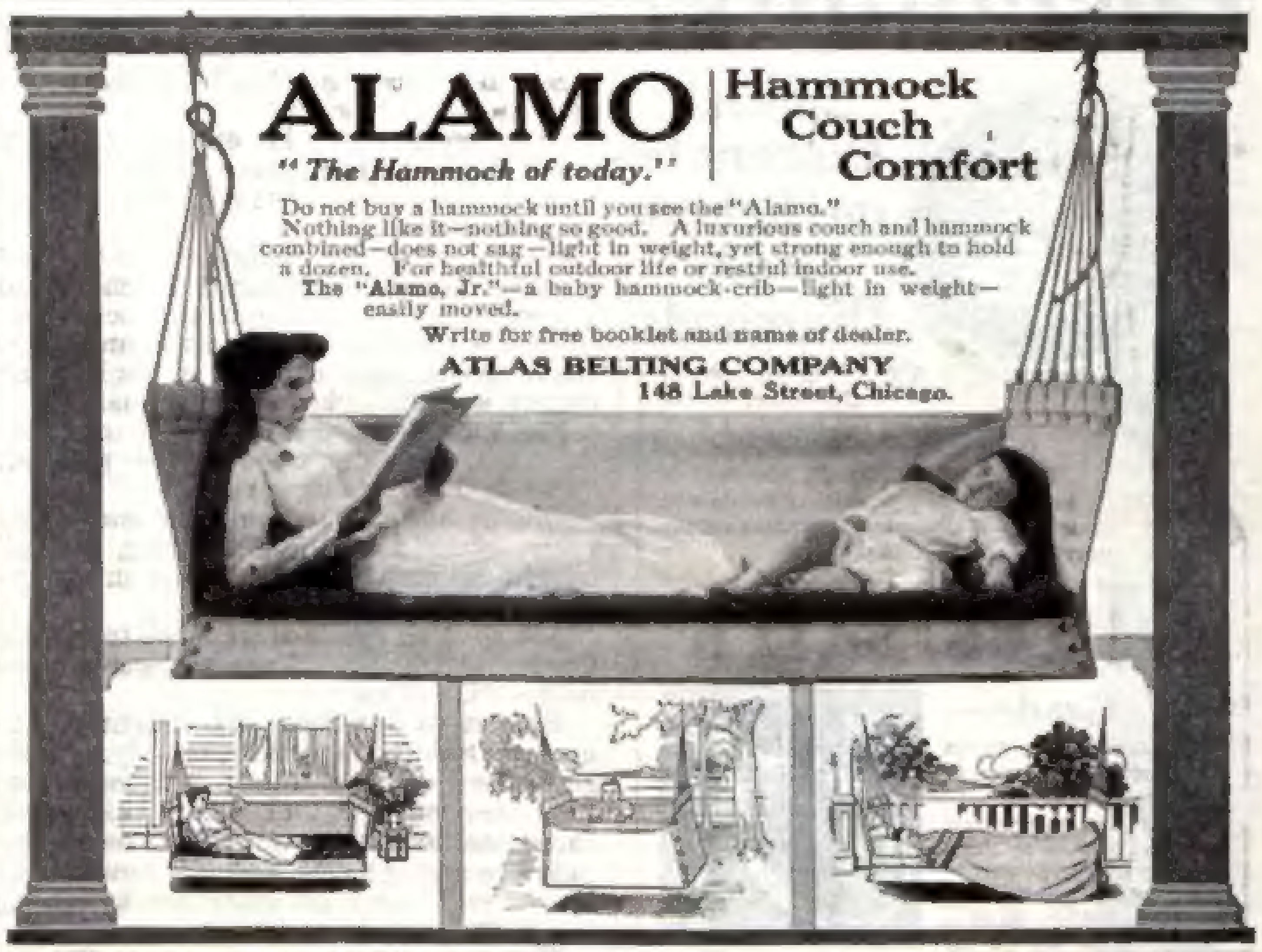

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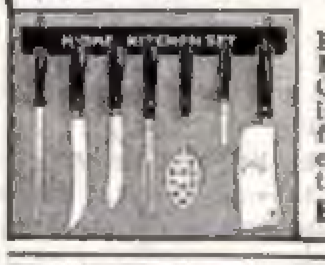

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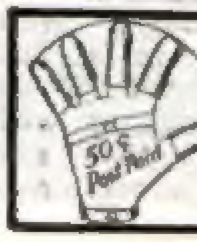

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She hesitated a little. Then, "I wouldn't care to have Genevieve think," she began, "that I'd stayed away from the Carltons', and that you stayed away, too, and that we ——"

"May I come?" he persisted, and rose.

Again she looked at him critically. His manner was not cheerless—yet what pain might not be hidden by bravado? "Yes, come," she said.

Looking down at her, he saw that her eyes were full of pity and sympathy and tender appeal—yes, and tears. He came to stand in front of her. "Do you know," he said, "I think Genevieve is an epidemic. We've all had it, by Jove, just as if it were contagious. But, luckily, it's not incurable."

"Let's not criticise her, Phil."

He smiled and shook his head. "You've got the disease worse than anybody," he declared. He swept one arm about the room, pointing—to the picture of Genevieve on the mantel; to the two pictures of Genevieve on the writing-desk; to the panel between the two bookcases, where Genevieve was feeding the fawn. "One, two, three, four," he counted. Then he looked at the round gold locket hanging between the lapels of her coat. "And I'll bet a pony that there's a picture of Genevieve in that locket," he added.

She blushed, hastily hid the locket in the palm of a hand, and stood up. "The brown pony?" she said.

"Books, gloves, cigars, ties," enumerated Phil, "I don't care what you bet. Come!"

"I like that brown pony. But—I sha'n't bet."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm betting about something that I know about, and you're betting about something that you don't know about. It would be taking advantage of you."

"Is it that, or is it that you don't want to admit that you've got the Genevieve epidemic?"

Two spots of scarlet brightened her cheeks. "I'll wager a box of gloves with you against the pony that Genevieve's picture *isn't* in this locket; but on one condition: Grandmamma must look at the locket and tell you Yes or No."

He shook his head. "I won't agree to that. I've got to look at it myself."

Sue also shook her head. "The bet is off," she said. "Sorry."

"Oh, come on!" he entreated. "I'll never throw it up to you—honest."

Sue moved away to the hearth. "No," she said decidedly.

He followed her, laughing, and pried open her fingers. She seized the chain and pulled back. He held on to the locket and stood his ground. The next moment the chain broke and slipped through Sue's fingers, and the locket was in his hand.

Sue sprang forward and tried to regain it. "Oh, Phil, don't look!" she pleaded. "Please, Phil, *please*. You ——"

But he had fled to the other end of the room, pressed the locket-spring, looked, caught his breath, stared at her in amazement, backed a step ——

She covered her face with her trembling fingers. "Oh, Phil!" she whispered tearfully—"Oh, Phil!"

He ran to her then and caught her to him. "Sue!" he cried tenderly. "My girl! How could you keep it there—when I've been such a fool! But this whole thing has taught me what your dear comradeship means to me, and just how much I love you." And he drew her trembling hands away while he kissed her.

She clung to him, crying, and hid her face; then smiled up at him through swimming eyes, and drew his face down to hers.

"Where did you get it, Sue?" he asked.

"You remember the party your mother gave for your sixteenth birthday?" she whispered. "Well, that night this was in her dressing-room. And—and—you know I said either one of us would do it if we were tempted just right—Phil, I—I stole it!"

Opening his eyes in mock displeasure, Phil held her at arm's length for a moment. Then, very solemnly, he led her to a window. "You stole it?" he said; "you—fifteen hands and every inch a lady? Well, let me warn you never, never to let that man know!" And he pointed down to the edge of the terrace where, waiting, with one hand at the bit of a gray pony, and the other at the bit of a brown, stood a red-haired, red-cheeked groom.

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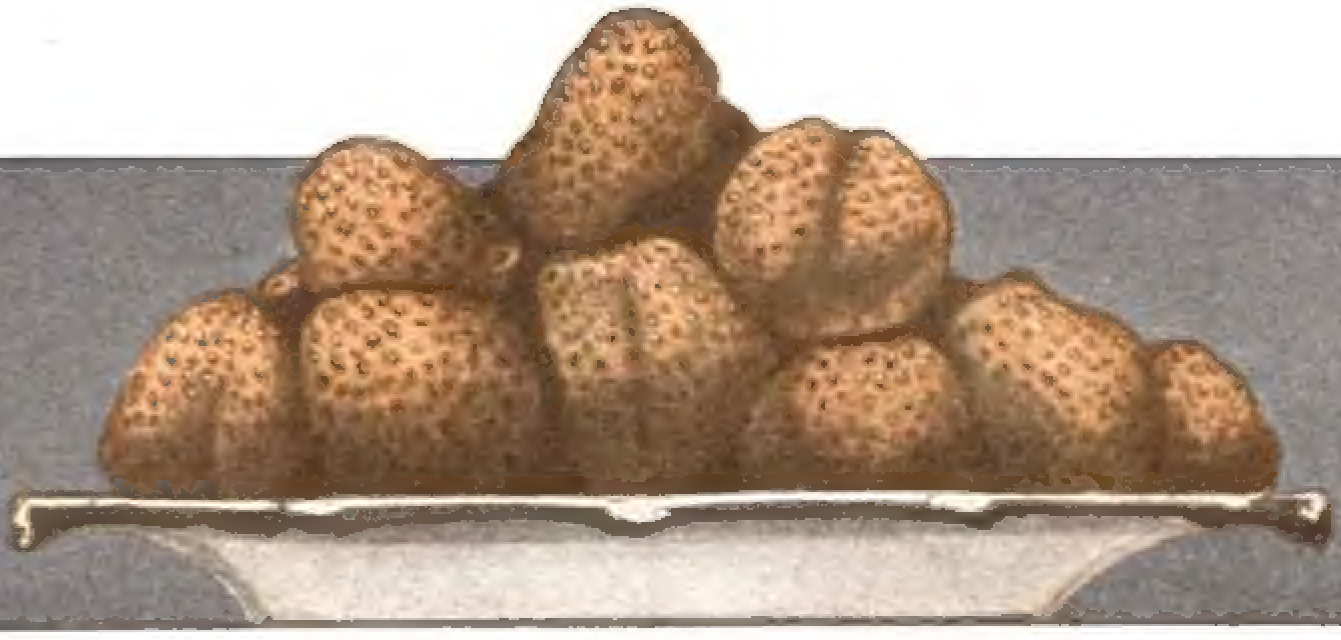

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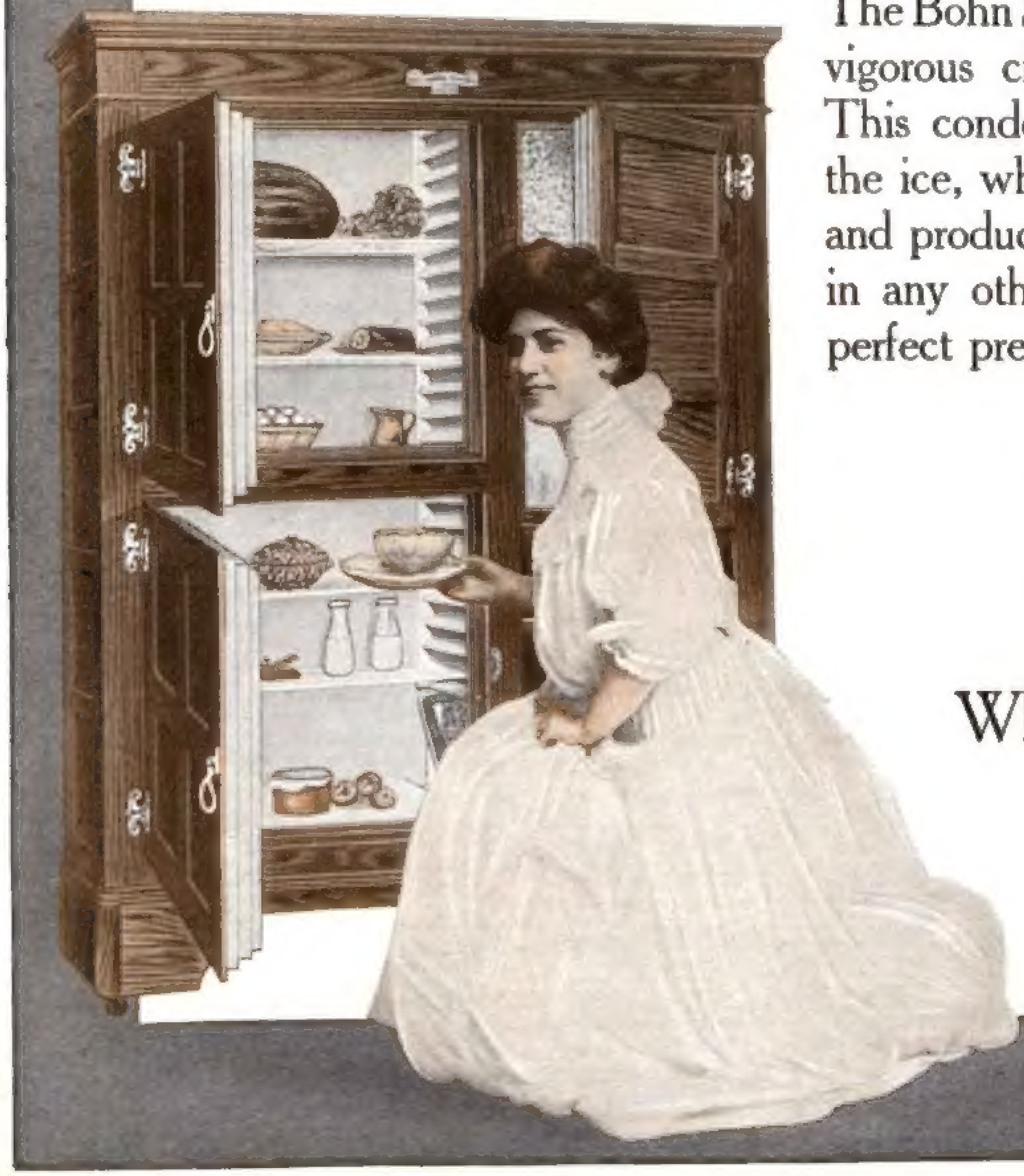

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